

THE MAGAZINE OF TEN MILLION  
**SMITH'S**  
**MAGAZINE**



Published Monthly by SMITH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 79-89 Seventh Ave., New York

BEAUTIFUL ART STUDIES 40 PAGES PRINTED IN COLORS

# \$ 200.00 IN CASH PRIZES FREE

Other Prizes are Given for Sending us Subscriptions; but **THIS \$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED ON MARCH 15, ABSOLUTELY FREE, to the persons sending us the neatest correct solutions.** : : : : : :

Arrange the 39 letters printed in the centre groups into the names of six cities of the United States. Can you do it? Large CASH PRIZES, as listed below, and MANY ADDITIONAL PRIZES to those who send in the nearest solutions, will be given away on **March 15. First Prize, \$50.00 in Gold. Second Prize, \$25.00 in Gold. Third Prize, \$15.00 in Gold. Fourth Prize, \$10.00 in Gold. Five Prizes of \$5.00 each. Ten Prizes of \$2.50 each. Fifty Prizes of \$1.00 each—Making a Total of Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes.** Don't send us ANY MONEY when you answer this advertisement, as there is absolutely no condition to secure any one of these prizes. **RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST**—In preparing the names of the six cities, the letters in each group can only be used as many times as they appear, and no letter can be used that does not appear. After you have found the six correct names you will have used every letter in the 39 exactly as many times as it appears. These prizes ARE GIVEN, as we wish to have our Magazine brought prominently to the attention of everyone living in the United States. Our Magazine is carefully edited and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. **TRY AND WIN.** If you make out the six names, send the solutions at once—who knows but what you will WIN A LARGE PRIZE? Any way, we do not want you to send any money with your letter, and a contest like this is very interesting. Our magazine is a fine, large paper, filled with fascinating stories of love and adventure, and now has a circulation of 400,000 copies each issue. We will send **FREE** a copy of the latest issue of our Magazine, to every one who answers this advertisement. **COMMENCE RIGHT AWAY ON THIS CONTEST** and you will find it a very ingenious mix-up of letters, which can be straightened out to spell the names of six well-known cities of the United States. Send in the names right away. As soon as the contest closes you will be notified if you have won a prize. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the very best New York magazines into every home in the United States. **WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY.** When you have made out the names of these cities, write them neatly and plainly and send it to us, and you will hear from us promptly BY RETURN MAIL. A copy of our fascinating MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Do not delay. Send in your answer immediately. Understand, the neatest correct solutions win the prizes. **WE INTEND TO GIVE AWAY VAST SUMS OF MONEY in the future, just as we have done in the past, to advertise our CHARMING MAGAZINE.** We find it is the very best advertising we can get to offer **LARGE PRIZES.** Here are the names and addresses of a few people we have recently awarded PRIZES: M. M. Hannah, Fernwood, Miss., \$75.00; H. A. Parmelee, Milford, Neb., \$61.00; Kate E. Duplap, 138 N. Hill street, Los Angeles, Cal., \$61.00; Mrs. E. Freister, Richmond, Tex., \$55.00; M. G. Christenson, Gregg, Minn., \$50.00; Mrs. C. E. Welting, 1330 Lauderdale street, Memphis, Tenn., \$50.00; Mrs. Harriet S. Bulard, 120 Intendencia street, Pensacola, Fla., \$40.00; J. C. Henry,

Fox 118, Sligo, Pa., \$25.00; Henry Perry, Central Islip, L. I., N.Y., \$25.00; James A. Cooter, Holden, Mo., \$25.00; Evelyn S. Murray, 132 S. Central Avenue, Austin, Chicago, Ill., \$25.00; Mrs. L. D. Puffenberger, 340 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, N.Y., \$20.00.

We could go on and point to hundreds of names of people who have gained large sums of money from our contests, but only give a few names. The solution can be worked out by an alert and clever person, and it will amply pay you to **TRY AND SPELL OUT THESE CITIES.** Brains and energy nowadays are winning many golden prizes. Study it very carefully and let us see if you are clever and smart enough to spell out the cities. We would rather take this way of advertising our excellent Magazine than spending many thousands of dollars in other foolish ways. We freely and cheerfully give the money away. **YOU MAY WIN.** We do not care who gets the money. **TO PLEASE OUR READERS IS OUR DELIGHT.** The question is, Can you get the correct solution? If you can do so, write the names of the cities and your full address plainly in a letter and mail it to us, and you will hear from us promptly by return mail. Lazy and foolish people neglect these grand free offers and then wonder and complain about their bad luck. There are always plenty of opportunities for clever, wainy people who are always alert and ready to grasp a real good thing. We have built up our enormous business by being alert and liberal in our **GREAT OFFERS.** We are continually offering our readers **RARE AND UNUSUAL** prizes. We have a big capital, and anyone can easily ascertain about our financial condition. We intend to have the largest circulation for our high-class Magazine in the world. In this progressive age publishers find that they must be liberal in giving away prizes. It is the successful way to get your Magazine talked about. Of course, if you are easily discouraged and are not patient and are not willing to spend any time in trying to work out the solution, you certainly cannot expect to win. **USE YOUR BRAINS.** Write the names of the cities and send them to us, and we will be just as much pleased as you are. We desire someone to be successful, and as it does not cost you one cent to solve and answer this contest, it will be very foolish for you to pass it by. In all fairness give it some of your leisure time. **SUCCESS IS FOR ENERGETIC AND THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE, and the cause of FAILURE IS LACK OF INTEREST AND LAZINESS.** So, dear reader, do not pass this advertisement without trying hard to make A SOLUTION OF THE LINES OF LETTERS PRINTED IN THE CENTRE OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT. We suggest that you carefully read this offer several times before giving up the idea of solving the puzzle. Many people write us kind and grateful letters, profusely thanking us for our prompt and honest dealings. It always pays to give attention to our grand and liberal offers. **OUR PRIZES have gladdened the hearts of many persons who needed the money.** If you need money you will give attention to this special offer this very minute. If you solve it, write us immediately.

**DON'T DELAY. WE WILL GIVE OTHER PRIZES THIS SEASON.** Get your name on our list and win a prize. Do not delay. Write plainly.

## This is the Puzzle

O	G	A	C	H	C	I
N	O	T	S	O	B	
E	L	S	E	T	A	T
A	H	O	A	M		
T	D	O	E	R	T	
L	A	N	T	A	T	

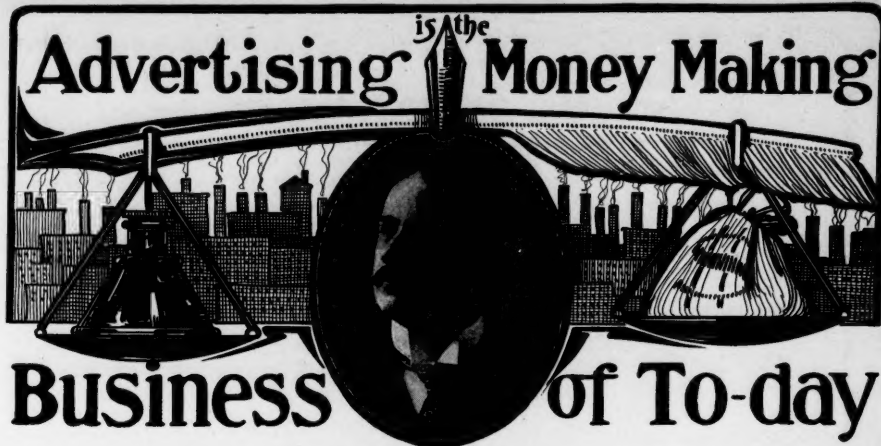
## Can You Solve It?

ADDRESS —  
**THE HOPKINS PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.



# Advertising <sup>is the</sup> Money Making Business of To-day



**From Clerkships and Subordinate Drudgery to \$1,200.00—  
\$6,000.00 a Year.**

Advertising offers the greatest opportunities to ambitious young men and women.

As soon as they become skillful the business world awaits them, and it is a matter of choice whether they engage on a salary with large advertisers or open their own offices and work for several small advertisers.

## Why More Ad Writers Are Wanted.

Within the past eight years—ever since the Spanish-American War, in fact—the possibilities of modern, scientific advertising have been made clearer to thousands of business men in such a decided way that each succeeding year shows hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of increased space carried in the twenty thousand or more American publications.

This, too, without regard to the increasing millions of dollars' worth of booklets, and other printed matter that are profitable investments according to the advertising skill that enters into their production.

In a word, modern competition demands more and better advertising, and the business or profession is so young that advertisers are eagerly seeking trained brains.

## How to Become An Expert.

As I have said a hundred times—probably a thousand—one can only become expert through actual experience, and the Powell System of Correspondence Instruction meets this requirement perfectly. It is the only system that separates true correspondence instruction from the sort that should be culled from books—such as Powell's Practical Advertiser—thereby saving the student both time and expense.

I can train any brainy student, with a common-school education, to write and originate the finest advertising in the shortest period.

Simple analysis and models—even better than

any oral instruction—begin the real practice, and it didn't take me long to prove to the general manager of the greatest dictionary publishers that the Powell System by correspondence far surpasses any other kind.

And an hour or so of conscientious study and practice per evening is the main requirement.

## STUDY THE TWO FREE BOOKS.

I have two free books to mail young men and women who desire to quickly double their salaries and secure congenial positions—my elegant new Prospectus and "Net Results," which are the most explanatory ever published.

Of inestimable value, also, to business men who wish to increase their trade.

The achievements of former students are also given, together with the strongest endorsements of the great experts and publishers.

For the free books address me

**GEORGE H. POWELL, 1698 Temple Court, New York**

## EARNED MONEY BEFORE HALF THROUGH.



Edwin N. Close, 526 S. Albany St., Ithaca, N. Y., writes:

"Your way of teaching ad writing is practical and full of originality, and as an educator in business its real value is fully known only to those who have finished the Powell System. Each lesson is clear, concise, and pointed—nothing left to the imagination."

Your ability to create originality in a student's mind is remarkable. Each student is made to think and along the right lines—a Powell student is always a thinker."

I began writing ads before half through the course and was never at a loss what to say and how to say it. Money was never better invested than with you. Those who contemplate a thorough advertising education, and are in doubt, just refer to me."

*When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.*

## What the Editor has to say

THE impression that a casual reader might derive from current magazines and newspapers is that the old, standard brand of common honesty is extinct. Every public print that we open is making charges against various prominent men or public officials. Everybody seems to be denouncing everybody else. No one is boasting, as they used to boast twenty years ago, about the high honesty of our financiers. Apparently, a general tide of crookedness has set in during the past few years. When we look more closely, however, we see other things. Read the charges made against officials and business men, and you will see that there is nothing new about them. All these things were done twenty years ago. Not on such a large scale, perhaps, and our corporation lawyers weren't as tricky and clever as the fellows nowadays. But people did the same kind of things. The only difference is that in those days we did not think there was anything crooked about it. If anybody had started to talk about tainted money then, people would have laughed at him. And there was plenty of tainted money going around then, too. The real trouble is this: the people of this country are getting a conscience, and it's beginning to bother them a good deal.

WE believe that the United States is a better country than it ever was, that its honesty is greater than ever before, that its outlook for prosperity and happiness is greater than it

ever was before. An article which will appear in next month's issue is an illustration of the fact that in the midst of all our charges of fraud and corruption we are steadily reaching out for something higher. "How Men May Be Bettered" is the title of the article, and it shows what the employer is doing for the employee all over the country. The reading of an article like that is a sure cure for a fit of the blues.

IT is necessary to attack people at times, and we are going to show you in later numbers of SMITH's that we can do it, and do it well, when it becomes necessary. We would rather talk about a man who was serving the republic than a man who was an enemy to it. We are going to tell you about both kinds in future numbers, and going to have some of the first kind talk to you yourselves. Governor Hoch has been fighting the Standard Oil trust out in Kansas like a brave and honest citizen. You want to know what kind of a man it is who has nerve enough to do that. We will tell you all about him in a later number. More than that, we have succeeded in persuading him to write for SMITH's himself on the subject of reform. That is something that no other magazine editor has as yet succeeded in doing.

IN another number Governor Folk will tell you about the progress of reform in Missouri. He's the man who cleaned out a whole corrupt machine

and put a United States senator behind the bars. SMITH's will print the only magazine article he has written, and we feel proud of that. Still later, Tom Johnson will tell you how he made Cleveland one of the finest cities in the country. He's a worker, and doesn't write magazine articles, but he is in sympathy with SMITH's. The readers of SMITH's are the kind of people he likes to talk to. Besides this, in the series "Reform in the Making," we are going to show you what the awakeners of the public conscience are doing all over the country; how the Philadelphians, with Weaver as a central figure, cleaned out the machine that was supposed to be the strongest in the world; how La Follette beat the railroads on the rebate action in his State, and how Jerome, single-handed, smashed the New York graft organization—but we'll tell you more next time. When we get talking on this subject it is hard for us to stop.

THE other kind of men, the stultifiers of the public conscience, the men who are fighting the common good, the wolves in sheep's clothing—they are not such a pleasant subject to dwell on. But if a magazine is going to amount to anything it must have opinions of its own. It must hate crookedness as much as it loves straight-dealing. If it is going to be anything but mental milk-and-water it is sure to make enemies as well as friends. A good many dark things have been exposed to the light during the past year, but the work is not over yet. We have prepared a campaign, and when we open it we will be ready to hit, and hit hard.

WE are striving to add something to the great total of American prosperity and happiness, and we want you to do the same. Follow up public affairs as closely as you know how. The man who doesn't do that is shirking his duty. Protest against dishonesty wherever you see it, whether it is injuring you or not. Add all the weight of your own individuality to the movement that is now shaking up the whole organization of our commonwealth, and that is going to make the United States an example of public virtue to the rest of the world.

IN the meantime, besides the campaign that we have marked out for ourselves, we are laboring to give you the most entertaining and interesting magazine that can be made. In next month's issue you will find a collection of short stories representing the broadest choice of the best things in contemporary literature. "A Sitting-Down Job," by Frank Sweet, is a story of a countryman, filled with that sort of pathos that brings the tears to the eyes and pleases at the same time. "The Treasure," by Freeman Harding, will hold you by its mystery and strange fascination. "Eleanor," by Ethel M. Kelley, is an out-and-out love story that no one can lay aside unread. There are more stories by Edwin L. Sabin, Louis Joseph Vance and others, in addition to a fashion department that is growing better every month; an essay by Lilian Bell; an article on modern tendencies in the drama, by Channing Pollock; two serials, and the most generous collection of pictures and illustrations that we have published yet.

# BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT BY THE BROOKS SYSTEM

**BROOKS  
SYSTEM**



**BROOKS  
SYSTEM**

If you can drive a nail and cut out a piece of material from a full-sized pattern, you can build a canoe, rowboat, sailboat, or launch, in your leisure time, at home, and the building will be a source of profit and pleasure.

All you need is the patterns, costing from \$2.50 up, and materials from \$5.00 up. The tools are common in every household. Patterns of over forty styles and sizes—all lengths from 12 to 55 feet.

The Brooks System consists of exact size printed paper patterns of every part of the boat—with detailed instructions and working illustrations, showing each step of the work—an itemized bill of material required, and how to secure it.

Over six thousand Amateurs successfully built boats by the Brooks System last year. Fifty per cent. of them have built their second boat. Many have established themselves in the boat manufacturing business.

Catalogue and particulars free. For 25 cents large catalogue containing valuable information for the amateur yachtman, showing several working illustrations of each boat, and a full set for one boat. Full line of knock-down and completed boats. When so ordered, patterns are, expressed, charges prepaid, C. O. D., to allow examination.

## BROOKS BOAT MANUFACTURING CO.

Originators of the Pattern System of Boat Building

5802 SHIP STREET

BAY CITY, MICH., U. S. A.

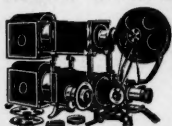
## 10,000 YOUNG MEN WANTED

To qualify for positions as  
**RAILWAY BRAKEMEN, FIREMEN,**  
At Salaries from \$60 to \$125 a Month  
We teach you by mail the Standard  
Rules and Modern Methods employed  
by leading railroads and assist you to  
a position when you are qualified.  
School conducted by prominent railroad  
men and endorsed by railroad managers  
who want our students. The greatest  
field today for young men is railroading.  
Our course is intensely interesting and  
fits you for immediate employment and  
promotion. Many positions now open.  
Begin at once. Write for catalogue today.  
**THE WESTERN RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE  
SCHOOL, DEPT 165 CHICAGO, ILL.**



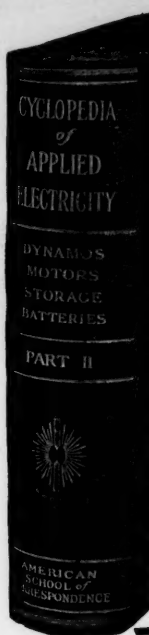
IT PAYS BIG  
To Amuse The  
Public With

## Motion Pictures



AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 466 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our  
instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all.  
We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Adver-  
tising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful  
of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance  
work and songs illustrated. One man can do it.  
Astounding Opportunity in any locality for  
a man with a little money to show in churches,  
school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc.  
Profits \$10 to over \$100 per night. Others  
do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us  
and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.



## Cyclopedia

## of APPLIED ELECTRICITY

Five volumes, 2500 pages, size  
of page 8x10 inches. Bound in  
¾ Red Morocco. Over 2000 illus-  
trations. We will send the entire

**FIVE VOLUMES**

## FREE

on five days' approval, express prepaid.  
If satisfactory send \$1 down and \$2  
per month for nine months; otherwise  
notify us and we will transfer the books  
free. Cash with order, \$18.00. Money  
refunded if not satisfactory.

### PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

Magnetism—Wireless Telegraph  
Teleautograph  
Direct Current Dynamos and Motors  
Storage Batteries  
Electric Lighting, Railways  
Management of Dynamos and Motors  
Power Stations  
Alternating Current Machinery  
Power Transmission  
Mercury Vapor Converter  
Telephony—Automatic Telephone  
Wireless Telegraphy

American School of Correspondence  
CHICAGO

Mention Smith's Magazine

## WHY NOT LEARN SIGN PAINTING?



### Show Card Writing or Lettering

Only field not overworked. Separate courses. Ours is the  
only practical, thorough and personal instruction. We  
teach by mail and guarantee success. Easy terms. Write  
for large, interesting FREE catalogue.  
The Detroit School of Lettering, Dept. 22, Detroit, Mich.  
"Oldest and largest School of its kind."

## Be a Reporter

Study Journalism. Money made from the start. We show you how  
to get news, write news, and sell news. Fees moderate. Editors  
of high standing on our Faculty. Lucrative positions assured by our  
course. Our catalogue tells how news is gathered, edited and printed  
—how reporters and correspondents get their start and earn money.  
This Catalogue is Free. **AMERICAN COLLEGE  
OF JOURNALISM, Suite 175, 115 Dearborn  
St., Chicago, Ill.**

## LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOKKEEPING OR SHORTHAND

BY MAIL—AT YOUR OWN HOME

Anyone can learn it easily in a few weeks. We are  
unable to supply the demand for telegraph operators,  
bookkeepers and stenographers. No charge for tuition  
until position is secured. Write today for particulars.  
**MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE,**  
491 Institute Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats,  
Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end  
like a life boat. Faster, more buoyant,  
practically indestructible, don't leak, dry  
out and are absolutely safe. They can't  
sink. No calking, no balling, no trouble.  
Every boat is guaranteed. Highly en-  
dorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for  
pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.

The W. H. Mullins Company, 325 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

Write for

Catalogue.

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.

# LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

## What're Your Brains Worth



DOES your head help make money for you, or are you on the tread mill of business, forced to keep step with others who exist on the pay received for machine-like work?

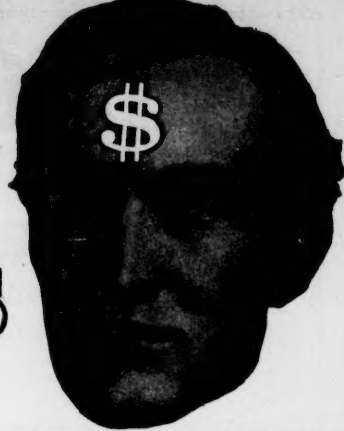
Every normal man is born with HIS SHARE OF BRAINS, just as surely as he is born with two eyes. The USE he makes of his brains marks the DIFFERENCE BETWEEN HIM AND THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL MEN of the world who have put themselves under our instruction for a THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ADVERTISING.

No matter what vocation you may choose, a knowledge of advertising is an absolute requirement for you to make a success of it. Whether you expect to be a merchant, manufacturer, financier, a professional man, or a PRACTICAL ADVERTISEMENT WRITER COMMANDING FROM \$25.00 TO \$100.00 A WEEK, you must have, first of all, the knowledge of advertising we give by mail. Our preparation places you on an equality with men who have spent a lifetime "working-up" to their present positions. It enables you to forge rapidly ahead, because the untrained man of the "working-up" process cannot compete with the scientifically trained PAGE-DAVIS GRADUATE. This has been demonstrated time and again. Just see the way Mr. C. L. Buschman of the METAL ELASTIC MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of Indianapolis, has built up his factory through his advertising knowledge gained with us. Here is his letter:

INDIANAPOLIS, June 20th, 1905.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY.  
*Gentlemen*—I did not know a thing about advertising and was of the opinion it could only be done by "witty" persons or those who possessed some peculiar knowledge. I now believe any person who goes through the common schools can learn to write good advertisements. I LEARNED MORE IN SIX MONTHS WITH YOU THAN IN TEN YEARS IN BUSINESS. Thanking you for all the benefits and wishing you much success, I am, sincerely yours,  
C. L. BUSCHMAN.

If, like Mr. Buschman, you are interested in a business which you are anxious to develop, you will find that our advertising course will help you to push it rapidly ahead. You realize that advertising is the GREATEST BUSINESS IN THE WORLD, but perhaps you have no definite idea just how you can enter the field after learning it. Acquire the knowledge and the way will open up just as it did for J. B. Fisk, in the little town of



Escanaba, Mich., who took the stand that if others could make more money by learning advertising he would do the same, even though he couldn't figure out just how he would apply this knowledge. He is now advertising manager for one of the largest establishments in Michigan.

The man who leaves his home and his business friends to go to a distant city where he believes better opportunities await him, will meet with greater success if he has a knowledge of advertising. There is George Wilson, an Englishman, who had little idea of what he should do after he found he was but one of hundreds seeking every position that opened as bookkeeper. Fortunately for him the advertising business was brought to his notice. Read how this was done:

SPOKANE, WASH., June 6th, 1905.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY.

*Gentlemen*—Just two years ago I landed on American soil, from England. Within a week after landing, I could have had a position as ADVERTISEMENT WRITER IN A DEPARTMENT STORE AT \$100.00 A MONTH, but was not capable of filling it.

Determined that I would be capable some day—I took a course with you—graduated in due time—and am now holding down a better position than the one I could not accept at first. Need I say that I am enthusiastic over the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL? Need I say that on every possible occasion I tell my friends that the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL is absolutely reliable—that it fulfills to the letter every promise made?

To sum up, the PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL transformed me from a bookkeeper with very little success ahead of me, to a practical advertisement writer with prospects unlimited. Yours sincerely, GEORGE WILSON.

We could fill SMITH'S MAGAZINE with similar letters, showing how men and women in exactly your situation have forged right to the front through our thorough instruction, but it isn't necessary for you to eat a barrel of bread in order to judge the flour. We will gladly send you, free, our large prospectus about OUR SCHOOL, write you concerning YOUR OWN OPPORTUNITIES in the advertising business and give our opinion of the whole matter gratis. Write today and you'll hear from us by return mail.

## PAGE - DAVIS CO.

Address either office

90 Wabash Avenue  
CHICAGO  
150 Nassau St.  
NEW YORK



FILL IN NAME AND ADDRESS, AND SEND THIS COUPON  
Page-Davis Company—Send me, without cost, your prospectus and all other information.  
Name.....Address.....City.....State.....  
329

When writing to advertisers, please mention SMITH'S MAGAZINE.



# WING PIANOS

Are Sold Direct From the Factory, and in No Other Way

You Save from \$75 to \$200

When you buy a Wing Piano, you buy at wholesale. You pay the actual cost of making it with only our wholesale profit added. When you buy a piano, as many still do—at retail—you pay the retail dealer's store rent and other expenses. You pay his profit and the commission or salary of the agents or salesmen he employs—all these on top of what the dealer himself has to pay to the manufacturer. The retail profit on a piano is from \$75 to \$200. Isn't this worth saving?

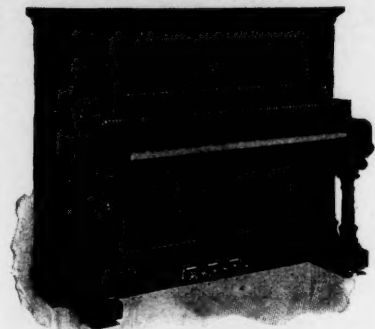
## SENT ON TRIAL

Anywhere **WE PAY FREIGHT**  
**No Money in Advance**

We will place a Wing Piano in any home in the United States on trial, without asking for any advance payment or deposit. We pay the freight and all other charges in advance. There is nothing to be paid either before the piano is sent or when it is received. If the piano is not satisfactory after 20 days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing and are under no more obligation to keep the piano than if you were examining it at our factory. There can be absolutely no risk or expense to you.

Do not imagine that it is impossible for us to do as we say. Our system is so perfect that we can without any trouble deliver a piano in the smallest town in any part of the United States just as easily as we can in New York City, and with absolutely no trouble or annoyance to you, and without anything being paid in advance or on arrival either for freight or any other expense. We take old pianos and organs in exchange.

A guarantee for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material is given with every Wing Piano.



## Small, Easy Monthly Payments

In 37 years over 40,000 Wing Pianos have been manufactured and sold. They are recommended by seven governors of States, by musical colleges and schools, by prominent orchestra leaders, music teachers and musicians. Thousands of these pianos are in your own State, some of them undoubtedly in your very neighborhood. Our catalogue contains names and addresses.

**Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither, Banjo**—The tones of any or all of these instruments may be reproduced perfectly by any ordinary player on the piano by means of our Instrumental Attachment. This improvement is patented by us and cannot be had in any other piano. WING ORGANS are made with the same care and sold in the same way as Wing Pianos. Separate organ catalogue sent on request.

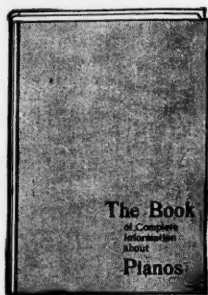
## YOU NEED THIS BOOK

If You Intend to Buy a Piano—No Matter What Make

A book—not a catalogue—that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It tells about the different materials used in the different parts of a piano; the way the different parts are put together, what causes pianos to get out of order and in fact is a complete encyclopedia. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship and finish. It tells you how to test a piano and how to tell good from bad. It is absolutely the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 156 large pages and hundreds of illustrations, all devoted to piano construction. Its name is "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos."

We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. All you have to do is to send us your name and address.

Send a Postal To-day while you think of it, just giving your name and address or send us the attached coupon and the valuable book of information, also full particulars about the WING PIANO, with prices, terms of payment, etc., will be sent to you promptly by mail.



**WING & SON**

357-392 W. 13th St., New York

Send to the name and address written below, the Book of Complete Information About Pianos, also prices and terms of payment on Wing Pianos.

Cut or tear out this coupon and mail to us after writing your name and address at bottom. We will promptly mail book and other information.

**WING & SON**

357-392 W. 13th St., New York

1868—37th YEAR—1905

# SMITH'S MAGAZINE

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## Recent Photographs of Stage Favorites



MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE

Photo by The Biograph Studio,  
London

A well-known English actress who occasionally visits our shores



Copyrighted photo by F. S. Clark,  
Detroit

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON

The latest photo of this pleasing actress, who will appear this season in a repertoire of plays by  
Rostrand, Fitch, McLellan, Zangwill and Jerome



Photo by Elite Studio, San Francisco

MISS KATHERYN KYLE  
With Lew Fields' "It Happened in Nordland"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co.,  
N. Y.

MISS TRIXIE FRIGANZA

A prominent member of Joe Weber's all-star stock company







Photo by Hall's Studio, N. Y.

MISS ELSIE JANIS

Starring in "The Vanderbilt Cup," a spectacular musical play, founded on automobiling incidents



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS LILLIAN ALBERTSON  
Now playing in "The Prodigal Son"



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS SUZANNE SANTJE  
Starring this season in "Sowing the Wind"



Photo by Hall's Studio, N. Y.

MISS LOUISE LE BARON  
With Fritz Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste"

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Photo by Otto Sarony Co.,  
N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY TENNANT  
Leading lady in "The College Widow"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS SYLVIA LYNDEN

Appearing in "The Walls of Jericho" with James K. Hackett  
and Mary Mannering

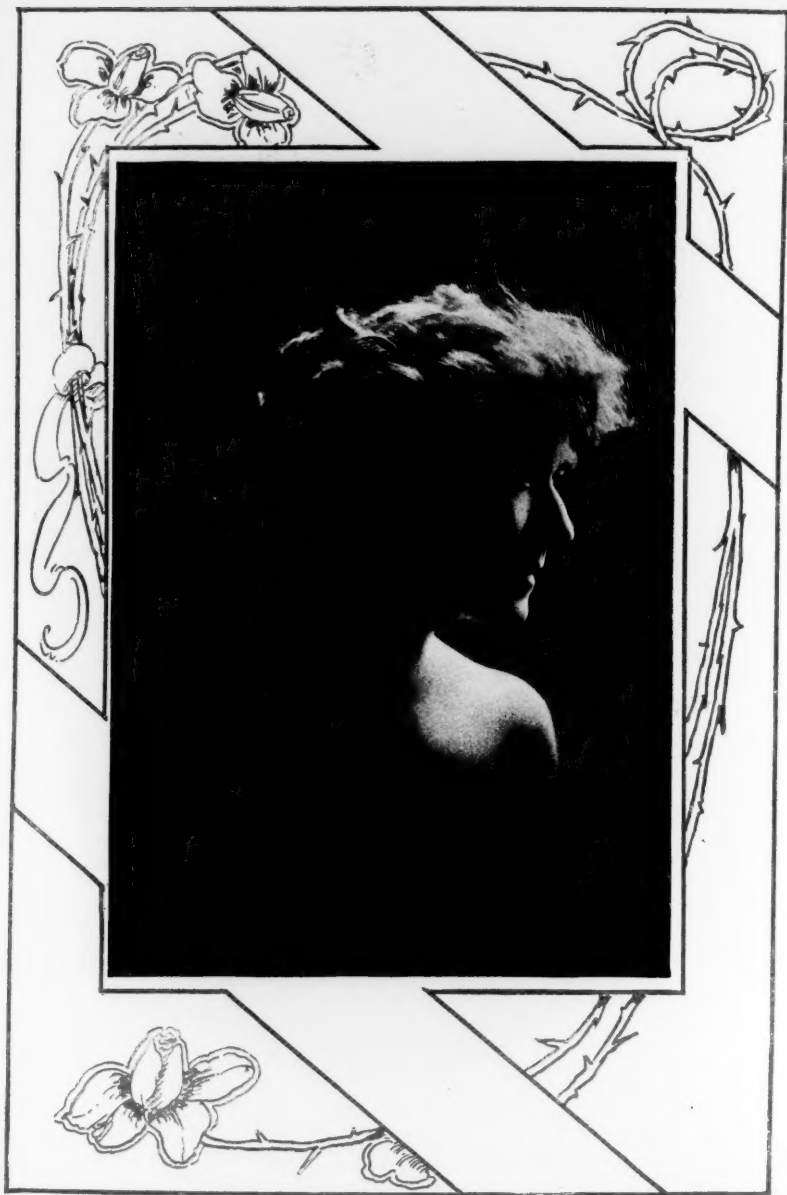


Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco

MISS ROSE STAHL

Who will shortly be seen in London in James Forbes' clever skit, "The Chorus Lady"



MISS MARY BOLAND  
Leading lady for Robert Edeson in "Strongheart"



Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS SYBIL ANDERSON  
With the "Fantana" Company





Photo by Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MISS CHARLOTTA NILLSON

Henry E. Dixey's leading lady in "The Man on the Box"



Photo by Reutlinger, Paris

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

After an absence of four years reappearing in this country in a repertoire of translations from the French



Photo by Marceau, Boston

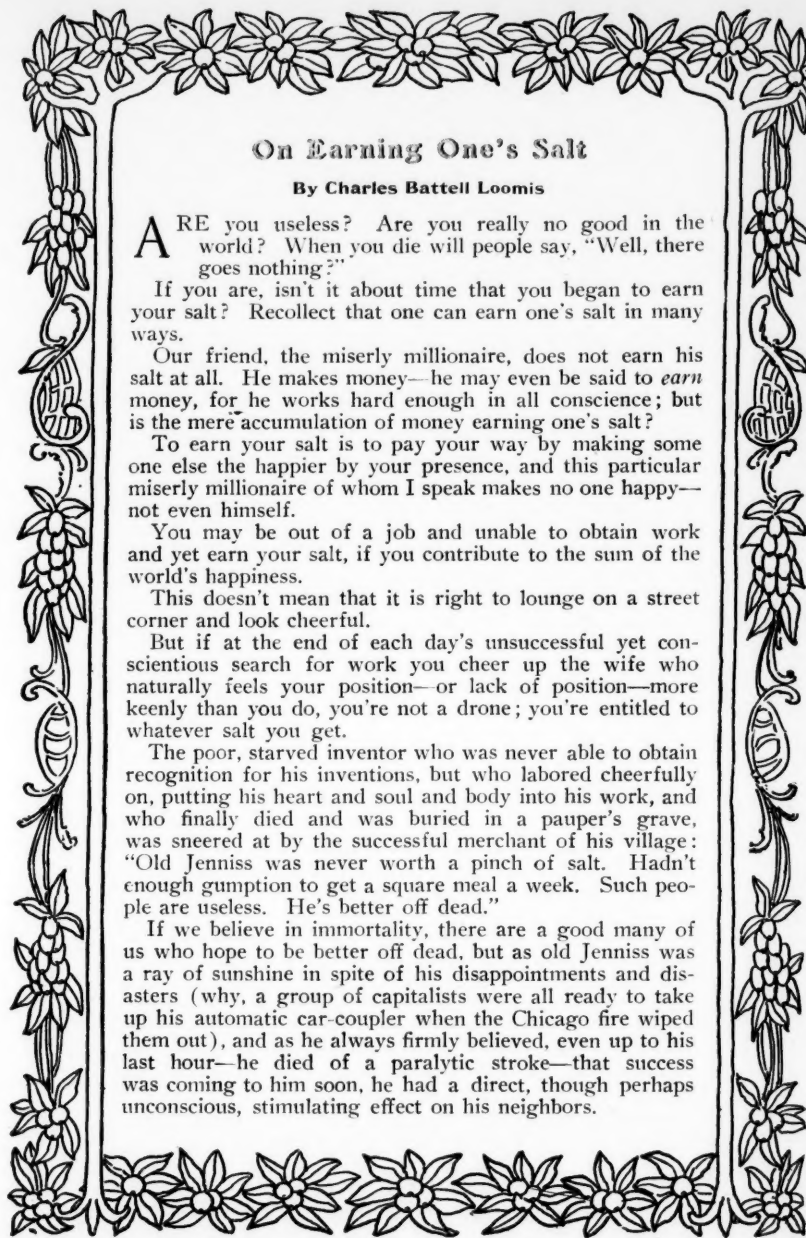
MISS GRACE ELLISTON  
Leading woman in "The Lion and the Mouse"



Photo by Sarony, N. Y.

MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

This season starring in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," a new play, by J. M. Barrie

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text.

## On Earning One's Salt

By Charles Battell Loomis

ARE you useless? Are you really no good in the world? When you die will people say, "Well, there goes nothing?"

If you are, isn't it about time that you began to earn your salt? Recollect that one can earn one's salt in many ways.

Our friend, the miserly millionaire, does not earn his salt at all. He makes money—he may even be said to *earn* money, for he works hard enough in all conscience; but is the mere accumulation of money earning one's salt?

To earn your salt is to pay your way by making some one else the happier by your presence, and this particular miserly millionaire of whom I speak makes no one happy—not even himself.

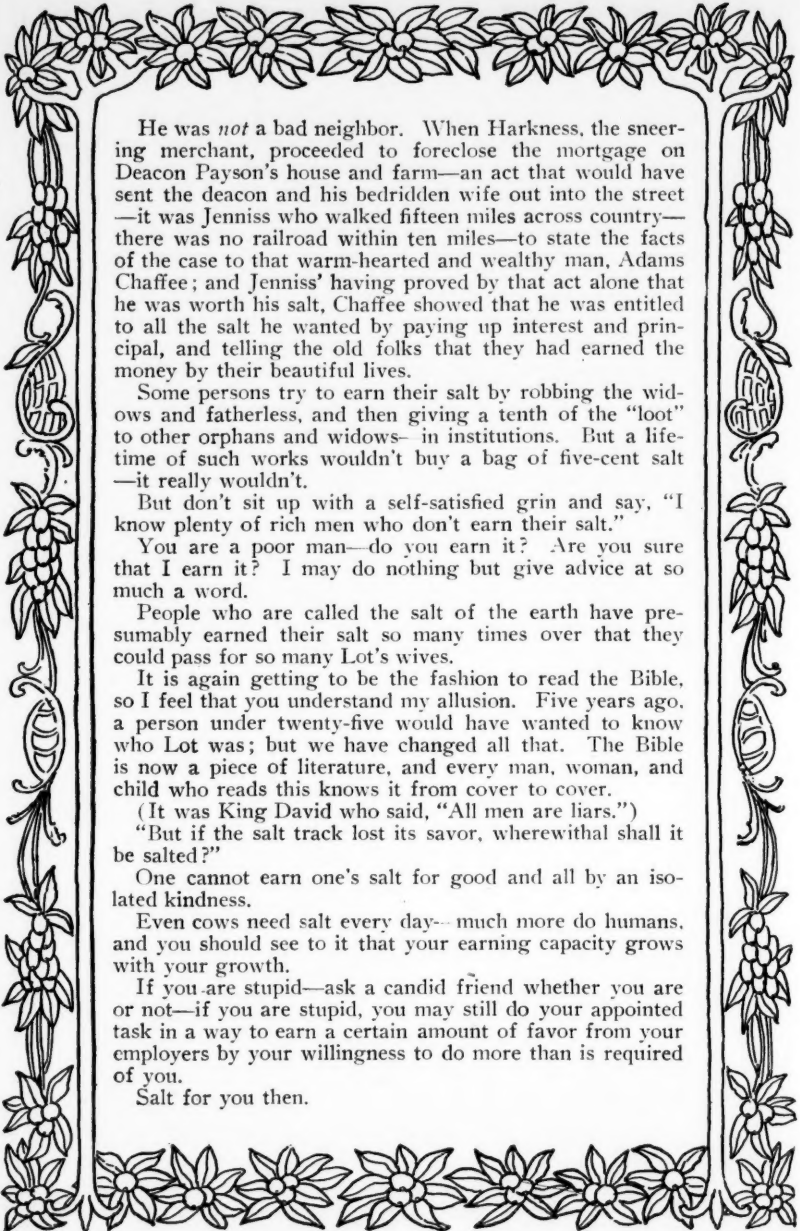
You may be out of a job and unable to obtain work and yet earn your salt, if you contribute to the sum of the world's happiness.

This doesn't mean that it is right to lounge on a street corner and look cheerful.

But if at the end of each day's unsuccessful yet conscientious search for work you cheer up the wife who naturally feels your position—or lack of position—more keenly than you do, you're not a drone; you're entitled to whatever salt you get.

The poor, starved inventor who was never able to obtain recognition for his inventions, but who labored cheerfully on, putting his heart and soul and body into his work, and who finally died and was buried in a pauper's grave, was sneered at by the successful merchant of his village: "Old Jenniss was never worth a pinch of salt. Hadn't enough gumption to get a square meal a week. Such people are useless. He's better off dead."

If we believe in immortality, there are a good many of us who hope to be better off dead, but as old Jenniss was a ray of sunshine in spite of his disappointments and disasters (why, a group of capitalists were all ready to take up his automatic car-coupler when the Chicago fire wiped them out), and as he always firmly believed, even up to his last hour—he died of a paralytic stroke—that success was coming to him soon, he had a direct, though perhaps unconscious, stimulating effect on his neighbors.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers are arranged in a repeating pattern along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

He was *not* a bad neighbor. When Harkness, the sneering merchant, proceeded to foreclose the mortgage on Deacon Payson's house and farm—an act that would have sent the deacon and his bedridden wife out into the street—it was Jenniss who walked fifteen miles across country—there was no railroad within ten miles—to state the facts of the case to that warm-hearted and wealthy man, Adams Chaffee; and Jenniss' having proved by that act alone that he was worth his salt, Chaffee showed that he was entitled to all the salt he wanted by paying up interest and principal, and telling the old folks that they had earned the money by their beautiful lives.

Some persons try to earn their salt by robbing the widows and fatherless, and then giving a tenth of the "loot" to other orphans and widows— in institutions. But a lifetime of such works wouldn't buy a bag of five-cent salt—it really wouldn't.

But don't sit up with a self-satisfied grin and say, "I know plenty of rich men who don't earn their salt."

You are a poor man—do you earn it? Are you sure that I earn it? I may do nothing but give advice at so much a word.

People who are called the salt of the earth have presumably earned their salt so many times over that they could pass for so many Lot's wives.

It is again getting to be the fashion to read the Bible, so I feel that you understand my allusion. Five years ago, a person under twenty-five would have wanted to know who Lot was; but we have changed all that. The Bible is now a piece of literature, and every man, woman, and child who reads this knows it from cover to cover.

(It was King David who said, "All men are liars.")

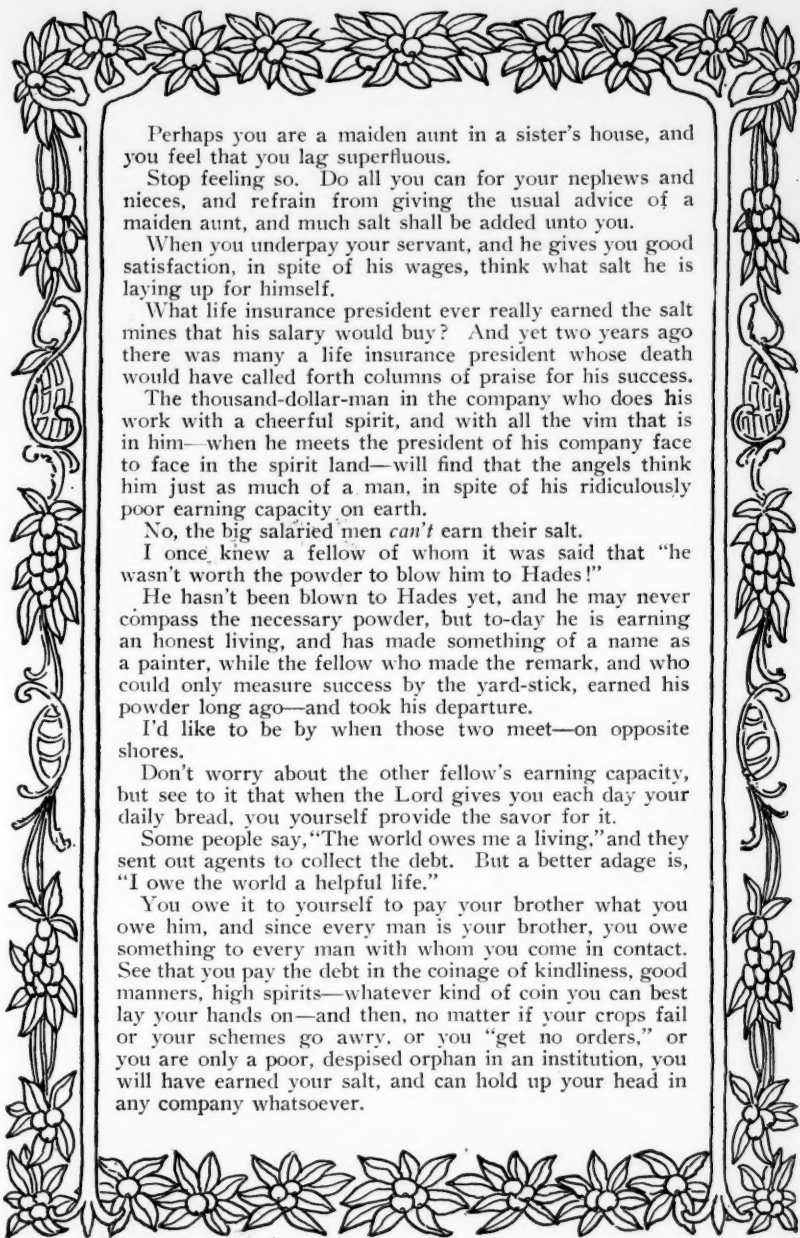
"But if the salt track lost its savor, wherewithal shall it be salted?"

One cannot earn one's salt for good and all by an isolated kindness.

Even cows need salt every day—much more do humans, and you should see to it that your earning capacity grows with your growth.

If you are stupid—ask a candid friend whether you are or not—if you are stupid, you may still do your appointed task in a way to earn a certain amount of favor from your employers by your willingness to do more than is required of you.

Salt for you then.



Perhaps you are a maiden aunt in a sister's house, and you feel that you lag superfluous.

Stop feeling so. Do all you can for your nephews and nieces, and refrain from giving the usual advice of a maiden aunt, and much salt shall be added unto you.

When you underpay your servant, and he gives you good satisfaction, in spite of his wages, think what salt he is laying up for himself.

What life insurance president ever really earned the salt mines that his salary would buy? And yet two years ago there was many a life insurance president whose death would have called forth columns of praise for his success.

The thousand-dollar-man in the company who does his work with a cheerful spirit, and with all the vim that is in him—when he meets the president of his company face to face in the spirit land—will find that the angels think him just as much of a man, in spite of his ridiculously poor earning capacity on earth.

No, the big salaried men *can't* earn their salt.

I once knew a fellow of whom it was said that "he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Hades!"

He hasn't been blown to Hades yet, and he may never compass the necessary powder, but to-day he is earning an honest living, and has made something of a name as a painter, while the fellow who made the remark, and who could only measure success by the yard-stick, earned his powder long ago—and took his departure.

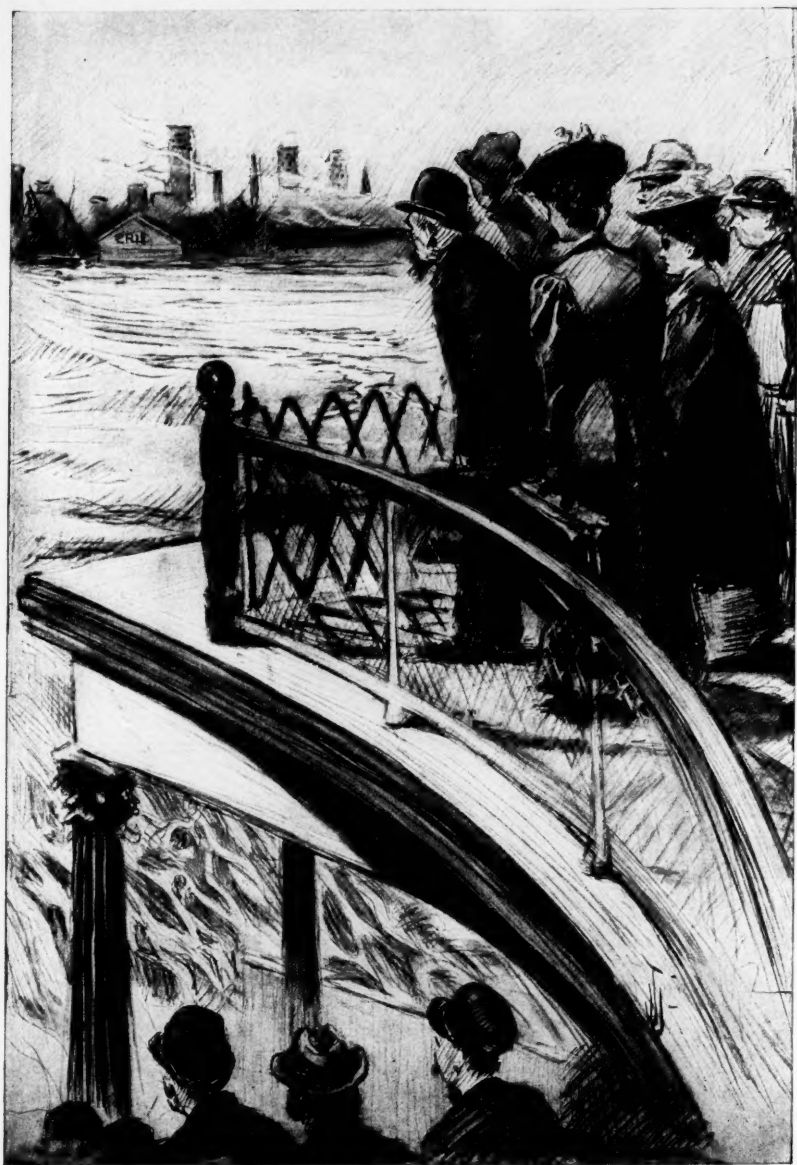
I'd like to be by when those two meet—on opposite shores.

Don't worry about the other fellow's earning capacity, but see to it that when the Lord gives you each day your daily bread, you yourself provide the savor for it.

Some people say, "The world owes me a living," and they sent out agents to collect the debt. But a better adage is, "I owe the world a helpful life."

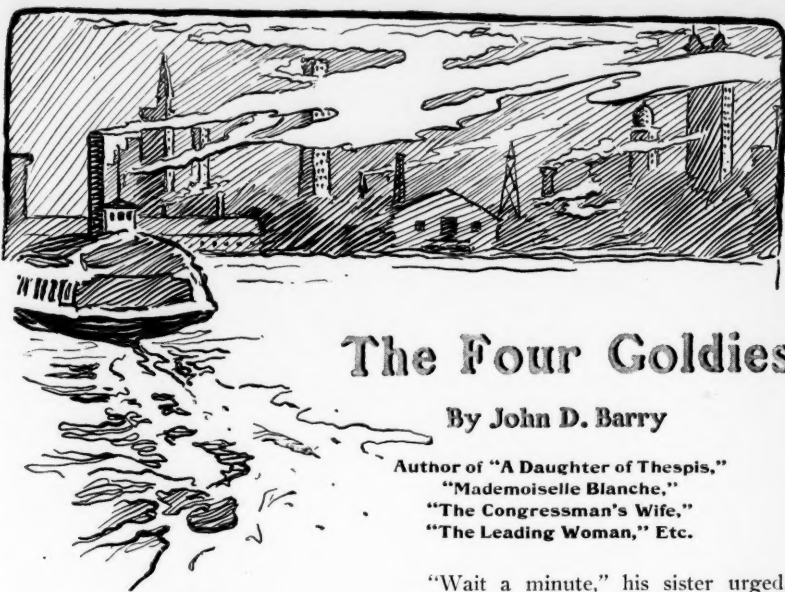
You owe it to yourself to pay your brother what you owe him, and since every man is your brother, you owe something to every man with whom you come in contact. See that you pay the debt in the coinage of kindness, good manners, high spirits—whatever kind of coin you can best lay your hands on—and then, no matter if your crops fail or your schemes go awry, or you "get no orders," or you are only a poor, despised orphan in an institution, you will have earned your salt, and can hold up your head in any company whatsoever.





See page 557

THEY STOOD ON THE UPPER DECK AND LOOKED OVER THE CITY



## The Four Goldies

By John D. Barry

Author of "A Daughter of Thespis,"

"Mademoiselle Blanche,"

"The Congressman's Wife,"

"The Leading Woman," Etc.

### CHAPTER I.

"FATHER says five hundred dollars. We never can pay it."

Annie Goldie looked at her brother with a pleading in her face that made the boy turn his head away. He knew she wished him to contradict her.

"The old place isn't worth five hundred," he grumbled.

"Oh, John!" With one hand Annie Goldie brushed back her thick, dark hair. Faint lines marked her forehead, and contrasted oddly with her air of youth and health; her eyes looked worried.

"Well, they couldn't get five hundred for it at auction," John Goldie insisted, glad to escape sentiment by arguing. "Besides, who wants to be a farmer?" he went on, with a subtle logic that his sister readily understood. "I don't."

"It isn't the place I care for," she resumed gently. "It's father. He couldn't be happy anywhere else."

"Oh!" John Goldie slouched toward the door.

"Wait a minute," his sister urged. "Sit down, and let us talk it over. Something must be done, you know. We must pay the money in four months, or we shall have to leave here."

John sank into a chair. "Well, why don't you let me go to New York, then, and earn some money for you?"

"You're too young, John, to go alone," she said, in a voice that showed they had gone over this subject many times before.

"Why, there are plenty of fellows——"

"I know," she said, cutting him short with quiet authority. "But for a country boy of sixteen, with no friends, and without any situation in view——"

"Well, you're only nineteen yourself."

She smiled faintly. "You make me feel a good deal older sometimes," she said, with an unconscious sarcasm that brought a blush to his face.

"Well, I want to go to work. It's no use for me to hang round this God-forsaken place any more. Why can't Bess marry Elmer Harding, and let him come here in my place?"

"She'll marry him when he's able to support her," Annie Goldie said, severely.

"You'd think you was fifty, from the way you talk!" John exclaimed, going back to their previous discussion. "I guess I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"Well, I guess you're not," she said, with a sudden outbreak of the temper which she had never succeeded in controlling. "You'll stay right here till you show by your behavior that you're a man. You're nothing but a sulky, useless boy."

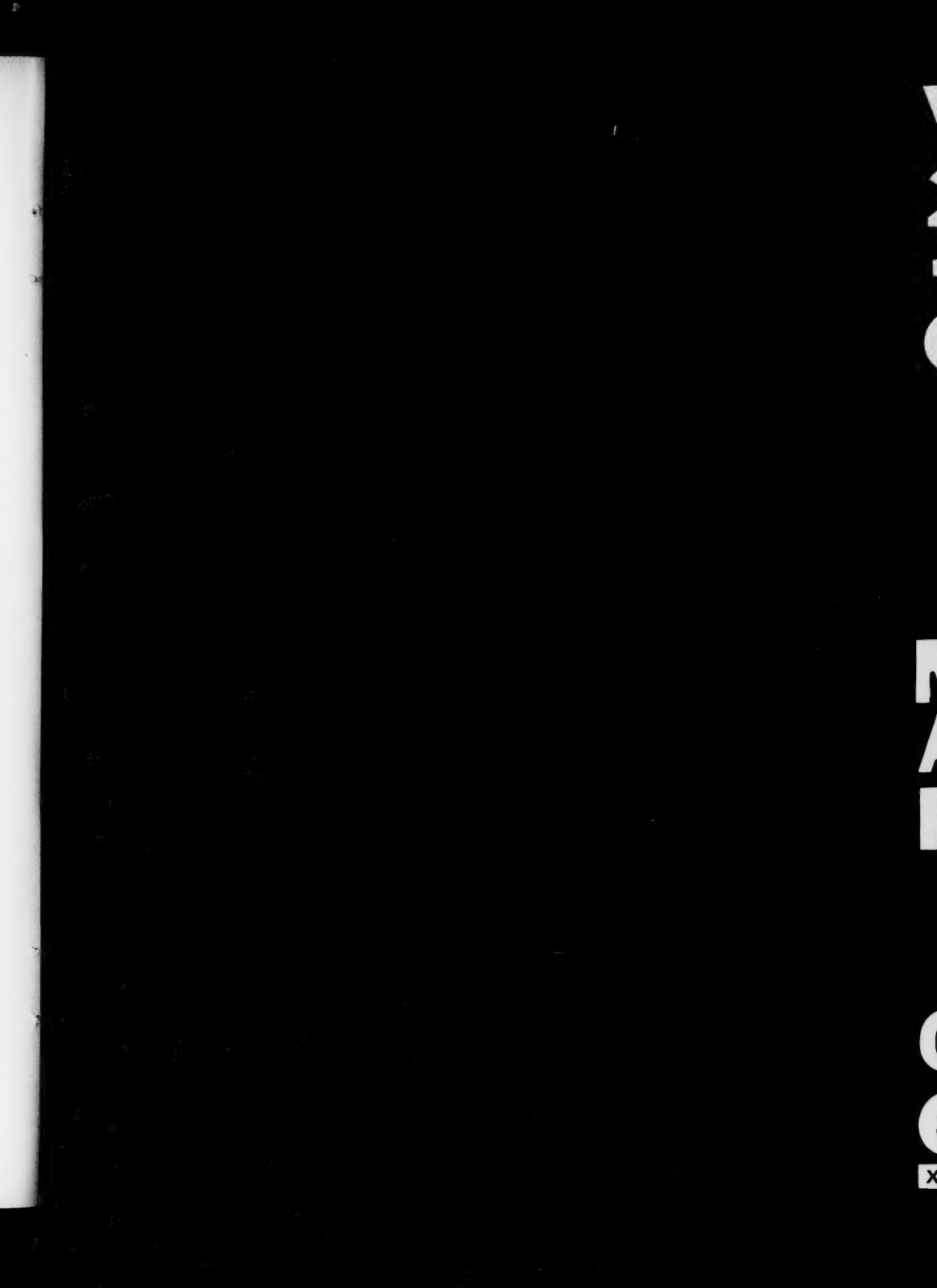
He leaped from his chair, and glared at her. Then he dashed from the room, banging the door behind him. Annie Goldie saw him pass the front windows toward the barn, where he often went while in one of his moods of revolt. She watched him through tears, noting the swing of his thighs and the angry movement of his shoulders. In looks he was plainly enough a man.

She wondered if it was wrong to keep him back as she had been doing for the past year; if she was narrow-minded. But she assured herself that she felt toward him as her mother would have felt, and that she was acting according to her mother's wishes. "Keep together." How often she had heard those two words spoken in a hoarse whisper, and with them she always recalled the emaciated face that a few moments later lay motionless. But Annie Goldie knew she couldn't keep the family together always. In a little time John must go; nothing could prevent that. Oh, if she only knew some one in New York that would give him a position and look out for him during the first two or three years. She had read so many stories in the newspapers of boys who had failed in that city, or who had succeeded and had then fallen into vice.

John tore down the steep hill leading to the little river that flowed ambi-



*At half-past five Annie opened the bag containing the supper.*



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tiously in the early spring, and nearly disappeared in midsummer. He threw himself down on the thick grass, kicking out his legs and letting his face rest on his hands. Then he gave himself up to one of his silent rages. After his quarrels with Annie he often came to this spot, to indulge the hopelessness of his defeat. It was useless to fight against Annie; no matter how righteous his cause might be, she somehow always put him in the wrong.

For a long time he allowed his misery to torment him. It was useless, he reflected, trying to do anything; he was tied to this horrible little place for life; he had always hated it; all the fellows hated it; and, since he could remember, the fellows used to gather by the river when they had nothing to do, and complain because they couldn't live somewhere else, where there was more fun and excitement. And, as the fellows grew up, most of them had broken away, and had gone to New York or Chicago, or to some of the other cities farther west.

Nearly every one had done well; those that came back, and said there was no place like home, after all, were no good, anyway; they were sure to fail wherever they went; besides, after they'd been home a little while, they were crazy to get away again, and they used to brag about the fine times they'd had, and say they were big fools ever to have returned. But, of course, John admitted, you couldn't go as far as Chicago or New York without money, and, even when you reached there, you'd have to have more money to keep going till you found a job.

He envied those fellows who had been brave enough to start off without anything in their pockets, and make their way as well as they could. Then he thought of two boys who had tried that, and had returned home in a few days in terrible disgrace, and had been gayed for months afterward. The recollection of those boys soothed him somewhat, and he began to be ashamed of the way he had treated Annie. He acknowledged that whenever she opposed him she was trying to do him

good. Besides, she was mighty good herself. No fellow ever had a better sister, and he suspected that, like himself, she, too, was discontented and disappointed. He had seen some of those bulky envelopes that she received from the post-office, and he had loved her and pitied her for the silent courage with which she accepted them. Not once had he heard her complain; and he was always complaining himself.

He would have been furious with anger and bitterness if she could have found out what he was thinking at that moment. He had a horror of being considered "soft," but, as he sat up on his elbow, he resolved to go back and to be more patient with his older sister. He'd try to do some little thing for her that would please her. After his anger subsided, he often made resolutions like this one, and, though they rarely found expression in any overt act, he was perhaps the better for his desire to achieve a nobility of conduct beset with so many practical difficulties.

## CHAPTER II.

Annie sat at the old-fashioned oak desk in the corner of the room, and took from one of the pigeonholes some manuscripts. One by one she glanced over them. They were the little stories and plays she had for the past two years been writing. She had sent them to editors in New York and Boston and Chicago. They had all been returned. She saw now that some of them were very poor; but the little play, "A Day at the Farm," still seemed to her, not good, perhaps, compared with some of the splendid things in the magazines, but good enough to be printed. She had cared little for the glory of being a writer; but she had hoped to be able to make some money.

Some of those authors that that Mr. Mayberry told about in his letters from New York to the *Evansville Gazette* made wonderful sums of money. For little pieces, that only took up five or six pages in a magazine, they got hundreds of dollars. In his last letter, too,

Mr. Mayberry had said something about the money that people made by writing plays.

Annie Goldie rose quickly, and walked to the closet. From the pile of papers on the lower shelf she took the one at the top. She opened quickly to the two inside pages, running her eye across the headlines. Yes; there it was: "Gotham Gossip." They always used that heading. She glanced rapidly over the paragraphs devoted to Tammany Hall and to the great ball given by Mrs. Renwick Van Horne in honor of

the Countess Lablache, whose son was to marry Mrs. Van Horne's daughter, and she slowly read:

#### PROFITS OF PLAYWRITING.

In one of my recent letters I spoke of the large profits that many of our story writers were making. But they have been outdone by our successful playwrights. One playwright of my acquaintance, a man whose name was unknown two years ago, earned no less than thirty-five thousand dollars from a play that he produced last year—his first successful play, too. Another author, who is also an actor, whose name, if mentioned here, would be instantly recognized, told me not long ago that in one season he had made ninety-three thousand dollars with his new piece. Think of that! But, of course, he received returns both as actor and as author. Next year he hopes to take the piece to the Pacific Coast and break his own record. He'll probably do it, too.

You'd be even more astonished if you knew of the large sums made by absolutely unknown people from sketches written for vaudeville. One man whom I used to know for years as a twenty-dollar-a-week man on one of the cheaper papers here now makes his little five hundred a week from the sketches he keeps running in the vaudeville houses. He engages the actors himself and pays them out of the lump sum he receives for each sketch; that is, he keeps two-thirds of the returns for himself.

Occasionally you find a vaudeville actor who is clever enough to write his own piece and who gets all the profits for himself. Some weeks he makes seven hundred dollars; for himself, mind you; that is, after paying his company. He would feel insulted if his receipts fell below five hundred. And as for the quality of some of these pieces! Well, the less said about that the better. The taste of our theater-goers is as bad as that of our novel-readers. Perhaps that's the worst that can be said about it.

As Annie Goldie read, the blood mounted to her face. Five hundred dollars a week! It seemed impossible. To earn such a sum in Evansville would take months; for some people, years! She rubbed her face nervously with one hand; then she again took up the manuscript of "A Day at the Farm." She felt sure it would be very pretty on the stage, just as good as a lot of those plays about life in the country written by city men, who probably hated the country, and didn't know anything about it. Hadn't Mr. Mayberry said that most of those vaudeville plays were



"She'll marry him when he's able to support her."



bad? Well, then, supposing hers wasn't so very good, perhaps it would be good enough to please those New York people who didn't know what really was good.

### CHAPTER III.

Late in the afternoon, while Annie Goldie was still sitting at her desk, her sister Elizabeth drove up to the house with Elmer Harding. Annie watched the girl jump lightly from the heavy mill-wagon and, waving her hand to the young fellow, dart toward the front porch. A moment later the door burst open.

"Oh, I've had such a splendid drive!"

"How far did you go?" Annie asked pleasantly.

"To Alesbury. Elmer had some business at the grain store, with that Mr. Bentley, you know, who has such a lot of money." Elizabeth sighed; then she suddenly brightened. "Oh, Elmer told me Mr. Wentworth was going to have some theatricals at the Sunday-school entertainment at Thanksgiving. He wants us to act again." The girl spread out both arms to express her delight.

Annie started to say something; but her sister interrupted. "And what do you think? I told Elmer about your play, and he said he'd speak to Mr. Wentworth about it. He says he knows it's just the kind of thing the people at the church would like."

Annie Goldie flushed. "Oh, Bessie!" she exclaimed, with a pretense of impatience that made her sister laugh.

"Elmer has promised to help with the entertainment. So if he says the play's good, why, Mr. Wentworth will probably want it, too. Mr. Wentworth is leaving everything to him. Elmer's coming up to-night," Elizabeth concluded, with the air of offering information, though Elmer Harding had been coming every night for more than a year. "Now, of course," she added, as an afterthought, "he'll want us to play the parts, Elmer will."

"Who could play the boy's part and the man's? It ought to be an old man.

You know I tried to make him as much like father in his ways as I could."

"Well, then, get father to play it," said Elizabeth jokingly.

Annie looked grave, and shook her head.

"Well, John will play the other part. He'd love to do it."

"Perhaps Elmer——" Annie Goldie suggested timidly.

"No. He just *hates* to act. He'd never do it in the *world*." Elizabeth Goldie hesitated. "Still—he *might* do it for me."

That night when Elmer Harding arrived, the three young people were watching for him. The interest of the play had banished John's sulkiness. Elmer, whose round, blond face seemed to radiate good nature, mentioned that he had stopped at Mr. Wentworth's, and the clergyman had expressed a desire to read Annie's play. Already Annie had become known in Evansville for her literary ambitions; some of her pieces had been printed in the Evansville *Gazette*, one of them, as Annie noted with delight, in the column next to Mr. Mayberry's New York letter.

Elmer mentioned that it was only fair he should hear the play first, and Annie Goldie was persuaded to bring it out. As the others sat around the big table, her father at her side, so that he should hear all the words, she read it aloud. When it was finished, Elmer Harding clapped his knee.

"Well, if that ain't Evansville down to the ground."

"It's just like the way we do at home," Elizabeth echoed; "only, of course, more things happen—in the play, I mean," she added wistfully.

"It's a good *play*," said Annie's father, in the strangely remote voice he had been using since he began to show his age. Nearly every day, it seemed to Annie Goldie, his voice went farther away. Sometimes, when he felt tired and depressed, she could hardly hear him.

"Oh, it's a *splendid* play," Elmer Harding exclaimed, and he added, looking affectionately at the girl, "I'm proud of you, Annie." Though Elizabeth had

not become formally engaged to Elmer Harding, every one in Evansville knew they were going to get married some day, and Elmer acted as if he were already a member of the family.

#### CHAPTER IV.

That night, when Annie Goldie went up to her room, she sat for a long time on her bed in the dark. This room had been hers since her mother's death two years before. Her father had given it to her because he said he preferred sleeping down-stairs on the bed-lounge; in winter it was warmer, with the fire he kept going in the stove, and in summer it was cooler. Annie Goldie never went to sleep without thinking of her patient, hard-working, cheerful mother, who, by her devotion to others, had made a life of drudgery seem beautiful.

If her mother had lived, that mortgage would have been paid by this time, Annie Goldie said to herself. She felt sure that somewhere her mother was worrying about it. She still kept many of the ideas gathered from the religious teaching she had heard as a child. If she could pay the interest on the mortgage, her greatest comfort would come, not from seeing the burden taken off her father—though that would be great, too—but from knowing that her mother must be glad.

And how happy her mother would be to know that the money had been earned in that splendid way, by writing and acting. Then Annie Goldie wondered if what Mr. Mayberry had said could be true. She heard that those writers for newspapers often exaggerated, and sometimes actually made up things. But her doubt was only momentary. Why should a brilliant man like that make up such a story? Besides, she had read in other papers, in some of the big magazines from New York, of the wonderful sums of money that actors made. One actor, Manton, the great tragedian, who had gone on the vaudeville stage for a few weeks—why, they said he received a thousand dollars a week. She distinctly recalled

reading the article about him in a New York newspaper. It said that he was actually on the stage only about twelve minutes out of the twenty-five the piece lasted; so for eight performances—six in the evening and two in the afternoon—he was paid something like ten dollars a minute. And the article said he wasn't talking all that time, or doing things, either.

Annie Goldie hardly dared to formulate definitely her ambitions; they would have seemed too daring. But when she finally fell asleep, she dreamed that she had gone to New York and made a wonderful success with her play. The details of the dream she could not recall; she knew, however, that she was on the way toward receiving a large sum of money, enough to wipe out the terrible mortgage that had been a painful reality in her life as far back as she could remember.

Her father seemed to figure in the dream in some way, in a way that was distressing. As she thought of this circumstance, she realized that just before going to sleep she had asked herself if her father might not take a part in the play, after all. For many years before her mother's death he had sung in the choir, and even now he often joined in their hymns around the organ. He must have had a splendid voice once. It was still strong and deep.

The next day, in the intervals of her work about the house, Annie Goldie revised her play. She never looked over it without making changes. Sometimes she wondered if the successful writers, the men she had read about, and some of whose books she had read, were always revising. If she ever met one, she'd ask him. She had once supposed that when authors finished a play or a book it was perfect. But perhaps it never could seem perfect to *them*.

She worried, too, because she had to copy her work with her own hand, instead of typewriting it. Once that Mr. Mayberry had said in an article that nowadays editors greatly objected to manuscripts that weren't typewritten; some of them even refused to examine those that came in handwriting. But it

seemed foolish even to hope to buy a typewriter, though Elmer Harding said you could buy second-hand ones for fifteen or twenty dollars; but he also said they were apt to get out of order, and it was hard to keep them in repair.

Elizabeth was intensely excited at the prospect of appearing in the play, and kept interrupting with irrelevant remarks, such as: "I know exactly what I'll wear. I'm going to get out that gingham dress mother had when she was a girl. It'll be just the thing."

"Oh, do you think we'd better have that in the play?" Annie asked.

Elizabeth opened wide her pretty blue eyes. "Well, why not, goosie?" she said.

Annie sighed. "Well, we'll see about it," she said. It was hard for her to refuse Elizabeth anything. But she had always associated that dress with her mother's earlier life, with the time when she had been so happy. And it did seem sacrilegious to—

"And suppose Elmer refuses to take the part. I'm glad I didn't suggest it last night. It's better to wait a little while. You know Elmer's real obstinate, and you have to kind of manage him," Elizabeth said knowingly, showing her little white teeth, which, for all their beauty, seemed too fine and sharp.

"He won't refuse if you urge him, dear."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Elizabeth, with a toss of her head.

At that moment John came into the

room. He rubbed the back of his head with one hand. "Well, I suppose I shall have to make an awful fool of myself," he said.

"Oh, just hear him," Elizabeth mocked. "He's crazy to take part."

"I'm not sure that Mr. Wentworth will want us," said Annie, with a smile.

"Oh, he'll want us, sure enough," said John, resorting again to grumbling, this time to hide his eagerness to join in the performance. "He'll know that it's money in his pocket."

"It isn't for him, dear," Annie went on gently. "It's for the church."

"H'm!" said John, with the superior feeling toward the clergy that he had acquired from association with the men in the village. Then he added: "Well, there's some folks down at the church that are getting sore on Mr. Wentworth for having plays. They don't think it's right."

"Well, those folks ought to have been dead and buried long ago," said Elizabeth.



*John tore down the steep hill to the little river.*

## CHAPTER V.

The next night, when Elmer Harding announced that Mr. Wentworth liked the play, and wished Annie Goldie to rehearse it for the entertainment, Elizabeth clasped her hands, and exclaimed: "You've got to take the part of the old man."

Elmer laughed and flushed, and the Adam's apple in his long neck went up and down. "Well, I guess nit."

"Then we can't do it," said Elizabeth, with an authoritative pout.

"But I can't act," Elmer insisted, looking beseechingly at the girl. "My legs are always getting in the way." For years Elmer had been a great sufferer from self-consciousness.

"None of us can act—except Annie," said Elizabeth. "She's used to taking parts down to the church."

"Well, I like that," said John, who had played the lover in the piece they had given the previous spring.

"John thinks he can do anything," said Elizabeth.

"Wait a minute," Annie interposed, in her quiet voice, which always had a soothing effect when they got into these wrangles. "Do you really mean that you can't take the part, Elmer?"

"Oh, I'd like to oblige you, Annie, honestly I would. But I'd be—I'd be a guy. That's all there is to it."

"Let father take it," said Elizabeth, in a voice so low that the old man, reading at the opposite side of the table, could not hear.

Annie astonished them all by saying: "I've thought of that."

"What, *father*?" Elizabeth cried, with one of those exaggerations of surprise designed to set off her prettiness.

"Don't make a fool of the old man," John growled.

Annie flushed. "I thought he might like to do it. He used to enjoy singing in the choir."

"But that's different," said John, with a scowl.

"And it might please him to be asked," Annie went on gently. "He seems so lonely, as if he didn't feel he had a share in anything any more. He——"

"Oh, you just imagine that, Annie," John interrupted.

"There ain't very much to do," Elizabeth acknowledged. Then she glanced with an amused smile at the shining bald head and the old wizened face, with the deep furrows running down the cheeks. "Do you think he could remember the lines?"

"I'm sure he could," Annie replied. "He has a splendid memory. Don't you

know how he loves to recite verses? He can remember long poems that he learned as a schoolboy."

"Let's ask him!" Elizabeth exclaimed excitedly.

Annie shook her head. "We'd better think it over. Perhaps we'll be able to get some one else to take the part. If we can't, why, then, we'll ask him." Then she added: "I know he'd be willing to do it just because it's my play."

Three days later the arrangements for producing the play were completed. Not being able to think of any one in Evansville who could take the part of the old farmer satisfactorily, Annie Goldie spoke to her father. At first he was mildly amused, and shook his head. Then he read the play over, and he said he'd try it if Annie really wanted him to do it. She worked with him over the lines in the afternoons, and at night they all practised the hymns, while Annie played the melodeon and Elmer Harding looked on and offered suggestions.

It soon became known in the town that the Goldies were all to take part at the church entertainment in a piece Annie Goldie had written, and the news aroused an interest almost sensational. The older members of the church declared that Mr. Wentworth was going too far in his innovations. Till he had come to Evansville, no plays had been given at the Sunday-school except fairy-plays. The young people, however, enthusiastically supported their pastor, whose liberal ways had made him very popular among them.

On the night of the entertainment, the hall, used for the Sunday-school meetings, was crowded, people coming from as far as Iduna and Paleyville and Briscoe. Annie Goldie's play won a success never equaled in the history of Mr. Wentworth's three years' pastorate. Several people declared that "A Day at the Farm" was good enough to be played on the regular stage, and all Evansville agreed that Annie Goldie was a born actress. The others did well, too; even the old man. But, of course, every one knew that Annie had trained him. Even those people who doubted if it could be right to have such

an entertainment at the church acknowledged that Annie Goldie deserved a great deal of credit.

During all the preparations and the actual performance, Annie Goldie kept thinking of Mr. Mayberry's article about the money to be made in vaudeville. That night, after returning home, and bidding her father good night, she said to Elizabeth and John: "Come into my room a minute. I want to speak to you."

Then she unfolded to them her plan. They listened in amazement. When she had finished, Elizabeth looked at her in breathless silence.

"Say, Annie," said John, "I guess you must be nutty."

"But think of all it would cost to get to New York," Elizabeth gasped.

"And to get back," John added sneeringly.

"I have seventy-five dollars saved up," Annie said. She had grown pale, and her face was set.

"You have?" John cried.

"Yes. I saved it from what I made out of those paper lamp-shades I sent to Iduna last year. I intended to give it to father for the mortgage. But if we can make a lot more, perhaps five or ten times as much, by going to New York——"

"But how d'you know they'd let us do it? They'd laugh at us," John cried.

"They didn't laugh at us to-night," Annie said firmly.

John's face changed. "Still, it would be something to *get* to New York," he said. "But seventy-five wouldn't be enough," he concluded, with authority.

"I know that," Annie acknowledged sadly. "But we might borrow."

"More debt!" John exclaimed bitterly. "Besides, who'd lend any money to us?"

"Mr. Wentworth knew some rich people in Iduna," Annie went on, her face flushing.

"When would you go?" Elizabeth whispered, as if the financial difficulties had already been overcome.

"The sooner the better," Annie replied.

"And take father along, too?" John asked incredulously.

"We won't leave him here all alone," Annie replied. Then she thought of that article, and she went to the book on the table where she had placed it. She passed it to John, who read it, with Elizabeth glancing over his shoulder.

"Gee!" John exclaimed, and Elizabeth looked up at Annie with wonder in her eyes.

"Oh, Annie," she said, "you're awful brave;" and she kissed her sister on the cheek.

"But I don't believe we'll ever get father to do it," said John grimly.

"Well, I guess Annie can do anything she likes with father," Elizabeth said admiringly, and she added: "Or with any one else."

"Well, then, I don't believe she'll get the money," John asserted, with grumbling triumph in his tone.

The next night Elizabeth met Elmer Harding at the door, and detained him in the cold entry. When he heard of Annie's plan he grew indignant.

"She'll just blow in all that money she's saved up, and you'll come back worse off than you are now. Besides," he went on, with an authority he had never shown toward her before, "I don't want you to go to New York." He looked down at her, and his cadaverous face, with its big nose, took on a kind of beauty.

She liked the anxiety that she detected in his voice, and she leaned toward him, pressing her head against his coat. Her soft blond hair brushed against his chin.

"It won't make any difference to you, Elmer. I'll come back, anyway."

"Yes, it does make a difference. I'd be lonely and miserable without you. I—I wish we could get married," he said. "I'm tired of waiting. If I only had a little more money. They're going to give me a raise at Christmas. I may get as much as eighteen then."

"But it's a month till Christmas, and perhaps I'll be back by that time," she urged. "Besides, I couldn't disappoint Annie, after all she's done for us. That would be too mean. If she decides to



go to New York I must go, Elmer. Can't you see that?"

She lifted her face and he bent down and kissed her. He knew that she was far more strongly attracted by the excitement of the adventure than by devotion to her sister, and that she did not really believe the trip would be undertaken.

"Well, perhaps she won't go," he said. "Anyway, it's a crazy idea. To go on the stage! Whoever heard of such a thing?"

It took Annie Goldie a long time to convince her father that it was their only chance of making the money they needed. Besides Elmer Harding, she confided only in Mr. Wentworth. He was astonished, and he looked at her oddly, as if wondering if she were quite right in her mind; but when he discussed the matter with her, and when he read Mr. Mayberry's article, he made no opposition. He was an energetic, nervous little man, and he enjoyed doing services for his people—for that matter, for any people.

"Now, my dear child," he said, "since you've determined on this plan, you must carry it out in the right way. Don't go to New York until you have some reason to think you can get a hearing there. Write to the theaters where they produce little plays like yours."

"I will write to the manager of the New Vaudeville," Annie Goldie exclaimed. "Mr. Mayberry says it's the best vaudeville theater in New York."

"Let me see, they give two performances a day in those places, don't they?" Mr. Wentworth asked absently, wrinkling his smooth blond face, after a habit that made him look much older than his years. He could not have been more than thirty-eight or forty.

Annie Goldie shook her head. "It isn't a continuous theater," she said; and Mr. Wentworth smiled at the use of the professional phrase.

"You seem to be pretty familiar with the New York theaters, Annie."

She flushed violently. "I've been reading about them so much in Mr. Mayberry's letter," she said. "They do

have two performances on Wednesday and Saturday. But that wouldn't be hard. It's very easy to act, it seems to me."

"How about the expense?" the clergyman went on, in his direct, practical way. "Have you got enough money?"

"I wanted to speak to you about that," Annie Goldie replied, his manner relieving her embarrassment. He seemed to consider the matter purely as a business scheme. She told him of the situation.

"Now, my dear child," he said, "I can't help you in the way of money; but I think I may be able to do something a good deal better. I know Mr. Hastings, who is connected with the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He once offered to get passes for me whenever I went to New York. But I've never taken advantage of his offer. In fact," he went on, with a smile, "I've not been to New York since that time. But I will write to him about you and explain the circumstances, and ask him for four passes. That's a pretty cool thing to do, perhaps; but it's ever so much easier to ask for other people than for yourself. At any rate, there won't be any harm done if he refuses. If you have the passes, why, you could easily go to New York, and stay there a week or so, without spending all your money. It will be a risk, my child; but I've observed you can't accomplish much in this world unless you do take some risk. All life is a risk, an experiment. The great point is to keep your motives unselfish and pure. If you were going on the stage, from vanity or any other unworthy motive, I should try to dissuade you. But, so far as I can judge, you have a perfectly generous and laudable purpose."

He smiled, as if to apologize for his moralizing. His mind often wandered into speculations; but, in Evansville, he rarely allowed these to get into speech. Something about Annie Goldie always made him speak more freely with her than he did with others. He considered her a girl quite out of the common, and he often wondered what would happen

to her in so prosaic and barren a community as Evansville. He was again asking himself this question, and thinking that perhaps in the theater she would find a useful career, when Annie rose from her seat.

"I will write to the theater manager to-night," she said; "and I'll let you know as soon as I hear from him. Thank you very much," she said, looking up at him, her eyes wet with tears.

"Then I'll wait till I hear from you before I write to Mr. Hastings," he replied, smiling.

That night Annie Goldie, after many attempts, succeeded in composing the letter to the managers of the New Vaudeville. When it had been given to Elmer Harding to be dropped in the box at the post-office, she became unhappy from a fear that she had made it too long, and said too much. It was foolish, her telling all about the success of the piece at the church entertainment. That would make the manager see it was only an amateur piece. Then she began to fear she should receive no answer. Still, that would be better than going to New York and spending all that money for nothing, giving Mr. Wentworth so much trouble, too.

For the next few days she was miserably unhappy. Twice a day she called at the post-office. One evening, two weeks after writing to New York, she found an envelope addressed to her with a large advertisement of the New Vaudeville sprawling all over the front and back, and including a picture of the front of the theater. She opened it hastily, and read the printed slip that it contained:

Notice to Applicants for Engagements at the New Vaudeville.

We want new sketches and new people. We will pay well for them. Applications for a trial performance may be made in person by writing to

EDWARD DOWD, Manager.



"Suppose some dreadful theatrical man——"

Under the signature had been scrawled, in lead pencil:

Can't talk business so far away from New York. If you will come here, we'll arrange for a trial. We generally give up Thursday morning to applicants.

Before returning home, Annie Goldie took the letter to Mr. Wentworth, and he promised to write at once to Mr. Hastings.

"I think for the present I wouldn't announce the plan," he said, noting the



excitement betrayed in her quick breathing and in the brightness of her eyes. Now that the girl seemed in the way of realizing her ambition, he felt sorry for her. It was terrible to him to think of that fine creature going into the trials and the temptations of a theatrical life. He tried to console himself by reflecting that, after all, if women like her never went on the stage, there was no hope of elevating it; but the thought deepened his discomfort.

It eased him somewhat to write a long letter to Mr. Hastings, in which he said a great many flattering things about Annie Goldie. Mr. Hastings he knew as a kind-hearted, generous man, long active in church work and in unostentatious goodness.

A few days later he was not surprised to receive with the four passes a check, which he was instructed to present to Miss Goldie with Mr. Hastings' compliments. Then he realized that he had written those flattering things with the hope that Mr. Hastings would do just what he had done. He called on the girl, and it made him happy to see how simply she accepted the gift. "Some time, perhaps, I shall be able to pay it back," she said.

That night, after supper, the clergyman told his wife about his talks with Annie Goldie. A vague feeling of embarrassment had kept him from discussing the girl's project with her before. Mrs. Wentworth was a placid woman, with wavy brown hair, that fell over the tips of her ears, and when she wasn't on her feet attending to household duties, or reading to her husband, she was always knitting. She listened to his tale with amazement, which caused her to pause several times, and to hold her needle poised high in the air. When he had finished, she exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say that you have encouraged the girl in that crazy notion?"

"Well, I haven't exactly discouraged her," he replied, with a smile.

"But it's ridiculous. It will be simply a waste of time and money."

"Perhaps so," he agreed, shaking his head dubiously.

"Then why did you do it?" she asked. "Why did I do what, dear?" he inquired, though he knew perfectly well what she meant.

"Why didn't you tell her to put the idea right out of her head?"

"I don't quite see why I should. People must decide those things for themselves." Here he touched on a point that had often caused argument between his wife and himself. She believed that a clergyman should interfere far more in the affairs of his people than her husband was willing to do. He was content to guide them only as far as they wished to be guided. He was always insisting on the importance of each soul's learning to guide itself.

"I can't help liking the girl's spirit," he remarked.

"Suppose she should fail?"

"Failure isn't such a bad thing," he replied, with a whimsical smile.

"But they will blame you—the people here. They'll say you encouraged her. And then her acting that play in the church, and going to New York and acting it in a theater. Why, it doesn't seem right."

He smiled indulgently. "It may be the making of her," he said. "I can see that she wants to escape the conditions of her life here. She doesn't know it; but that's her real reason for trying to get away."

"It may be the ruin of her. That's what it may be."

He shook his head again.

"Suppose something awful should happen to her. Suppose some dreadful theatrical man——"

"There's not much danger of that," he interrupted. "Besides, I don't see why that should prevent——"

"James!"

He smiled again.

"Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Oh, yes; perfectly. What I mean, dear, is simply this: The worst thing that can happen to this girl is to be shut up here, where her nature will simply waste away. The worst that can happen to her in New York is to learn something of the bitterness of life. But

a character like hers can't be spoiled. Contact with vice or evil or temptation, whatever you want to call it, couldn't possibly do anything but broaden it."

"Well, my dear, I hope you'll never introduce those ideas into your sermons," said his wife, resuming her work.

A week later, Mr. Wentworth, with Elmer Harding, saw the Goldies start for New York. As the train pulled out he walked away, feeling, as he often felt when he tried to help his people, a doubt whether he had acted wisely. Elmer Harding's depression may have added to his gloom.

At any rate, when he made a complimentary reference to Annie Goldie, it shocked him to hear the practical young fellow exclaim:

"Oh, Annie's all right. She's fine, but she's got a lot of queer notions in her head. It seems to me she's gone on a wild-goose chase. She'd done a good deal better if she'd stayed home."

## CHAPTER VI.

As the train drew away into the unfamiliar country, Annie Goldie felt her spirits drooping. She realized now that she was committed to a terrible responsibility; she wondered how she had dared to undertake it. She was terrified by the thought of going into the great city of New York, with three people to care for.

Suppose that nothing should come of the trip! Suppose they should all have to go back, deeper in debt, and facing ridicule and contempt, or, what would be far worse, pity! If at the moment she could have undone all her plans by wishing she were at home, she would have found herself in the dull security of the little farmhouse again. Tears stood in her eyes, and she kept her head turned toward the window, so that sharp-eyed Elizabeth should not suspect the state of her mind.

But there might be worse results than failure. Suppose that something terrible should happen to father! She had heard that the New York streets

were dreadful to cross, they were so crowded. And since her mother's death, her father had grown more and more absent-minded. Sometimes he didn't seem to live in the world any more; he often acted as if he just lived in his thoughts. Elizabeth had spoken of that, too, Annie sadly reflected; so it couldn't be just her imagination, as many things were, or as Elizabeth said they were.

And then there was Elizabeth. What effect would New York have on her impressionable nature? Was it right that she should take the girl, hardly more than a child, into the strange world of the theater, where every one said there was so much wickedness? But here the strength she had always shown at home expressed itself; she knew that whatever happened she could manage Elizabeth.

John would be harder in the new conditions. He was a good boy, but he was weak, and he was much younger than most boys of his age. If she could only keep his confidence, she should not be afraid. But in New York it might be difficult to do that.

When she felt sure that the tears had disappeared she looked up. Her father was dozing comfortably; Elizabeth was watching a group of young people who were talking and laughing at the other end of the car, and John was amusing himself by making some sketches.

"Say, Annie," said John, "when are we going to have grub?"

"Whenever you want it," Annie replied. "It can't be five o'clock yet. You aren't hungry already, are you?"

"Did you know you could get fine meals on the train?" John asked, ignoring the question.

Annie nodded. "Yes, but it costs a lot," she said anxiously.

"Oh!" John turned his head away. Then he looked at his sister again.

"What have you brought?"

"Some sandwiches and some of the angel-cake Elizabeth baked yesterday."

John made a face of disgust. "Gee!" he said.

"The cake is very nice," said Annie. "I thought you liked it."

"Well, sandwiches and cake!" John exclaimed. "And eating before all these people. I think we might have had one good meal before we reached New York."

Then Annie made one of those retorts which always exasperated and silenced John, and which, in his mind, he called "mean."

"If you want to, John," she said, "you can have some money and get supper for yourself."

"And how about the others?" he asked.

"We'll eat the sandwiches and cake."

"Oh!" John leaned on his elbow, and Annie glanced at Elizabeth, who was openly smiling. Elizabeth loved to see Annie get ahead of John.

"Just think of being in New York to-morrow morning," said Elizabeth. "It seems so far away."

"Well, I guess we'll have a pretty long night before we get there," John grumbled. "I guess it'll be the longest night *you've* ever spent."

"Oh, I can sleep anywhere," said Elizabeth, determined to be heroic in her loyalty to her sister. "I don't mind sitting up a bit. I'm glad you got that berth for father, Annie. It would be awful to have him sit up, wouldn't it?"

At this point the old man woke. "Hey?" he said, with his hand at his ear.

"I was just saying," Elizabeth yelled, with ready deceit, "that the staterooms are real comfortable, and I think you'll sleep just as well as you do at home."

"Couldn't sleep much worse," said John, under his breath. "Always prowling 'round the house like a cat."

The old man raised his chin, lengthening his skinny and wrinkled neck. "I think you'd better sleep in the berth, Annie," he said hoarsely. "You and Elizabeth can sleep there together."

Annie shook her head, and Elizabeth, delighted at the opportunity of displaying her generosity of character, exclaimed: "I'd rather sit up, father; honest. It'll be ever so much more fun."

The father shook his head in the helpless way that old men have when they

are overruled. He started to say something; then, apparently realizing that it would do no good, he lapsed again into silence.

At half-past five, to please John, Annie opened the bag containing the supper. Her father ate little, and Annie bitterly regretted that she had not brought some whisky with her, and she blamed herself. She wondered if she could buy some on the train; but she did not dare to ask any of the trainmen for fear of being ridiculed or looked at with suspicion.

In spite of his scorn of the food, John Goldie ate ravenously, as Annie knew he would do. Elizabeth, too, showed more than her usual bird-like appetite, confining herself chiefly, however, to her own angel-cake. For fear that there might not be enough for everybody, Annie secretly stinted herself. It was far more important that John should be kept good-humored, she argued, than that she should have a satisfactory supper. In that New York boarding-house, where she expected to be the next day, they would probably have all kinds of splendid things to eat. In the thought of its effect on John's humor she took a great deal of comfort.

The evening wore along drearily. Elizabeth grew tired and peevish, and said that her head ached. So Annie drew the girl's head down on her lap and stroked it. John, tired of his sketching, dozed intermittently; but his father, after the naps of the afternoon, became unusually alert, communicating with Annie every now and then in hoarse spasms of talk.

Annie herself again fell into depression; her head ached, too, and her whole body seemed to vibrate to the hideous and monotonous rattle of the train. As ten o'clock drew near her father again urged her to take his berth; but she refused, though the burden in her lap made the refusal hard. Then the old man glanced at John, who by this time was sound asleep, and Annie whispered warningly: "No, father, no;" and she added, in a low voice: "I think, if you can't sleep, father, it will do



*Near the gilded cage he saw the Goldies.*

you good to lie down." A few minutes later Annie called a porter, and the old man walked tottering after the good-natured negro into the next car.

For Annie Goldie the vigil proved to be not nearly so hard as she had feared. It made her almost happy to see Elizabeth and John oblivious to the noise, and to the cares and fears that oppressed her own mind. She did not try to sleep; she thought she ought to stay awake somehow, as if the others needed her protection. Occasionally Elizabeth would lift her head, and with a whisper of "Annie," would put out-stretched arms toward her sister, as she had done when they were both children and used to sleep together. Once, when the train stopped, John woke and went out to see what was happening. When he returned, after a glance at the two girls, he sank into unconsciousness again.

With the first rays of the light both sleepers awoke for good, and soon their

father entered the car. In response to Annie's question, the old man said he had not slept "much," which the girl understood to mean that he had not slept at all. When Annie spoke of breakfast, John again showed disgust, and Elizabeth turned away. The old man said he guessed he wouldn't eat anything. After awhile John reconsidered, and ate the two remaining sandwiches.

"When we get in, we'll go to some restaurant," said Annie, "and we'll have a nice breakfast."

It was past nine o'clock as they left the train at Jersey City and carried their bags to the ferry-boat. They stood on the upper deck and looked over the city, through the clear golden atmosphere of the autumn morning. "Gee!" said John, with his eyes on the sky-scrapers directly opposite the wharf.

"Ain't it grand?" Annie echoed, in a voice in which awe and terror were mingled.

"It must be perfectly splendid to live here all the time," said Elizabeth, suddenly regaining her vivacity. "I don't see how any one can ever live here, and then go back to some small place like Evansville."

This remark gave Annie a swift foreboding. Suppose that New York should spoil Elizabeth, make her dissatisfied with the future that seemed so hopeful for her—life with the good man that Elmer Harding was sure to become. Annie said to herself that she should be to blame if her sister should change toward Elmer. Oh, she would be very careful. She would talk to Elizabeth, if necessary, and she would watch the girl every minute.

The ferry took them across the river into the heart of the business district. There Annie soon realized that she had made a blunder; she ought to have taken the other ferry—the one that went to Twenty-third Street. Still, there was no use in worrying about that. She noticed a restaurant on the street facing the river, and she led the way there. When they entered and looked at the bare boards of the table, at the sawdust on the floor, and at the bar on one side of the long room, John's face assumed an expression of disgust.

"Well, if this is what a New York restaurant is like!" he said.

"Never mind, John," Annie urged soothingly. "It's probably a cheap one."

"Well, it ought to be," John retorted.

On approaching the table, the waiter eyed them with covert amusement in his face. He said lightly: "Oh, yes, you can have ham and eggs. Yes, and coffee, too;" and quickly throwing his towel over his left shoulder, he walked away with their order.

"Kind of fresh, ain't he?" said John.

"Hush," Annie replied.

The breakfast proved to be better than they had expected, and they ate it with a relish. As he served them, the waiter seemed less superior, and he chatted pleasantly. He told them how to get to the Vaudeville Theater, warning them not to take the Ninth Avenue Elevated, but to walk up to the street

till they came to the Sixth Avenue. When they left without seeing him, they plainly dropped in his opinion; but he nevertheless opened the door for them, and bowed them out with a somewhat satirical courtesy, and with a scornful glance at their old-fashioned bags.

## CHAPTER VII.

"No, it ain't a question of closing up," said Ned Dowd, with melancholy humor. "It's a question of closing *me* up. Dunn and Bingham have got plenty of money—only they're sick of spending it on me. They'll be looking around for some one else to back."

"Well, I've done all I could." Orrin Slocum leaned forward in his chair and looked out on the crowded street, noting the clanging cars as they swiftly passed. "I've worked the papers to beat the band. But you never can know what's going to hit New York."

"You're right," Dowd enthusiastically agreed. He sat up. "Say, I believe they can't appreciate a good thing here. All they care about is rotten stuff—some fake that's caught on in Europe, or some woman that's got into trouble and has gone through the divorce court. Now, I've given them the best that can be secured in the vaudeville market, and week after week they've turned it down. Next week I'm going to give 'em Nora McShane again. Perhaps they'll come to see her. But she ain't a topline any more." He sighed drearily. "I made a mistake when I went into vaudeville. But I thought it would be a kind of a cinch to be in New York right along. Cinch! Say, when I went in advance of Tom Scully, my life was one long practical joke. Why, there was a feller out in Chicago—nice feller, too—who used to *pay* me right along for my stories—good press-agent stuff, every one of 'em. Whenever I heard a good tale, I'd work it over, and make Scully the hero. Scully used to send the yarns home to his wife, and she'd paste 'em in a scrap-book. I made two hundred dollars out of that feller one season."



Orrin Slocum smiled patiently. He had grown tired of hearing about his chief's superior qualities as press-agent, perhaps because his own abilities seemed to him so inadequate. He often regretted leaving the copy-reading desk at the *Chronicle*, where he worked from seven o'clock in the evening till three in the morning, though his present place gave him more leisure and nearly twice his former salary. At the *Chronicle* his work had at least been clean; as the press-agent for the New Vaudeville he had to perform many duties distressing to his self-esteem. The lies that he invented in order to exploit the performers engaged by Ned Dowd were innocent, to be sure, and frequently amusing; but they were lies. It is true that Dowd invented most of them; but their "appetizing literary form" always came from the hand of the press-agent.

At this moment, however, it was not these lies that worried Slocum; indeed, they were far less revolting than they usually seemed. He was thinking that if Ned Dowd were to lose his position, his own security would end. Ned Dowd had given him the job because he had liked him for seven years, ever since they worked together as reporters for the *Chronicle*. Discharged from the New Vaudeville, Slocum, being of a literary turn of mind, and consequently a little morbid, foresaw harrowing adventures. They'd probably not take him back on the *Chronicle*; there might not be an opening for him on any paper.

While Slocum was nourishing these reflections, the door of the office was suddenly thrust open.

"Lady to see you, sir."

Slocum looked up at the boy in tight-fitting Eton jacket with brass buttons, a costume he had himself suggested for advertising purposes. Then he glanced at Dowd, as if expecting the manager to reply.

"Who is she?" Dowd asked.

"Didn't give no name."

"Actress?"

The boy's face assumed a judicial expression. "Don't look like most of 'em? There's four of 'em; another girl and a

boy and an old man. The old man's an awful jay." The boy smiled reminiscently, as if at recent enjoyment.

"Tell them to come to-morrow," said Dowd. Whenever he felt blue or in ill-humor, or unsuccessful, he liked to assert his authority by sending callers away.

The boy disappeared, and a few moments later he returned, his face beaming. "The girl says she only wants to speak to you a minute. She says you wrote her a letter out in Ohio."

Dowd rose quickly. "Wait here, Sloke," he said. "I want to talk over some stories with you. I'll be back in a minute."

He dashed down the carpeted stairs and through the folding-doors into the lobby of the theater. Near the gilded cage where the ticket-seller had his seat he saw the Goldies.

The old man, looking strangely small and wizened, stood helplessly, as if



He hurried down the aisle, crying: "Here, you musn't do that. Let me help you."

afraid of spoiling his new suit of dark clothes. John would have seemed fairly good-looking but for the outbreak on his face, and for the furtive look in his eyes.

To the quick eyes of the manager, the most attractive figure in the group was the older girl. Dowd noted her athletic figure, her frank, intelligent face, fine dark eyes, and clear complexion. He observed that the younger girl had a certain prettiness, too, but of the anemic kind—delicate features, thin nose and lips, and hectic color of a white skin. In spite of their marked differences, he could easily trace the resemblance between them. He instinctively addressed Annie Goldie, who stood surrounded by the bags they had placed on the floor.

"Well?" he said, with a brusqueness of which he was unconscious. It made the girl's face flush, and her eyelids tremble.

"I wanted to talk with you about an engagement, sir."

"All right," Dowd replied impatiently. "Come in."

The girl glanced at the others, and as they stood motionless, she started to follow the manager into the theater. At the door, she turned with anxiety in her face. "You wait here," she said. The others looked at her without replying, apparently too frightened to speak or even to nod. As she disappeared they remained silent, impassive.

"Ever done anything?" Dowd asked.

She shook her head. "No, sir. We've never acted—that is, in any theater."

"We! Who's we?"

"My folks," she replied, her eyes growing moist. "My family."

"Do you mean those people out in the lobby?" he asked, the satire in his voice adding to his brusqueness.

"Yes, sir."

He looked at her incredulously. Then he smiled. "What can you do?" he said. She saw that he had forgotten about her letter. He noted the pain in her face, and his voice softened. "Sit here," he said, walking forward, and turning down a chair in the last row of the orchestra.

She looked at the chair as if she preferred standing, but she obeyed. "We—we have a play," she replied tremulously. "I wrote you about it."

"A sketch, do you mean?" he asked quietly. He had begun to feel sorry for her now. This was something new. He wondered how the deuce—which of the letters was it?

"Yes, something I wrote myself," she replied. "It's called 'A Day at the Farm.'"

Dowd at once became business-like. "How long is it?"

"How long?" the girl repeated, mystified.

"How long will it play, I mean?"

"When we did it at Evansville—that's where we come from. Evansville, Ohio, twenty-one miles from Jason City—we did it at a church entertainment there; it took about half-an-hour."

"Too long," he exclaimed, with decision. "We can't let anything run more than twenty minutes. Can you shorten it?"

The girl considered a moment. "We could leave out some of the music."

"Oh, there's music, is there?" Dowd asked, evidently pleased.

"Some hymns," she said quietly, "just before we all go to bed. You see, it's in three parts—acts, I guess you'd call 'em."

"Changes of scene?" the manager asked, with a frown.

"Oh, no. The same scene all through. It's the parlor of the farmhouse. You see, the hero—my brother takes that part—he's been in love with—"

"Well, never mind about that now," Dowd interrupted, his mind seeming to be rapidly at work. "Have you got your stuff—your costumes, and all that? Any scenery?"

"We've got the costumes," the girl replied breathlessly. "But we thought you'd get the scenery for us. We've got to have a melodeon. I suppose that would be expensive. We did think of bringing—"

"Never mind that," Dowd cried, indicating with a wave of the hand that



## CHAPTER VIII.

he knew what she was going to say. "Here! I'm not much on wasting time. I think there may be something in this." He looked sharply at the girl, his eyes shining with excitement. "Where are you staying?" he asked.

She flushed again. "We only came to-day," she said. "We got our breakfast at a restaurant near the ferry. We thought if we could get an engagement, we'd—"

"I see. Well, now I know a boarding-house near here where you could get rooms and board cheap—nice place, too."

The girl clasped her hands, and her eyes looked grateful. "Well, perhaps, if we felt sure—"

"Oh, I see. You'd rather have the trial first. That's all right. Where's your stuff—your costumes?"

"They're in our bags," she replied simply.

"Good. We'll start right in. Wait a minute," Dowd cautioned, as the girl arose, her eyes shining. "I don't usually give people a rehearsal like this. We usually stick to our regular day for that sort of thing. But I have an idea that you've got something very fine; something that'll hit 'em. Now you tell your folks to go round to the stage-entrance. It's on the other street. Just walk round along Sixth Avenue. Oh, you don't know these streets, do you? Well, I'll send one of the boys with you. Tell John to bring your stuff down to the stage-entrance. You want to be ready as soon as you can. We open up here at two o'clock."

"But the melodeon?" the girl asked solicitously.

"I've got one. We've got everything in this place. And I'll speak to one of the stage-hands, and he'll see that you have all the other 'props' you want. He'll put 'em wherever you say."

The girl stood, bewildered. "Props?" she repeated.

Dowd laughed. "I mean the tables and chairs, and things that you'll need for your act. We call 'em the properties."

"Oh," she said, greatly relieved.

Orrin Slocum was typewriting some duplicate announcements of the next week's attractions for the newspapers when Dowd burst into the office.

"I've got it!" the manager exclaimed in a loud voice.

"Got what?" Slocum asked, holding his hands above the keys.

"The biggest sensation of the year; the biggest sensation ever known in vaudeville."

Slocum let his hands rest in his lap. "What is it?" he asked quietly.

"Four country jays. Four guys. Wait till you see 'em. They've got an act of their own, 'A Day at the Farm.' Of course it's rotten, but the rottener it is the better. This'll be the biggest circus New York has ever known," the manager went on, growing more excited. "The Cherry Sisters won't be in it." He dropped into a seat, and, throwing back his head, he roared with laughter. Suddenly he stopped. Then he said, stretching one hand toward the press-agent: "Now this will be pie for you. This is your inning. You'll have to work this thing up."

"There may not be anything in it," urged Slocum, who was used to the manager's enthusiasms.

"Wait and see. Now don't say a word. Only be down in front in half-an-hour. We've got the first whack at 'em, anyway. If they're no good, they can go to some other house."

Dowd dashed out of the office again, leaving the press-agent somewhat confused. Slocum returned to his typewriting, and, after finishing his task, addressed the envelopes that were to bear his paragraphs to the dramatic editors. He did not enjoy this work, for his paragraphs were seldom used by the papers, and he often wondered if most of the dramatic editors did not drop his communications into the waste-paper basket without even reading them.

As he walked down the stairs, he noticed in the dim light the figure of a girl on the stage talking with one of the scene-shifters. He could not see her face, but her voice attracted him.

When he reached the floor, he noticed that she was helping to move the small organ that usually stood in the orchestra. He hurried down the aisle, crying: "Here, you mustn't do that. Let me help you." His words startled the girl, and she stopped in the center of the stage. "Why don't you get another man to help you?" Slocum went on, addressing the scene-shifter.

"Oh, it isn't heavy," the girl replied. "Besides, I'm used to lifting heavy things. It's just where we want it now."

He noticed from her accent and her dress that she was not like the other women he had seen on the stage of the theater. She must be one of those country jays Dowd had spoken of. But she certainly seemed attractive. What a joke it would be on Slocum if the performance should turn out to be pretty good! This girl seemed intelligent, and, properly made up, she ought to be very effective. Slocum noticed that she was badly dressed, and walked awkwardly; but he had made similar observations concerning popular actresses, who seemed to be wholly different during the performance.

"Can I do anything to help you?" he asked; and he was himself astonished by the question. He rarely took the trouble to be civil to the performers; most of them he never even met.

"No, sir, thank you," the girl replied; and he noticed again the sweetness of her voice. She went on busily working, and, feeling suddenly embarrassed, he turned away. He wondered where the other members of her family were;

in the dressing-rooms, probably. A feeling of delicacy prompted him to leave the theater, and he walked into the lobby, where he found Ned Dowd ordering some changes to be made in the pictures in the big advertising frames. The sight of the press-agent suddenly recalled to Dowd the joke of the morning.

"Say, you ought to have seen the old man when he came round to the stage-door. He looked scared to death. I believe he'd have bolted if I'd pointed my finger at him, and the girl was white as a ghost. But that other one—that big one—she's got sand." The manager pulled out his watch. "They ought to be ready pretty soon. The boy got back from the station a quarter of an hour ago. I think he ran all the way."

For several minutes they talked about the photographs that were to be displayed. "By the way, if these people are any good, you'll have to run 'em into Hayward's, or some of those places, and get pictures. That old hayseed father ought to be great. We'll want to get him into the papers if we can. You could rig up some story about him. Let's go in."

The stage had been set for a simple interior, with the organ in the center. "That looks all right," said Dowd, with a smile. Then he raised his voice. "Say, all ready back there?"

The stage-hand who had assisted the girl appeared from the wings. "They're all in the dressing-rooms, sir."

"Well, close the curtains, and tell 'em to start in. We can't wait much longer."

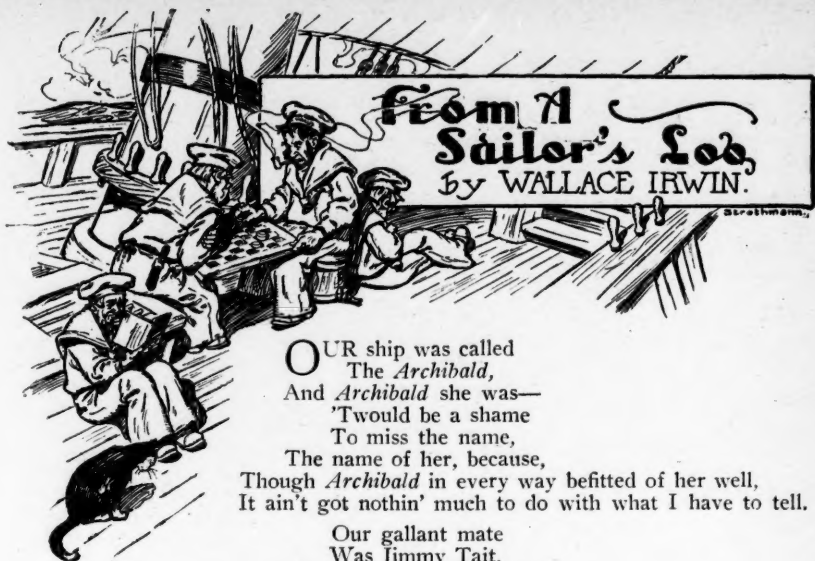
TO BE CONTINUED.



### To-day

I AM thy two-edged sword discreetly made;  
Read "Opportunity" upon my blade.

RICHARD KIRK.



OUR ship was called  
The *Archibald*,  
And *Archibald* she was—  
'Twould be a shame  
To miss the name,  
The name of her, because,  
Though *Archibald* in every way befitted of her well,  
It ain't got nothin' much to do with what I have to tell.

Our gallant mate  
Was Jimmy Tait,  
And Jimmy Tait he seemed—  
You shouldn't miss  
That name o' his  
With which he slept and dreamed—  
And so I'm taking special pains that you'll remember Jim  
Because I couldn't possibly tell anything of *him*.

We sailed that day  
From Galloway,  
From Galloway we sailed—  
I tell you so  
You're sure to know  
The point from which we hailed,  
Because the name o' Galloway, I'm anxious for to state,  
Is awful unimportant to the story I relate.

Our able crew  
Was twenty-two,  
Jest twenty-two brave men;  
No more, no less,  
And so, I guess,  
You'll not forget that, when  
You stop, sir, and consider that I do not give a darn  
How many bloomin' sailors are concerned in this here yarn.

The wind blowed east,  
The wind blowed west,  
And sometimes not at all;  
'Twas sometimes hot  
And sometimes not,  
With now and then, a squall—  
The weather bein' mentioned jest to show, with all this fuss,  
How nothin' never nohow seemed to happen unto us.

## The Private Ownership Of Public Roads

**M**ANY people in America are under the impression that we own our public highways. A few moments' serious thought will convince you that this is not so. The public roads of to-day are the railroads. If you want to go to a neighboring town, you don't go on foot, on horseback, or in a stage. You use the railroad. In the Roman Empire, the public thoroughfares were the military roads. They were regarded as the most important implement of Roman civilization. The Government owned them. The railroads are more important to your welfare than were the military roads to the Romans. Our old public highways are used only as feeders to these larger highways of steel, or as a playground for the millionaire who runs a fast automobile. The railroads carry practically everything which we buy. They carry everything you send to any distance. They carry you and your wife when you travel. They are the most important factor in the public welfare and prosperity. They are owned by private concerns to which every one must pay toll, in some form or other, every day. The foundation for the private ownership of railroads was laid many years ago when the people did not realize that the railroad was the public highway of the future. Consequently, the people have a big problem to solve at present. We want every man who reads this to think about it and make an individual effort towards its solution. Next month, Charles Cochran, who has devoted many years' study to the railroad question, will show you how attempts to control the private owners of our public railroads have so far been an utter failure.

# The Race-Course Evil

By Lynn V. Jocelyn

TO those who have been led to believe that the race course is a fruitful field for speculation—one which will yield the largest returns for the smallest sum invested—it can be said that such an idea is engendered in the minds of those who are totally ignorant of the obstacles to be overcome; obstacles almost insurmountable in the path which leads to fortune. The heavy percentage against a bettor, even under the most favorable conditions, is such as to swamp the most prosperous individual.

Reports of vast sums won on the race course are often responsible for the attraction of the innocent and unwary. It is the inevitable rule that only the big winnings are made public, since the loss of large amounts is of too common occurrence to merit notice by the press. It is the winner who is held up to publicity as a favored being; the loser is forgotten. In the majority of instances the winnings are magnified greatly, and the stories of them cannot fail to have effect.

It is unnecessary to do more than touch upon the moral or ethical side of race-course gambling. It should be sufficient to point out that it is to be avoided just as much from the standpoint of self-protection as from that of one's own conscientious scruples. At the same time, it seems almost incredible that so many accounted honest and upright in the ordinary run of business affairs should be addicted to the practice of betting on horse races.

Level-headed men, not infrequently those who are considered "close-fisted," though honest in their dealings with their fellow men—often those who have worked long and faithfully to lay aside something for a rainy day—forget their shrewdness and caution and let the re-

sults of their scraping and saving slip through their fingers at the race course. There is a fascination about racing which is difficult to resist.

For the most part the victim of the great gambling game of racing deludes himself into believing that he is interested in it merely as a sport. It is hardly worth while to recount the whys and wherefores that horse racing is simply a means of speculation, a get-rich-quick method permitted by law when all others are prohibited. The wage earner afflicted with a race-course gambling fever knows at heart that he makes up one of a large body of racegoers simply on account of the speculation side, rather than on account of any overmastering fondness for the sport itself.

The great betting ring, where the bookmakers offer such alluring odds on their slates, where they hold out such entrancing prospects of a man getting ten dollars, or twenty, or even a hundred dollars, for his one dollar, is filled to overflowing. The paddock where the horses themselves are made ready for each particular race, with coats of silken fineness, and indication of breeding in every movement, is neglected.

It will be recalled that Oliver Wendell Holmes said years ago in reference to racing:

"All that matter about blood and speed we won't discuss; we understand all that; useful, very, of course, great obligations to the Godolphin Arabian and the rest. I say racing horses are essentially gambling implements as much as roulette tables. But horse racing is the most public way of gambling, and with all its immense attractions to the sense and feelings, to which I plead very susceptible, the disguise is too thin that covers it, and everybody knows what it means."

This combination of speculation and putative sport is calculated to entice those who view other gambling devices with disgust and abhorrence. Men who would shun cards or roulette or other games of chance are to be found in the betting ring along with the self-confessed gamblers, wagering their money with apparently as little compunction.

The passion for "playing the races" is one which becomes stronger the more it is indulged, and on this account, if for no other, the signpost of warning in the path of the one who would contemplate trying it should be heeded. Particularly does the passion seem to attach itself to the American, imbued with the almost characteristic desire to make money, and to make it by the speediest possible method, if not the surest.

The analogy is not so far-fetched as it may seem at first glance, to assert that the winning of money at the race course is beset with as many difficulties as would confront the average man attempting to burglarize a bank guarded and protected by every possible modern means.

Hardly more convincing proof that the race-course betting ring is not a source of profit to the bettor but to the one with whom the wagers are placed, is needed than a sidelight on the "book-maker." He is invariably of a prosperous type. On the race courses around New York, where the greatest amount of betting is indulged in, the making of "books" is in control of a body of men known as the Metropolitan Turf Association. Upward of four thousand dollars has been paid for membership in this association. Only a limited number are allowed to join, it is regarded as such a money-making scheme.

At the head of this bookmakers' trust is a man who is commonly reckoned a millionaire. Only a few years ago he was a poor man. His winters now are passed in Europe, he can be found along the Riviera. At home he spends with a lavish hand; he is whirled to and from the race course in an expensive automobile. His wealth is hardly greater

than that of his colleagues, but their fortunes are in striking contrast with those of the ones whose coffers are depleted to fill their own money boxes in the betting ring.

Between the small bettors—made up of the army of men of every occupation and small salaries—and the large bettors, the bookmaker would infinitely prefer dealing with the former, since he is well aware that the thousands tendered him by the "commissioner" of the wealthy owner-plunger are apt, sometimes, to go out again with a larger or smaller amount of his own. Such bets are termed, in the vernacular, "educated money." The man who risks a two-dollar or five-dollar bet is more liable to lose than win, since he has not the opportunity of knowing what horse stands the greatest chance of winning.

It would be well, perhaps, before going further, to give a few plain facts as proof of the assertion that it is almost an impossibility for the average man to remain a winner in race-course gambling. In the first place, the law of averages, which is as inexorable as fate itself, is all on the side of the bookmaker. It must not be forgotten that he is a man of business acumen and experience in his vocation, and his "book" is as carefully computed—with a high rate of interest to result from the amounts taken in—as are the ticketed wares of the merchant who aims to clear a certain percentage on the sale of his stock.

The bookmakers have everything in their own hands. They can refuse any bets offered, if they deem it to their interests. A committee of members from their association meet after the entries for the morrow's races have been handed in and agree upon such odds as they think best for themselves.

By a man, himself a bookmaker, the assertion has been made that the average odds offered the public is formulated on a more than one-hundred-percent. "book" in favor of the bookmaker. It has been estimated that around the New York tracks alone they take more than a million dollars a year from the public. They have secret sources of



information, and pay large sums for acquiring a knowledge of the fitness and condition of the racers.

The player himself has only his own idea what horse will be the winner; it may be he is betting on the "tip" of some one no better informed than himself. He is betting on one particular horse to win. As well write the names of every horse on separate slips of paper, shake them up in a hat, take out one slip and expect to find the name of the winner. The layers are betting against the chance of possibly every horse in the race but one, the "favorite." There is no guarantee that this horse will win. Only one can do so. Any horse is liable to come in first.

Even if a horse seems to have a better chance to win than another, the price against him is generally prohibitive—so short that the percentage is in favor of the layer. Even should half of these "favorites" win for the "player," half for the "layer," the former would still be in the debt of the latter, the percentage always being in favor of the bookmaker. This "favorite," the horse supposed to have the best chances in each race, often does not reward his backers for days at a time.

Three dollars a day is the cost of admission to the "big ring" alone; one dollar to the "field," should the player be inclined to economy. Possibly in no other great gambling scheme does the prospective victim find it necessary to pay for the privilege of gaining entrance to the place where he is to make his wagers.

The bettor has to contend against as many chances in each race as there are horses in that particular race, less one, and there are at least six races in each day's "sport."

The handicapper is there to equalize the chances of each racer in every event which is a handicap; if this is not the case, the "condition" races are so framed that seldom has one animal an advantage over another. Should such a thing occur, there are the bookmakers to fix the odds in their own favor.

With no capital to fall back upon, or only a small amount when the odds seem

to be running strongly against him, the small bettor sees himself quickly stranded. With the percentage against the player from the start, it requires no mathematician to figure that it is a game which requires an unlimited amount of capital. Apropos of this, E. E. Smathers, the millionaire, is quoted as giving his reasons for changing from harness racing to the thoroughbreds. He is made to say in part, through the columns of a New York newspaper:

If you race for money you want to be where the money is. It is a poor day when you cannot see fifteen thousand people at a running meeting, and a pretty good day when you see as many hundreds at a harness meeting. Then, again, if a man bets two or three thousand dollars during the day on the trotters he is called a plunger, while if he bets only that amount on a race track no one would know he was on the grounds.

This leads up naturally to one of the most demoralizing influences which the betting ring of necessity has upon those of small means who visit it. They witness such large sums changing hands, with practically nothing to show for it, that all sense of the value of money is lost. Around about them they see men nonchalantly betting thousands; their own weekly stipends dwindle to nothing. Their one or two or five dollar bets are so insignificant they are ashamed to tender them to the bookmaker.

It would seem almost a reflection on the common sense of the masses who are addicted to betting on the races that they cite the example of one man to be followed, when this one was solitary from the thousands who have lost money on the races, and who was as much a genius in his line of money-making as a Rockefeller, a Morgan or a Carnegie. His death, which occurred when he was little more than half the age generally allotted to man, and which was attributed to the stress and strain of the life of excitement he led, should be a sermon in itself against the racing game. He was the exception which proved the rule.

In striking contrast to this exception remains another "plunger" whose name several years ago was heard in connec-

tion with the winning of tremendous amounts on the race course. He is still alive, but he is scarcely heard of nowadays, and never in connection with the winning of large sums. He is no longer feared by the bookmakers, and is only one of the many victims.

Only the other day the papers contained a story, not lacking in pathetic interest, of one of these race-course bettors to whom the wagering of a thousand dollars on a single race was merely an incident. At one time his wealth was estimated to reach up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars, all made by racing bets. So popular was he, and such an example was he considered in the heyday of his glory, that one of the "classic" events of a race course near the metropolis bears his name. For a time he flourished, only to disappear, finally reappearing in the rôle of an old man in want absolutely of the necessities of life.

Scarcely a day passes that the press does not contain some piece of news of a tragedy to be laid to the folly of this practice of race-course betting. "Ruined by racing" might almost be allowed to remain a stereotyped headline in newspaper offices. To chronicle a list of the cases of suicide or crimes of embezzlement, petty peculation, for even a short period, would require an unlimited amount of space. A quoting of headlines culled at random from the papers will be sufficient to point the moral. They are as follows:

"All Lost on Races, He Hangs Himself;" "Theft Charge Is Laid to Races—Accused of Shoplifting Says Fondness for Gambling Caused It." "Bookmaker-Clerk Sent to Elmira. Robbed Estate of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars; Sentenced for Forgery."

This last-mentioned case was such an uncommon one that it may be paid more than passing attention. It was extraordinary even as a crime in which fondness for the race course played the principal part. The young man, or, rather, lad, for he was not nineteen, was arrested at one of the tracks near New York as he sat on a high stool in the betting ring taking wagers and quot-

ing odds on the horses. In other words, he was a bookmaker. The lad had been employed in the office of a lawyer, where he started as an office boy and was advanced to keeping books. In the absence of his employer he had tampered with the books, and a hasty examination showed an almost inextricable tangle. Later it was discovered that a deficiency of more than twenty-five thousand dollars existed, and as the young fellow had disappeared, a search was made for him, and he was found as stated.

Shrewder than the rest of the clerks, bookkeepers and other employees who persist in "taking a chance" as players, with the inevitable result, he had become a layer, and, according to his own account at the time of his arrest, bade fair to win a fortune.

It has been shown that all the chances are against the bettor, but besides the uncertainty of racing, there is the unfairness practiced by some owners and trainers to be reckoned with. It sometimes occurs that a horse is started in a race, not with any idea of winning, but as a sort of preparation for a race later on. No one but the stable people—with possibly the exception of the bookmakers, to whom leaks come mysteriously through the stable people themselves—has an idea whether the racer is "fit" to win.

A particular case of this kind is well remembered. One of the *attachés* of a large racing stable vouchsafed the information to an acquaintance that a horse which was generally considered to have an excellent chance of winning a certain race, and which previously had won good races, on this occasion was "short of work." The owner of the racing establishment to which the thoroughbred belonged is well known. Possibly he was not aware of the lack of condition of his animal. Certainly the public was entirely ignorant of it, and money was wagered freely on this horse to win. By those best posted he was known to have no possible show of coming in first, and ran last, or next to last.

Still another habit engendered by the desire to win bets on the race course is

practiced by wholly unscrupulous handlers of horses. It is the habit of "doping"; in other words, of administering to an animal, before a race, some form of stimulant which will lend to it more than accustomed speed, and the abuse of which is sure to result fatally in the end. An animal which has been showing a noticeable lack of speed will evince suddenly a surprising amount. It is only fair to state that a skilled veterinarian is on hand to investigate such suspected cases of "doping," but horsemen themselves are authorities for the statement that the habit is still practiced to more or less degree. It is declared that the most of the reversals of form may be attributed to it.

While in other countries racing is supported by men of means who can afford to pay for the pleasure of this "sport of kings," in this country, where things seem never to be done by halves, it is really the working class which pays at a price which it cannot afford for this pastime of the rich. If it was left to the wealthy exclusively to carry on racing, so expensive an institution is it that their purses would be depleted, and it is the wage earner who should be depositing his hard-earned money in some safe investment, who sinks it all to swell the yearly profits of the racing associations. Such immense sums of money are handled at the tracks by the bookmakers that it can be realized at a glance they do not come alone from the pockets of the rich. They are but few in number compared with the wage earners.

On the first day of racing in the East in 1904, the middle of April, sixty members of the Metropolitan Turf Association occupied positions in the "big ring," while one hundred and fourteen other layers of odds of less pretensions took the bets offered by the public. A conservative estimate placed the amount of money that changed hands on the six races of the day at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And this was at one of the smallest tracks in the circuit, when the regular season, as it is considered, had not yet commenced.

Some idea of the vast sums of money which are handled by the racing asso-

ciations around New York is gained from the following table, contained in the report of the State Supervisor of Racing Accounts. It is the statement for the season which ended in November, 1904:

GROSS RECEIPTS	
Westchester R. A.....	\$566,144.12
Coney Island J. C.....	854,421.20
Brooklyn J. C.....	731,559.26
Brighton Beach R. A.....	626,837.10
Saratoga Association.....	393,550.09
Queens County J. C.....	218,729.16
Metropolitan J. C.....	307,396.03
Buffalo R. A.....	106,489.05
Total.....	\$3,895,126.01

This does not include the Benning's track, which is located outside of the State of New York, but is under the jurisdiction of the Eastern Jockey Club. Racing is not confined to the East alone.

Besides the poolroom, which is dependent solely upon the existence of the race course, another evil is the direct outgrowth. This may be referred to as the "tipster" evil. These "tipsters" advertise for the most part under the heading of "racing information," or flaunt their wares boldly in the faces of racegoers. They appeal to the class which does not, or cannot, attend the race course, but which is still eager to make money easily, and is deluded into believing that the race course is a fruitful field of operations.

The writer can cite at least one case in point. It was that of an average young man, honest and hard working, with some money saved up. Wishing to add to his weekly salary, he was attracted by the alluring, well-worded advertisement of one of these "tipsters." It was useless to explain that no system of "beating the races" existed; to confront him with the argument that if the men really possessed the information to win on the "good things," as they advertised, it would not be necessary for them to sell their secrets.

He was bent on giving the thing a trial, and, after debating for some time between two "tipsters," who seemed to be fairly equal as regarded the framing of their advertisements, he selected one,

and, against well-meant advice, paid a sum of money down for the "valuable information," and then advanced more for the "tipsters" to bet on the horses which the advertiser himself should select. It was no great sum, but it was more than the young fellow could afford to lose, which, of course, he did in a short while. And still he was not persuaded that there had been anything not strictly aboveboard in the entire transaction. It was only bad luck that kept him from being a heavy winner, he declared.

Whether he believed this in his innermost heart or not, he was still confident that money could be made at the race course by a judicious investment of small sums at good odds, inspired by a careful study of "form" of the racers, and the keeping of a level head. He put particular stress upon the latter.

In the "tip" affair, which had ended unluckily, as it happened, he did not have the pleasure of "getting a run for his money," he explained. What he wished to do was to visit the course, look the horses over, discover how the big plungers were betting, take everything into consideration, then lay his wagers himself. Such a tyro was he at the racing game, that only a short period before on visiting the track he did not know how to place a bet with a bookmaker. Fortunately for him, as he thought, he was so situated that occasionally he could command a badge of admission to the race course and paddock, which was a saving of two dollars and a half at the outset. His actual expenses, therefore, were only for car fare and program.

While this young man's later experience was painful, it was in a certain sense ludicrous, and will serve to illustrate the uncertainties of racing, which uncertainties must be added to the heavy percentage against the bettor. One of the horses to which he pinned his faith was in a steeplechase. It was something of a surprise to him, it must be confessed, when he saw the animals turn into the infield. That it was a jumping race he had not noticed, so anxious had he been to get the best price against his

selection with the layer. As it happened, the horse was favorite, an even money chance, and that in a steeplechase. Even the old-timer looks on steeplechase races with suspicion.

"They are hard enough to pick on the flat," he says, wisely.

The horse on which the beginner had bet led for some distance, and the plunger in embryo was beginning to congratulate himself that his confidence had not been misplaced. While gloatingly watching his horse skimming over the obstacles, suddenly he saw him blunder. The next instant the horse had turned a complete somersault, the jockey flying through the air like a catapult.

"Took off short," was the comment of the experts.

That actually was what had happened. The horse, poor animal, had broken its neck. This was at the Gravesend track.

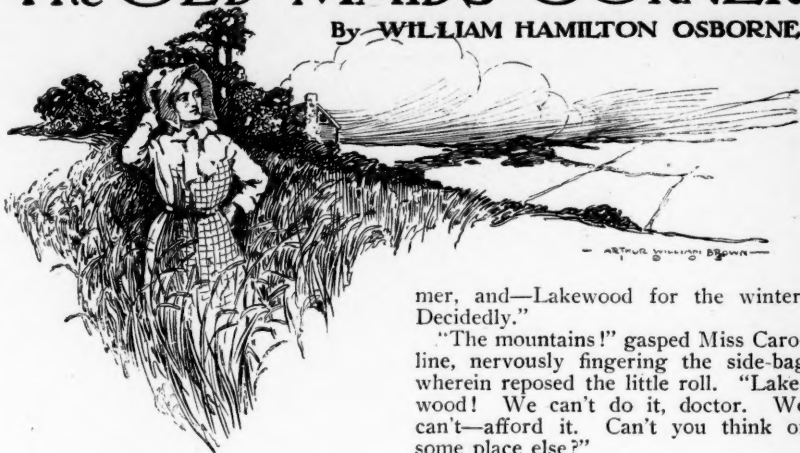
At Morris Park, only a short while later, the tyro had an experience which was rather more harrowing, if such were possible. He had bet on a horse which this time at least had come in first, and was lined up back of the bookmaker's stand to be paid his winnings by the cashier. Some delay occurred, after which came the announcement that the winner had been disqualified, "for fouling."

Instead of being considerably in pocket, the unfortunate was out the amount of his wager. His anger was aroused at thus being mulcted out of what he considered his hard-earned money.

As evidence of the fact that, viewed purely from the standpoint of investment, the race course is a dangerous field, it may be stated that in a number of States the running of races is strictly prohibited. Even States which heretofore have countenanced racing, by more recent legislation have put a ban upon it, and Missouri is a notable example. One does not hear of laws passed prohibiting the carrying on of institutions for the guarding of the deposits of the wage-earner, such as life insurance, building and loan associations, and the like.

# The OLD MAID'S CORNER

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE



J. PARKER WETHERILL, M. D., stepped from one room of the little flat into another. He adjusted his collar and twirled his glasses gently about his forefinger. He was a specialist. Miss Caroline, who had followed him, closed the door behind her, and, fumbling nervously with a side-bag hanging at her waist, produced a slender roll of bills. She selected two and passed them over. An expression of relief crossed the countenance of J. Parker Wetherill, M. D., as he took the bills and thrust them into his waistcoat pocket, for the size and sparseness of the small apartment had made him just the least bit nervous about his fee. He twirled his glasses with a more sprightly movement.

"What do you *think*, doctor?" queried Miss Caroline tremulously. "What do you *suggest*?"

The specialist, who had another fee coming to him over on the avenue, donned his overcoat and with it assumed a more becoming gravity of manner.

"Something must be done," he returned, "and at once. It is a question of—ah—climate solely. I would suggest the mountains for—ah—the sum-

mer, and—Lakewood for the winter. Decidedly."

"The mountains!" gasped Miss Caroline, nervously fingering the side-bag wherein reposed the little roll. "Lakewood! We can't do it, doctor. We can't—afford it. Can't you think of some place else?"

Stiffly he shook his head. "The mountains, Lakewood, Dr. Schwaerzwelder's place at Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado—those are the only three places in the world. It must be one of those. Good day."

He opened the outer door and stepped into the bleak hall, and shivered just a bit, for it was a very cold and disagreeable day.

Miss Caroline followed him dejectedly and apologetically down to the front door. Just as he crossed the threshold, the doctor turned to her and lifted his forefinger.

"The mountains, Lakewood, Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado," he repeated gently, as one who would say: "Shake well, and take as directed, before and after meals."

And then Miss Caroline's intellect came to her aid. She clutched his arm and held him for an instant, as in a vise.

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "how would Nebraska do?"

The doctor lifted his chin, drew on his gloves, and sniffed professionally and with scorn.

"Where—is Nebraska?" he said.

And Miss Caroline could not answer. For she did not know—could not know







tributed by the specialist to the mountains and to Sunset Cliffe. Inside of a week she was in receipt of a letter, personal and explicit, and a package of books and pamphlets that weighed a pound—all free. An hour later she entered the presence of Miss Louise with a glow of triumph on her face.

"Nebraska," she announced, "will be just as good."

Her sister, with a face slightly thinner and sharper than Miss Caroline's, shook her head.

"Who says so?" she inquired, somewhat belligerently.

Miss Caroline nodded solemnly. "The Government of the United States," she answered.

That settled it. Miss Louise never flew in the face of the government.

"We'll go to Nebraska," went on Miss Caroline; "back to the old farm. We ought to, anyway. Simpson has not sent us a cent of rent in over a year. We haven't paid the taxes that were due last fall." Her face flushed slightly and she crossed to the steamer-chair in which her sister sat, and touched her lightly on the hair. "We'll go back to the farm, Louise," she said. "I don't know how we'll make out there, or what we're going to do—we'll get along. And it will be better. We've been so lonely here, and we've worked so hard. Out there it will be like—home."

She did not mean a word of it. She knew what was in store for them if they went West: probably the bitterest kind of poverty—for out there there would be no Manhattan Borough, with its big demand for good typewritten copy. Out there—well, she knew what it meant.

They were fifty now, she and Louise, and they had been East for twenty-five years. Their father, William Terwilliger, was dead. He had owned a farm somewhere above the middle line of the State of Nebraska. He had gone there as a young man, with a wonderful belief in the riches and prosperity of the West. He had worked and worked and worked. He had seen his young wife die of poverty. He had land, and it was fair land; he had grown wheat, or tried to, year after year. Conditions were

against him. The market was far away. But he clung to the farm with desperate clasp. And with it all he had kept his farm free and clear; the mortgage—bugbear of the Western farmer—was not for him.

"The farm," he would say to himself, "will be for the girls when they marry and settle down, and when I'm gone."

And he had gone—died suddenly. "Hold on to the farm," he told them, "and some day, when you marry—"

They might have married, had there been men there to marry them. But they had passed into the twenties and had neared the thirties before they had come to the conclusion, first, that they were not to marry, and, second, that the farm was not for them. They rented to Simpson—a man stamped with the same discouragement that had been written on their father's face, a man who could pay them a mere pittance, enough to pay the taxes and but little more—and they went East, to the market for feminine labor and ability.

For years they had lived in narrow, crowded flats. By nature they were people of the free, fresh air. In the houses of the city they choked, gasped, like fish out of water. They worked hard and long, and the work had made them thin and nervous and worried and old. And then Louise had suddenly collapsed, just as they were getting used to it all, just as they had become acclimated, just as they were beginning to temper adversity with a little prosperity. But they turned about face.

"We'll go back to the farm," they said. And they went.

Simpson met them and drove them miles in a rickety wagon over to the farm. They were shocked at Simpson. Twenty-five years before he had been young, with a certain amount of buoyancy in his step and in his nature—a bit of color in his face. Now he was prematurely old, torn and frost-bitten by the winters, scarred with work; his hair was thin, his face pale and criss-crossed with deep lines.

"I'm blamed sorry," he told them, "that I couldn't do nothing for you in the rent line last year. But I been out

of a job, and what with mother and all I——" He stopped and his chin quivered. "You can't get blood out of a stone, you know," he said.

They reached the old farmhouse—a dilapidated caricature, completely out of repair. Miss Caroline shaded her eyes and looked anxiously across the fields.

"Mr. Simpson," she said, "don't—don't you work the—farm?"

Simpson looked at her in amazement. "No—thunder, no!" he answered. "What's the use?"

"Not—what?" she inquired. "Why, from the newspapers in New York——"

"Hang the newspapers in New York!" answered Simpson. "What do they know about it? You *can* grow wheat here," he went on, "such as it is; but what with the drought and the winter and the rust and the chinch-bugs and——"

"But," insisted Miss Caroline, "when father——"

Simpson nodded. "Your father," he said solemnly, "*died* on this farm."

Miss Caroline was worried. "Don't you *ever* get a good crop, Mr. Simpson?" she inquired.

"When you do," he answered, "everybody else in the whole world has got a good crop, too, and there ain't no market. I know. Do you think I don't know?"

That night Louise, who, tired with the journey and the oxygen of the western air, had fallen asleep at an early hour, woke suddenly, to hear the scratching of a pen in the corner of the room. She glanced in that direction. There sat Miss Caroline, writing away for dear life.

"What is it now?" inquired Louise. Miss Caroline kept on. "I am writing," she announced, "to the Government of the United States about this farm. You go to sleep, Louise."

Two weeks later, at the dining-table, she broached the subject which was on her mind.

"What kind of wheat, Mr. Simpson," she inquired, "have you been accustomed to plant here?"

Simpson frowned, scratched his head, and nodded somewhat uncertainly.

"Same as the other chaps about here," he answered; "sometimes soft wheats, sometimes Saskatchewan Fife, Wellman's Fife, Bolton's Blue Stem—all that sort—they're all good, you know."

"Spring planting?" queried Miss Caroline.

"Of course spring planting," answered Simpson. "What would you think it was?"

Miss Caroline pursed up her lips. "Mr. Simpson," she returned, "you made a mistake. You ought to have planted Zimmerman and May, and Fultz."

Simpson gasped. "W-what!" he snorted. "What you talking about? Those there are winter wheats."

"Of course they're winter wheats," returned Miss Caroline, "and they're the kind to plant."

Simpson laughed aloud. "You can't grow winter wheats away up here," he said; "it's too cold. You know that—or you ought to know. Why, look-a-here, if I don't know anything, your father surely did. And he never dared to plant winter wheat away up here—your father never did."

Miss Caroline smiled. "That was twenty-five years ago," she answered him, "and in twenty-five years changes have taken place right here in your own State. Twenty-five years ago you could never have planted winter wheats up here. Now, on account of the bugs and the drought and the rust, you ought never to plant any other kind. You see?"

Simpson opened his eyes. "Who says so?" he growled.

Miss Caroline drew herself up proudly. "The Government of the United States," she answered, waving a letter and a pamphlet in her hand. Simpson grabbed them and looked them over. "Well, I'll be darned!" he said.

Later in the summer, when Miss Louise's health and strength were gradually returning, and when Miss Louise was not so much upon Miss Caroline's mind, Miss Caroline once more addressed Simpson on the subject of the wheat.

"How much money have you got?"

she asked him. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket.

"I got two dollars," he returned; "yesterday's pay. I'll get two more to-day. It's all I got," he added, with a world of apology in his tone.

"Louise and I," said Miss Caroline, with still more apology in hers, "have *twenty-five*."

Simpson laughed. "You're dead lucky," he responded. Miss Caroline gazed for an instant toward the horizon. "Simpson," she said finally, laying a hand upon his arm, "I'm going to get a mortgage on the farm."

Simpson frowned. "Be careful, Miss Caroline," he said.

"I shall be careful," she returned. "I'm going to get a mortgage on the farm. It will be fall before we know it. I want to sow May and Zimmerman this year, and I want to get you to help me out, Simpson, if you will."

Simpson sighed. "I'd do it for nothing," he answered, "if I could. But as it is I'll do it for you for just what I'm making now—two dollars a day."

"I'll make it two dollars and a half," answered Miss Caroline.

And that year they sowed May and Zimmerman, and the whole countryside laughed them to scorn.

"Blamed idiots!" said the farmers. "Wheat can't live in the winters that we have up here. Not by a darned sight."

But it did live, somehow or other. It did easily what its ancestors of a quarter of a century before could never have done. And it escaped the bugs, the drought, the rust. And at harvest time Simpson, working as he had never worked before, gathered in sixteen bushels to the acre

from hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of acres that constituted the Terwilliger farm.

And the farmers roundabout who hired themselves out to Simpson to help him with the harvest opened wide their eyes and marveled.

"It's an accident," they said.

Miss Caroline was radiant. "We've got the *wheat*," she exclaimed triumphantly to Simpson. Simpson acquiesced. "You've got the wheat," he answered, "and now—*what?*"

"We've stored it," went on Miss Caroline.

"Sure," answered Simpson, "and—then?"

"Sell it!" exclaimed Miss Caroline.

Simpson stepped forward a pace or two. "It's good wheat," he said; "good, hard wheat. I ain't never seen no better. There ain't nothing the matter with it. But it's always the way. Here you got thousands of bushels of it—thousands and thousands of the finest wheat on the market. It's yours.



"We'll go back to the farm, Louise," she said.

You ain't paid your help; your interest on your mortgage is due. Your taxes is overdue. And what have you got to show for it? Nothing but—*wheat.*"

Miss Caroline glanced at him uneasily. "What do you mean?" she asked. "I mean," answered Simpson slowly, "that wheat is down to sixty; you ought to have known that."

"I thought," replied Miss Caroline tremulously, "that wheat was selling for a dollar."

Simpson snorted. "It *was*—last fall," he answered; "that was because last fall nobody had any wheat. Now, south of us, hundreds of miles to the south, everybody has had a good crop this winter. There's too much good wheat. That's why. And the price has dropped to sixty cents." He stopped and figured a minute on a piece of paper. "It cost you seventy-two cents a bushel to raise it," he concluded, "and you ain't paid up for raising it yet, either, what with your help and mortgage—and everything."

Miss Caroline rushed into the old house and threw herself upon the bed, face downward.

"Louise, Louise," she exclaimed, trying hard to keep the tears back, "I wish that we were East again, in little old New York." She told her sister all about it.

"You might," said Louise timidly—"you might write to the Government of the United States, you know," she ventured. But Caroline only shook her head.

"The government cannot help us," she replied, "for it will not buy our wheat. Wheat!" she exclaimed. "I wish I didn't have a bushel of the terrible old stuff."

It was three months later that Simpson and Miss Caroline rode silently and in dejection down the little lane that led to the farmhouse.

"It's no use, Miss Caroline," said Simpson; "this makes the forty-fifth time we've tried, and it's no use. You've got a lot of fine wheat—but what of

it? It's mortgaged, so you might say, up to the handle, and with what you've borrowed and what you owe, and——"

"If we could only get eighty for it," wailed Miss Caroline.

"You can't get sixty," answered Simpson. He stopped his horse at the rural mail-box and took therefrom a letter.

"Here's something come from Lincoln way," he said, handing it to her; "perhaps it means good news."

Miss Caroline nervously tore it open. Then she read it and let it fall from her fingers. It was a notice from the holder of the mortgage on the farm itself that he would foreclose within ten days for non-payment of interest. Simpson picked it up and read it. Somehow he felt it to be only the matter-of-course thing to do. Miss Caroline clambered into the wagon and they went on, Simpson walking gloomily at the horse's head.

That evening Simpson waylaid Miss Caroline as she was coming from her room. "Miss Caroline," he said, "I hate to bother you——" He stopped. "The wife—she needs a bit of money—awful bad. You haven't paid me up, and I haven't asked you for it—and I don't want it. But—could you let the wife have just a couple of dollars, say, three—or even one?"

Miss Caroline retreated hastily to her room. "Louise," she said, "how much money have you got? I haven't got a cent. Mr. Simpson needs some right away."

Louise pulled out her purse and counted over what was there. She had fifty-seven cents.

Simpson wouldn't take it. "We don't need it that bad," he told her at last. He stood around for an instant, hesitating. Then he drew his hand across his mouth.

"Miss Caroline," he said, "I didn't dare to tell you what they said over to Keno to-day. But—they said that if their storage charges wasn't paid, and right away, they'd—have—to—sell—that—wheat. That's what they said. I didn't like to tell you. But, of course, it was your right to know."



*Simpson met them and drove them to the farm.*

Willoughby G. Schenck, of Chicago, and of the Board of Trade, was one of the few great wire-tappers of the world. It was his business to discount the great news items of the world by an hour, a day, a week. If he had not been an operator he would have been an ideal reporter, for he made more scoops than all the editorial and reportorial force of the Chicago press combined.

He was a man of millions—on paper. He was a gambler of the highest, most intellectual type. And he flattered himself that he always gambled on certainties, and that by so doing he turned sharper corners on smaller margins than any other operator in the world. His method was simple—he paid enormously for advance news that was authentic.

The world had waited many moons and many years for the Russo-Japanese war. The Chicago Board of Trade had waited for it. But waiting is a tedious business—men soon weary of it. It was only Willoughby G. Schenck who held tenaciously to the watch. He knew too well that one may wait all day to see a man swing around the corner, but he knew well that it took that man but a second of time so to swing when once he had arrived.

He sat lazily in his office one after-

noon when a messenger brought him a telegram in cipher. It had come to him via New York. He waited for half an hour, and received another—by way of San Francisco. Then he went down to the Pit and sold wheat—sold it right and left. It had been standing at seventy-five. Willoughby G. Schenck sold until the price dropped to seventy. And then the hand of the clock and the clang of the gavel stopped his operations for that afternoon. But he knew that he had sown the good seed. Wheat had been plentiful and weak.

"By to-morrow," he told himself, "I'll have a cinch. And she must go down—away down, before I'll buy—and before these people get the news."

And down—down—down she went. Day by day, week by week, Schenck sold—sold—the wheat which he did not have. On any day he could have bought and made good profits, but he would not do it.

"There must be no demand to check the fall," he whispered to himself. "Sell—sell—sell."

And then—there came a crisis; a day when Schenck had to think—to hesitate between the possibility of enormous profits on the one hand, and of safety on the other. A vague uneasiness was



in the air. This uneasiness, he thought, was caused by the fact that he had driven wheat to the bottom point.

"To-morrow," he said, "I'll buy—and deliver. And buy—and deliver. And then I'll buy, and hold—hold—hold."

To-morrow. To-morrow was too late. For on that very day, as the gong clanged, the world had the news that Schenck had had many days before. It was—war. War, with its huge demand for breadstuffs; war, with its ceaseless cry for wheat—wheat—wheat.

Schenck did not sleep that night. He walked the floor. He did not even change his clothes. The next morning he was the first man upon the steps of the Pit—his hand was the first that thrust itself into the air as the business of the day began.

"Buy—wheat!" It was the cry that encircled the world. It made no difference what kind of wheat. "Buy—buy—buy!" But though the hand of Schenck was the first hand in the air, it was not the only hand. All Chicago seemed to poise itself upon the edge of the Pit, crying, "Buy—buy—buy!"

And at closing time Schenck found that he was a man who day after day had been selling what he had not; found that he could not deliver what he had sold; that he could not buy what he had bound himself so to deliver. The next day he watched wheat going up—up—up, to the breakneck point. Overnight the press had made the uncertainty more certain, the possibility of war more possible; the uneasiness in the far East was settling down into a monstrous fact.

Inside of a week wheat had gone to one-eighty. Brokers laughed in their sleeves. They knew well enough that the declaration of war was only responsible for the commencement of this thing. They knew at last that Willoughby G. Schenck was caught; that he had sold short to force wheat to a bottom price, where he could buy all he would, and, after deliveries, hold his big balance for the rise that was sure to come. They knew that he could not deliver.

He knew that he could not buy.

Why? Because no one would sell. Wheat had become a thing, for half a day, without a price—no one would sell.

In the midst of it all Willoughby G. Schenck leaped to his feet.

"They can't beat me," he told himself; "they must not beat me." For he had, at the last moment, thought of that which operators, as a rule, ignore—that back in the storehouses of the country, in the elevators in the towns and cities, there was *real* wheat. He needed wheat—he needed to deliver. He could not get wheat in Chicago—he could not get it in the big centers—not even in the big towns; he knew that. But he knew, furthermore, that many, many farmers had almost abandoned their wheat—were starving, literally, with well-filled granaries that the world would not empty for them.

"A week," he thought; "a short week—it's reached its price in that short time. They'll sell, back there in the fields. They're not *sure*. They'll sell—for a song."

Rapidly he sent his emissaries out to buy real grain. He sent them away from Chicago, away from the big towns; into the small villages that boasted but one or two big storerooms.

"I can just get out even," he told himself; "I can just save my bacon—if I can buy wheat at one dollar and ten cents. It'll cost me money, but I'll come out solvent. It'll wipe out what I made six months ago, but I'll come out solvent. I've got to do it. I—I must have wheat."

Slowly and surely his agents bought wheat—some at a dollar—some at a dollar ten—some, even, at ninety. The market price in Chicago was but a will o' the wisp to the farmers on the outskirts. Cash was the thing that talked to them.

"One dollar a bushel," one of Schenck's men would say. And when he said it, he laid the money out across the counter. Ready money—it makes its own price, almost.

It was Tamblin, one of Schenck's best men, who, by wire and mail and rail, ransacked Nebraska.

It was Tamblin, dusty and tired,



who alighted at Keno early one morning.

"If there ain't any wheat here," he told himself, "and there's not likely to be, I'm going back. I've bought now more than my share. I'll let some other chap finish up." For he had traveled

but she came—to greet the only customer that she had had for wheat.

"Didn't know you had any up here," said Tamblyn; "you're so blamed far up north.

"I'll take all you've got," he told her finally; "I'll clean you out." And he



*He tore from his roll a fifty-dollar bill, thrust it into his pocket to cover his expenses east, and pushed the balance over.*

day and night, and night and day, and talked and talked and talked.

"Got any wheat?" is what he said to Keno.

Keno's granary and storage warehouse sent for Miss Caroline Terwilliger. Miss Caroline came—it took an hour for her to drive in with Simpson,

whispered to himself that he was glad she was a woman, and apparently a poor one; cash has a keener glitter to such an one.

"What will you pay?" she asked.

"One dollar," returned Tamblyn.

Miss Caroline smiled; she pulled from her pocket a telegram for which she

owed the station operator, showing Chicago wheat at one-ninety and still on the rise.

"I want," she said, "one dollar and sixty cents." Three minutes passed.

"I'll pay one-five," said Tamblyn.

"One-sixty," repeated Miss Caroline.

"One-ten," insisted Tamblyn.

"One-sixty."

"One-fifteen."

"One-sixty."

"How many bushels have you got?" asked Tamblyn.

Miss Caroline told him. He drew from his pocket a bulky roll of bills. He counted out three-fourths of them and laid them on a chair.

"One-twenty-five is all I'll give you," he said; "there it is. Take it or leave it. I'm tired, and I won't talk a minute longer."

But he assured himself that, nevertheless, he must have that wheat—and he was not going a step further for it; he had made good bargains all along the line, and he was tired and didn't care. Miss Terwilliger smiled. She kept her eyes fastened on the balance of the roll.

"How much money have you, all told?" she asked him. He told her.

"I shall sell—for just that much," she said; "I want all you've got—nothing less and nothing more."

Tamblyn laughed hysterically; he was well-nigh exhausted. He tore from his roll a fifty-dollar bill, thrust it into his pocket to cover his expenses east, and passed the balance over.

Miss Terwilliger counted it. "One dollar and fifty cents a bushel," she announced, without a trace of satisfaction in her voice; "and—you can have the wheat."

Simpson, who was there, watched her pay off the liens on the wheat, watched the transfer of the storage receipts, watched the agent beat a retreat toward the railroad station—and then sidled up to Miss Caroline.

"Miss Caroline," he said, "let me have five dollars out of that. Blamed if I

don't think the wife and the whole house ought to have a bully good feed to-day."

Miss Caroline, with just a faint flush on her face, handed him a hundred-dollar bill.

"Spend every cent of it, Simpson," she commanded, "and we'll go back and have a jamboree."

For she was rich—rich beyond her dream. When they got home and the excitement was over she sighed.

"Louise," she said, "there's only one thing that I regret. I've often wished that you could have gone to Lakewood, or the mountains, or to Dr. Schwaerz-welder's Sunset Cliffe, in Colorado—when we didn't have the money. Now that we've got the money——"

Louise straightened up and smiled. There was health in her eye, her skin, her every movement.

"Now that we have the money," she replied, "of course I do not have to go."

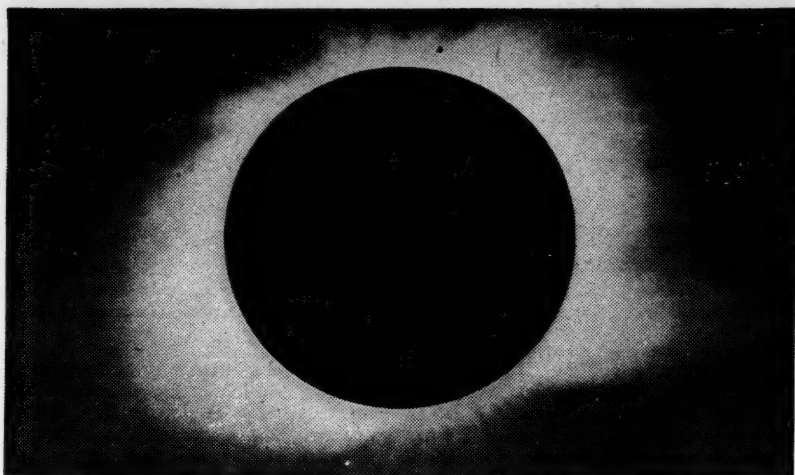
"I'm glad," said Miss Caroline, "that we've got the money. I'm gladder still, Louise, that you do not have to go."

As for Willoughby G. Schenck, having his wheat, he made his deliveries without materially affecting the market; the operators still maintained the price, assuming that Schenck's demand was still in force. Whereupon Schenck, whose activity never ceased, turned about and began to sell again. In another week wheat had dropped to a dollar-ten, and Schenck made on that week's deal all that he had lost on that of the week before.

Down in Washington, D. C., an official of the government made a brief note on his record:

Change winter wheat line in Nebraska. Wheat grown twenty miles above the line by C. Terwilliger, Terwilliger ranch, at Kenos. J. R. K.

Miss Caroline had found out so many things from the Government of the United States that it was only right that the government should find something out from her.



# The New Knowledge of the Sun

By A. Frederick Collins

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*To some of us a study of the sun may seem an apparently useless task, and expeditions to the four quarters of the globe to view the sun's outermost transparent atmosphere, called the corona, may appear an absurd procedure. A little thought will, however, reveal that the concern the many feel in this distant orb is chiefly due to the fact that it provides us not only with light, heat and power, but also with life itself and that strange psychological phenomenon we know as intelligence. All of these mysteries and many more are explained in this article.*

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THE sun—that great central orb of our solar system—bears practically the same relation to the earth and other planets revolving about it that an electric machine bears to a number of motors connected with it, but with this difference: the sun sends its energy wirelessly through space, while the electric generator delivers its current over tangible conductors.

The analogue of electric transmission may be further extended, for the sun, which is ninety-three millions of miles away from the earth, is more intimately associated with our planet through the medium of the luminiferous ether than is the stock-market of New

York with that of Chicago through the material connections of slender telegraph wires.

But while mere man controls, to a certain degree, the subtle workings of electricity, when considered with reference to the solar system, he is not nearly so important an object as is a red-blood corpuscle compared with the sum total of his own being.

Is such an infinitely minute and so utterly helpless a mortal expected to learn about a thing so remote and great as the sun? Imagine how difficult it would be to determine the functions, much less analyze the nature, of an electric arc-light placed a mile or so up in



PROMINENCES OF THE SOUTHWEST LIMB OF THE SUN, ECLIPSE OF MAY 28, 1900

These prominences can only be seen during an eclipse, and consequently are given extraordinary attention whenever such opportunities to view them present themselves.

the air, and you will have a fairly good conception of what stands between the sun and a familiar knowledge of it. And yet there is considerable known about this celestial sphere, for it has always been of absorbing interest to mankind, as not only light and heat for our earth, but even life itself for us, are absolutely dependent on it.

A question more frequently asked than any other pertaining to the heavens is how the distance and the size of the sun are measured, and another that follows a close second is how the composition of the sun is ascertained.

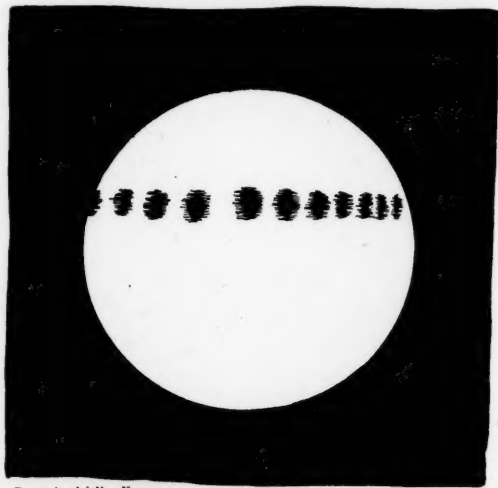
The answer to the first may be briefly given, but if the exact method were stated in detail, it would, of necessity, be didactic and technical to the last limits of despair. It will suffice the purpose of the average inquirer to say that, since the radius of the

earth is very accurately known, as well as the angle that it forms in its relation to the sun, it is not at all a difficult problem in trigonometry to deduce the distance of the sun, the answer being ninety-three millions of miles. This distance has been termed the yard-stick of the universe, as all measurements of distances and dimensions of all the other planets, and even the distances of the fixed stars, depend upon it.

By measuring the apparent angular diameter of the sun, and knowing its distance from the earth, another calculation

gives us its diameter, which is a little over one hundred times that of the earth; consequently its volume is a million times as great.

When we gaze at the sun it seems to be really very small, and its aspect, which we all know so well, shows it merely as a shining disk. Different



Drawn by Adeline Kraus.

THE CHANGES IN THE APPEARANCE OF A SUN-SPOT AS IT IS CARRIED ACROSS THE SUN'S DISK BY THE ROTATION OF THE SUN



ERUPTIVE PROMINENCES OBSERVED ON THE CORONA DURING AN ECLIPSE. THESE TONGUES OF GLARING GAS OFTEN EXTEND THOUSANDS OF MILES HIGH

from the electric machine to which we likened it, the sun is at a temperature higher than any we are able to produce, even in an electric furnace, while the dynamo is merely a cold mass of iron and copper wire.

Men who have made the sun a study of a lifetime give two reasons for believing that it is an enormously hot body, instead of a cold one, as some who are less qualified to speak believe.

One of the reasons is that nothing less than a body heated to gaseous incandescence could radiate the tremendous amount of energy in light and heat to such immense distances; and the other and more logical reason is that the spectroscope shows that the vapor of iron and other metals and substances that require a very hot fire to reduce to a molten state are present on the sun's surface, but instead of being merely melted they are boiling like water in a teakettle, and it is the vapors

from these that arise and form the clouds.

The sun's atmosphere contains a number of substances which have never been found on the earth's crust; and this is one of the most remarkable additions to our knowledge of the sun in recent times.

The sun has, in reality, three atmospheres, that lie about it in shells, or one on top of the other. The inner atmosphere, which is usually termed the sun's surface, is a gray background covered with granular or cloudlike forms; this is called the photosphere. The second atmosphere—and in this occur the explosive projections of the lower material into fantastic shapes—is called the chromosphere; and outside of this is another atmosphere, extending to great visible distances, called the corona.

Though the corona extends for hundreds of thousands of miles in every direction, it is impossible to observe it

unless there is a total eclipse, when the sun is entirely hidden by the moon. When this phenomenon takes place, the observer is enabled to see around the darkened sun; and the great, bright circle of light that is visible is this attenuated third atmosphere.

The corona is red in color, and by means of the spectroscope it is shown to be composed chiefly of hydrogen and magnesium vapor. The brilliant light given out by these gases is not altogether due to the emission of the luminous rays from the inner sphere, but also to certain inherent properties which they possess in virtue of being heated.

During an eclipse the corona is seen to be formed of streamers of light extending away from the sun, sometimes in two directions and at others in four; and these have been estimated to reach out into space something like nine million miles. The corona, or crown of light, varies constantly in its outline, and the rays flash forth very much like the Northern Lights or aurora borealis.

It may sound startling, after what has been said, to state that no one has ever seen the sun; but it is indeed a very literal truth, for all that can be seen of this mysterious body are the atmospheres that have been mentioned. Under these, hidden by the extraordinary

brilliancy of the radiations, is the unseen and unknown mass forming the real sun.

If you have ever been up in a balloon, or stood on the peak of a mountain when the earth was shrouded in a robe of clouds, you can imagine how little could be learned of what was beneath the silver lining if this condition always existed. The same is true about the sun. Until very recently nearly all

authorities on astronomy were of the opinion that this interior, invisible body was composed entirely of gaseous matter, and that it was nothing more or less than a gigantic bubble.

As the density of the sun is practically only one-fourth that of the earth, it would take one million, three hundred thousand spheres as large as our world to make one as large as the

sun; though it would only take one-fourth of this number, or about three hundred and twenty-five thousand of our worlds, to make one as heavy as the sun.

Gravity exerts a much greater force upon the sun than upon the earth, and as the weight of a body is dependent upon gravity, an object would weigh twenty-eight times as much upon the sun as upon the earth; or, in other words, a man tipping the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth



Drawn by Adeline Kraus.

- a. THE SUN WHICH WE NEVER SEE
- b. LAYER OF INCANDESCENT CLOUDS CALLED THE PHOTOSPHERE
- c. THE "CHROMOSPHERE" FORMED OF A GASEOUS GLARE OF HYDROGEN
- d. TRANSPARENT CORONA, VISIBLE ONLY DURING AN ECLIPSE

The above diagram shows the sun and the different atmospheres that surround it. The photosphere consists of "granules," each of which has a diameter of about 500 miles; the chromosphere has a depth of about 5,000 miles; the corona extends outward to a distance of about 500,000 miles.

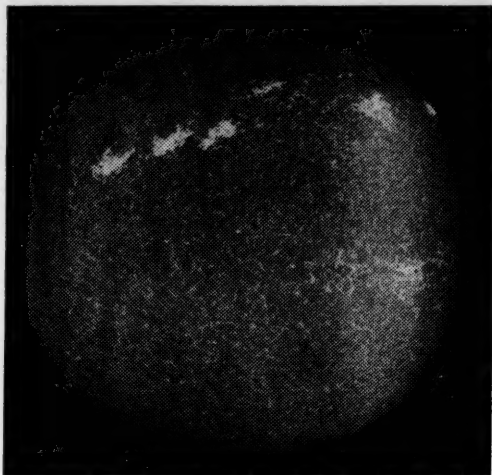


would weigh, in round numbers, two tons upon the sun; and if he were so constituted that he could withstand the terrific heat, his own weight would suffice to crush him to death.

The enormous pressure exerted by the force of gravitation liquefies, according to one of the theories, the gases of which the interior of the sphere is made, and these are rendered more dense than liquid air, which is about that of water; so that it is reasonable to conceive that its consistency is about as thick as New Orleans molasses, or, perhaps, Indiana apple-butter.

On the other hand, these dense gases are constantly being evaporated by the intense heat; and the vapors thus formed make up the outer atmospheres, just as the evaporation of the waters of the seas and rivers form clouds over the surface of the earth.

The student who wishes to study the sun may begin by observing it through



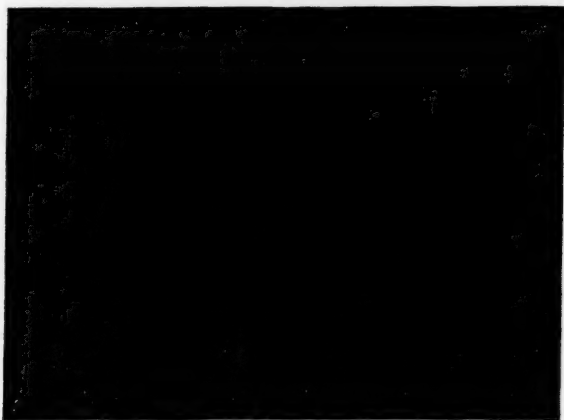
THE SUN AS SEEN AUGUST 12, 1903

The whole bright surface of the sun is mottled with grains resembling rice, giving the sun the appearance of a plate of rice soup. The white spots shown are sun-spots.

a bit of smoked glass or pieces of red and yellow glass laid one on the other to cut off the glare of the light. A very small telescope will suffice to show that the surface of the sun—that is, the photo-

sphere—is covered with many dark spots, like freckles on a summer-girl's face. These spots are governed by two very remarkable laws, one of which relates to their frequency and the other to the region of the sun's disk on which they appear.

It is to Schwab, an amateur German astronomer, that the world is indebted for its knowledge of the curious formations of sun-spots, and this tireless worker gave his life to the study of them. After he had observed them for nearly half a century he was enabled to for-



Drawn by Adeline Kraus.

GIGANTIC SUN-SPOTS OF OCTOBER, 1903

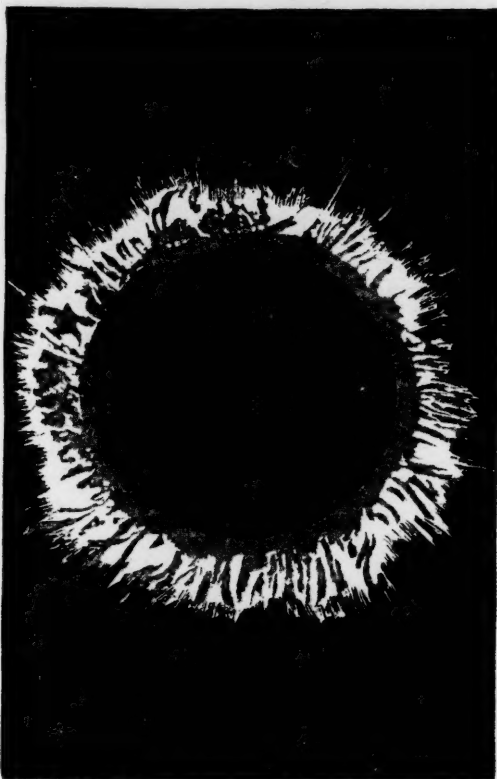
Sun-spots were once thought to be blazing cavities in the sun's surface; astronomers have recently come to believe that at least some of them may be elevations instead of holes of fire.

multate a law showing that there was a periodic increase and decrease in the number of sun-spots every eleven years.

Every time the sun changes his spots the earth immediately feels the effects of it, the most pronounced and obvious manifestation being a magnetic storm. This kind of a storm consists of erratic electric currents that are set up in the earth, and these cause the deviation of compass needles, the disturbance of telegraph and telephone lines and other occurrences; the last notable storm of this kind took place on October 31, 1903, when the sun-spots were greatest in number and size, and the Northern Lights were in vivid evidence as on former occasions.

It is also certain that great terrestrial cataclysms frequently follow these solar appearances, and it has been noted, also, that when the eruption of Krakatoa took place it was followed by a violent manifestation of earth currents. Auroras and earth currents have a common ori-

gin in solar activity, and these results furnish additional proof of the vital connection existing between the sun and the earth every time they take place.



Drawn by Adeline Kraus

CORONA OF THE SUN AS IT APPEARED DURING THE ECLIPSE OF  
AUGUST 30, 1905

The outer or last atmosphere of the sun is called the "corona," and this is so attenuated and transparent that it cannot be seen except during a total eclipse. This is the portion of the sun that expeditions are dispatched half way around the world to observe.

It was by Schwab's law that the Abbé Moreau, who has made a special study of these phenomena, was enabled to predict the upheaval referred to, and his prediction was verified to the letter.

We see, then, that sun-spots are not uninteresting; and if we were to get down to the fine details of the subject we would find a hundred other interesting things about them. For example, the central part or core of a sun-spot is purplish black, while the edge has a lighter grayish color, called the penumbra.

The spots are of all sizes and shapes, some being just visible in the largest telescopes, and others measuring not less than one hundred thousand miles in diameter.

In so far as the world's inhabitants are concerned, the sun's radiations are

its most important features. Its light is the brightest of any that we are acquainted with, the nearest approach being the electric arc-light, though this is only one-fourth as bright as a spot of similar size on the sun; and if a candle, kerosene, or even an incandescent light, were held between the eyes and the sun it would appear perfectly black.

The reflected light of the full moon serves to illuminate the earth fairly well, yet the sun gives us six hundred thousand times as much light. The atmospheres of the sun, as well as that of the earth, absorb from a half to three-fourths of the light produced. Langley has stated that if the full amount of light that was generated reached us, the sun would appear blue instead of yellow. Sharpless, another astronomer, tells us that the total amount of light which the sun gives out is beyond all conception.

A faint idea of the heat developed by the sun can only be given by familiar examples. The amount of heat the earth receives is sufficient to melt a shell of ice one hundred and sixty-five feet thick, and completely covering the whole earth; yet this is only one two-billion-three-hundred-millionth of the total amount it sends out, or, as Proctor puts it, "in each second the sun gives out as much heat as would be given out by the burning of eleven quadrillion tons of coal." At this rate, if the sun were made of a solid mass of coal, it would burn out in about five thousand years.

It is well known that if a mass is moving at a high rate of speed, and strikes an object, the heat evolved will be intense, and if a body capable of being consumed were to fall from space to the sun, its impact would generate six thousand times as much heat as the mere burning of the same body would. Thus it is assumed that the constant striking of these material bodies upon the sun's surface is sufficient to account for the terrific heat evolved.

The contraction theory supposes that the sun is gradually shrinking, and that

the enormous pressure exerted in contracting literally squeezes the heat out of it. Mathematicians have calculated that the sun would only have to shrink six miles in diameter in one hundred years to develop as much heat as it actually produces in that length of time.

The sun's past and its future have been matters of much speculation. Based on geological considerations, the sun must have been radiating heat for at least fifty million or one hundred million years, but, according to astronomical computation, it seems improbable that the sun's heat could have been at all constant for even twenty million years. These contradictory conclusions were reconciled, in a measure, in 1900, by the discovery of that wonderful element, radium, by Madame Curie.

Here was a substance that would, to all intents, radiate energy indefinitely without receiving it from any outside source, and seemingly, in defiance of the laws of nature, it would continue to radiate light, heat, and invisible forms of energy exactly like those of the sun, although in itself it was a cold body.

Newcomb says the discovery of radium affords a clue to the mysteries of the sun, since if an atom of matter may contain in itself an unknown source of energy, then the sun likewise may contain a similar store of energy never before suspected to exist.

Regardless of how the sun's heat may be produced, the fact remains that it must some time come to an end. Then, as its energy begins to decrease, the earth will become colder and colder, until it reaches a temperature many hundreds of degrees below zero.

Or, oppositely disposed, the entire solar system may be consumed in a sun as many times as large as our sun is larger than the earth; but this is another story.

Either of these fates of the sun and its attendant planets need not frighten the timid, for before the end comes the editor, the reader, and the writer will have long since vanished from the face of the earth.

# TIDDLES-TODDLES TALES



EDWIN L. SABIN

## I.—The Adventure of the Postponed Spanking

“BETTER make it two,” bade dis-bursing Providence to the bustling Head Stork.

“Two for the Browns?”

“Yes; two for the Browns; in one parcel.”

“Aye, aye,” responded the stork. “Two blessings——”

“But not unmixed,” smiled Providence, with a wink.

“No, not unmixed, I guess!” chuckled the stork, as from the “B” box he deftly made up the package and bore it to the antechamber.

“Mark it with an A. R. S. label,” called Providence.

“Aye, aye—A. R. S. label,” answered the stork cheerily.

And all in a jiffy a messenger stork, in delivery uniform of sky-blue, and carrying a fat parcel prominently displaying the label, “Anti-Race Suicide,” went swooping earthward, villageward, and Brownward.

Consequently, between three-ten and three-fifteen that very January morning the Brown family at the moment singled out for distinction—as opposed to extinction—found itself suddenly doubled in size; thereat duly rejoiced, and made room and the best of an embarrassing dearth of guest furnishings.

Fortunately—oh, very fortunately—Dr. Bolus chanced to be present, un-

seemly as was the hour; and but for him, a man of expedients, I am sure that I do not know what Mr. and Mrs. Brown, unprepared for extra company, would have done.

For some time they had been anticipating the arrival of a relative who should remain and form a portion—a large portion—of the household, and should be addressed as Sylvester. The name Sylvester was their favorite. They spoke to each other lovingly and tenderly of Sylvester, and discussed him, until his presence was accepted as an assured fact. But when he arrived in duplicate, upsetting their plans—even one’s relatives are apt to be inconsiderate—they were in a fluster.

Which was Sylvester? The new arrivals declined to tell, and only said:

“A-a-a-a-a!”

They were tired, peevish, and hungry, having been quite awhile on the road. Likely enough after a bit they would be more amiable. If this one was Sylvester, who was that one? Or if that one was Sylvester, who was this one? John?

“A-a-a-a-a!”

Perhaps James.

“A-a-a-a-a!”

Very well; let it be John, then. Mr. Brown must go out, as soon as the telegraph office was open, after daylight,

and put the name on record by despatching it to his brother of same title. This decided, both Mr. and Mrs. Brown felt easier; they had surmounted the tremendous problem, and were triumphant over a situation certainly acute.

Yet as to which newcomer actually was Sylvester, the expected, and which actually was John, the unexpected, opinion vacillated; especially when a bath deprived each of raiment designed to distinguish. It is still a mooted question whether, at the christening, John may not have been pronounced "Sylvester, and Sylvester John. However, 'tis of no temporal importance—and, let us hope, of no eternal, either—for by the curious evolution of nicknames one boy soon became "Tiddles" and the other "Toddles."

Tiddles, or Toddles—or, for convenience sake, Tiddles-Toddles—upon arrival, had sparse, light hair, destined to be thicker and darker as he grew acclimated; blue eyes destined to turn brown; and a general helplessness—due, no doubt, to the lower altitude—which rapidly changed to aggressiveness.

Sometimes he looked exactly like his mother, sometimes he looked exactly like his father. But to his mother he always looked sweet, to his father he always looked "smart," and to adoring relatives and friends he always looked "cute." Being cute, smart, and sweet, he needed only to be good.

Close observers claimed that Tiddles-

Toddles might be differentiated, and resolved readily into his two component parts. Tiddles' hair, when damp, had a tendency to curl; but who could follow the boys about with identifying wet sponge or towel, or the hose? Toddles had seven more freckles on his short, piquant nose; but who could be constantly taking mathematical inventory? Tiddles was fondly asserted to be the more spiritual—in his eyes his mother descried, anon, an adorable, mystic dreaminess; but as a rule—for instance,

when both boys were brows-over in bread and butter and molasses—this determining trait was in eclipse.

In fact, if the pair was stood up, side by side, attired alike, and you were ordered to explain why this presumably was Tiddles and that presumably was Toddles, and the Destroyer of Hesitancy, with his de-

capitating ax, was significantly pressing upon your shriming heels, you would lose your head as well as your heart. And from this absolute twinship of Tiddles and Toddles arose certain perplexing crises and mischievous complications, the first of which may be captioned:

#### THE ADVENTURE OF THE POSTPONED SPANKING.

To Toddles, on short legs, sturdily waddling through the upper hall, the bathroom abruptly opened as a most fascinating place; and he sidled in, to pause, survey, and deliberate.



*Which was Sylvester? The new arrivals refused to tell and only said: "A-a-a!"*

Toddles was below, in the back yard, engaged in pouring sand down his own neck—the sensation being tickly and agreeable. Mother was in the basement, re-arranging jellies, fatuously hopeful that she would be permitted this brief interim of comparative relaxation.

But Toddles, immediately sensing opportunity, had torn himself from the companionship of his brother; and, leaving him to answer for both, had penetrated the house, toiled, grunting, up the stairs, and now the Brown family at home was arranged in three layers.

Discussion as to Toddles' destined niche as a potent factor in the waiting world had been varied and fanciful. Father had favored law, mother medicine, Uncle John the army, Uncle Sylvester the navy, grandfather the ministry, and grandmother "being a good and useful man," without particular specification. Then, there were aunts, also.

But had any of the above-mentioned relatives been present, here at the bathroom, they would have recognized that Toddles' bent was strongly toward either sailor or fireman.

Fireman conquered; and reserving

the bathtub ocean for the near future, Toddles lifted the spray, the rubber hose of which was already obligingly attached to the faucet, and boldly turned on the water.

With delightful obedience the water spurted from the pepper-box nozzle. Instead of having only one stream at com-

mand, Toddles had fifteen. As a fireman he was a regular trust.

He directed the nozzle against the walls, and deluged them, he directed it at the ceiling, which he easily reached. The drops fell back upon floor and self.

"Wainin'," murmured Toddles ecstatically—still, it will be observed, having some mutinous "R's" in his vocabulary.

The supply of water apparently inexhaustible, he was perfectly

prodigal with it; manipulating his nozzle as the whim of the moment impelled, while the walls ran myriad freshets, and the ceiling steadily dripped, and the floor oozed and gathered; and in the midst was his small self as if in a Turkish bath.

Mother interrupted. She knew that something must be occurring about the premises. 'Twas time. Toddles, pour-



"Wainin'," murmured Toddles ecstatically.



ing sand down the back of his neck, was not bad enough—although she judged best to correct him, on her way past. Where was Toddles? Tiddles—and this was Toddles, she felt sure, because he was wearing a blue-checked blouse, while Toddles' was a green-checked—could not tell. He was not interested—save in resuming his sand-pouring.

The sound of water running through



Arthur William Brown—  
Dropped the hose, which promptly twisted and  
showered the intruder.

the pipe indicated to mother that Toddles must be somewhere, and in mischief. He was not fussing at the kitchen sink? No. Then he was up-stairs; and instantaneously she was standing upon the bathroom threshold. To Toddles she was a most unwelcome presence, and a portent of grief.

"Toddles!" she gasped.

"Wainin'," he faltered, but in betrayal of misgivings as to the force of his plea dropping the hose—which promptly twisted, and with diabolical malice showered the intruder.

Mother turned off the water; then she turned out Toddles.

"Dear, dear!" she deplored, gazing back as she led him away.

"Wainin'," feebly ventured Toddles.

His progress down the hall grew faster and faster.

"Naughty boy!" declared mother.

"Naughty, naughty boy! You deserve a good whipping!"

"Wainin'," wailed Toddles; and, pursuing the suggestion, he dissolved and wept.

"Mama's naughty boy!" upbraided mother firmly.

In the bedroom she stripped him of his soaked garments.

"How can you be so naughty!" she reproached, while all the furniture glared upon him.

"Why couldn't you be a nice boy, and stay with Toddles?" she demanded, slipping upon him a blue-checked waist, the last waist in the drawer, and wash-day still half a week away.

"Toddles is good, and keeps by the sand-pile," continued mother; she gave the fresh waist a last regretful twitch. "Now, you go straight down-stairs, where he is. Next time mama catches you in the bathroom she'll spank you. Mama's naughty boy! Remember."

So Toddles was good, was he? And himself was in disgrace! Heigho! 'Twas an unjust world. And Toddles, with vague enmity, instead of repentance, rankling at his heart, rebelliously trudged from the scene. Mother hastened to mop up the flooded bathroom.

Toddles was still sitting by the sand-

pile, and had resumed his occupation of transferring it to his person. To Toddles, re-joining him, dirty as he was he looked irritatingly smug and offensively angelic. "Toddles is good and keeps by the sand-pile"—humph! The jelly-fish!—jelly-fish representing the correct idea, but considered in its compound nature being really too attractive for application to such a chump!

Tiddles received his brother only languidly, desisting neither to ask him where he had been nor to invite him to participate. However, when Toddles would have assisted in his operations, he strenuously resisted. Sand from any other hands felt different, evidently. Balked of even this tepid amusement, Toddles moodily sat. Here was Tiddles, dirty and getting dirtier, pouring sand down his own neck, and hoggish in even that—good; and there was himself, squirting water in the bathroom, surely a legitimate place, and at the same time getting cleaner, and cleanliness was a virtue—naughty!

However, he did not argue the question at length. Only in its generality it struck him, and imbued him with an annoying discontent which could be allayed by another's misfortune alone. So he cogitated, and jealously watched the obnoxious Tiddles.

There was a spanking ahead for somebody. He sensed it hovering o'er, for the day was yet young, and the threat was prophetic. A spanking per diem seemed to be about the pro rata—alas! But forewarned was forearmed—and Tiddles was all too good.

Mother was down in the basement again, by force of circumstances having been obliged to abandon the fruit, and apply herself, on an emergency call, to washing out some small waists—checked waists. Toddles could hear her singing. Furtively he compared his sleeve with Tiddles'. They matched.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*Tiddles received his brother only languidly.*

"Come on," he bade, bluffly, addressing his brother.

"Uh, uh," declined Tiddles, without ceremony.

"Come on," urged Toddles, rising and essaying to drag him from his sand folly.

"Uh, u-u-uh!" refused Tiddles, angrily. "Where?"

"I know. I'm goin'," quoth Toddles mysteriously, starting off.

Piggishly fearful that he might be missing something, and leaking sand at every pore. Tiddles scrambled erect and followed after.

The bathroom was still very damp, reminiscent of recent events. Its atmosphere was sternly repellent; its vibrations hostile. But only Toddles perceived. Tiddles, the innocent, was not in a receptive mood. 'Tis the evil who are most sensitive to evil.

The spray was attached to the faucet, as of time afore. Mother had not removed it. Her confidence might strike one as touching. However, possibly it was not so ill-advised as might

be conjectured. Mother believed in moral stamina, rather than in elision of temptation. She and father had discussed this among other grave matters of much import to society, and had decided—calling up certain terrible examples of proverbial minister's children who go wrong as soon as they may.

"Our boys shall know temptation, and learn to pass it by," promulgated father sagely, with the air of an inventor of a new moral curriculum. And mother, equally wise above all other parents, voiced proud, love-sanctified agreement.

Consequently, mother did not detach the bathtub hose. Toddles had been told; this was sufficient for "our boys."

"Fire, fire," decreed Toddles.

"Fire, fire," echoed Toddles.

"Fire, fire. Put it out," encouraged Toddles, lifting the spray.

"Put it out," echoed Toddles, grabbing it.

Toddles, in generous brotherly spirit, let him have it.

"Turn on water," continued Toddles, suiting the action to the word.

"Turn on water," echoed Toddles, standing to his guns as the needle streams spurted from his nozzle.

"Fire, fire," reiterated Toddles, dancing excitedly about.

"Fire," echoed Toddles, of impressionable fancy.

"Wainin'. Fire. Wainin'," insisted Toddles, dancing out of the door. By the front way he returned to the sandpile; for it occurred to him that mother might be coming up the back way to the bathroom.

"Wainin'. Fire," crooned the deluded Toddles to himself, while in a trance-like ecstasy he swept the bathroom, aloft and aloft, with his myriad jets. "Wainin'. Fire."

Suddenly—like the unfortunate in "Toilers of the Sea": whom, in his wetness, he even outrivaled—he felt himself seized! One hand fastened upon him behind, and the other stopped the flow of water.

"Ya-a-a-a!" protested Toddles, resisting. About the interference—or the attack, if you

please—was a peremptoriness repugnant to his dignity.

"Naughty, naughty, NAUGHTY!" proclaimed mother, crescendo, gathering him, in resolute preparation. "Now mama shall spank you."

And while Toddles loudly remonstrated, she did, spattering once more the much-bespattered walls.

"There!" declared mother, having completed. "And now Toddles shall go to bed. He disobeyed mama; mama said 'no,' and Toddles went right back



"Come on," urged Toddles, essaying to drag his brother from his sand folly

and did it over again." She was hauling him, hanging back and shrilly expostulating, swiftly, remorselessly chamberward. "Isn't Toddles 'shamed, to make mama so much trouble? Naughty Toddles!"

"I'm T-Toddles!" wailed the same, amid sobs.

With an exclamation mother stopped and eyed him.

"I—believe—you—are!" she breathed, as if awed. "Toddles was not so dirty"—the distinction was not complimentary, but Toddles dissected or analyzed it not. "Oh, Toddles! And did mama spank him!" She caught him up, in an agony of regret. Then, abruptly, she set him down again, and held him off. "But it was naughty to muss the bathroom, just the same." The spanking had been given; she must let it stand. "Where is Toddles?"

"Toddles goed," lamented Toddles, stung afresh into a realization of his position, and his grief being paramount to his grammar.

"Mama's prec—" began mother, impulsively; but no, a spanking given could not be recalled, particularly when it had been deserved. Toddles knew that he must not "muss" the bathroom. "Naughty Tod—" but again no. She must not stir up enmity betwixt brothers, specially twins. "Well," she said, helplessly, "Toddles must stay in the bedroom until mama washes and irons a waist for him. And he must never, never play that way in the bathroom again."

Meanwhile, Toddles, squatting chick-

en-like upon the pile of sand, had heard the yells, even had heard the spansks; and giving ear, had felicitated himself. He placidly delved for pebbles, and felt no pangs of contrition. The promised spanking was being delivered, and Toddles was getting it.

Mother descended upon him.

The peers of the Brown household—being mother and father—sat in anxious conclave, and debated.

"What did you do to Toddles, then?" queried Mr. Brown.

"What could I do?" retorted his spouse, imploringly. "To be sure, I took him up-stairs and shut him in with Toddles, but I couldn't whip him—could I?"

"N-no," decided Mr. Brown. "Did you scold him?"

"Y-yes, I talked to him a little, and tried to make him feel sorry for Toddles; but he is so young that I don't believe he comprehended. I didn't want to lead him to think he'd done anything *smart*—meriting special attention, you know."

"And we wouldn't want any difference to come between our boys," supplemented Mr. Brown.

"It certainly is a great problem," sighed Mrs. Brown, blinking.

"It certainly is," sighed her husband, knitting his brows.

They pondered heavily.

Up-stairs Toddles and Tiddles slumbered, on twin pillows, in twin beds, beneath twin coverlets, and probably dreaming twin dreams.



#### A LINGERING DOUBT.

SUMMER BOARDER—Does your daughter sing?

REUBEN HIGHLOFT—Waal, mam, we hain't never b'en aroun' much, but we think so.



#### AN OLD-TIMER.

SALLIE—Has Hamlitt married again?

SUPER—Yes; again and again.



PERSONNEL OF THE ENGINEERING CORPS AT KEY LARGO, THE MAINLAND END OF THE RAILWAY

## A Railway Upon the Sea

By Day Allen Willey

THE peninsula which forms the southeastern corner of the country and annexes to the United States a bit of the land of the tropics has been singularly interesting as a field of human achievement. Study the recent history of Florida, and you are surprised to note what a few men have done to develop it. On the pages the names of Plant, Flagler and Disston stand out conspicuously, for the State owes more of its present prosperity to this trio, as its people acknowledge, than to any other three men who have devoted their time and energy to its advancement.

Plant and Flagler have been the pathfinders—the path-makers—opening up the central and southern interior with highways of steel and turning the inland as well as the coast waters into trade routes. Thus settlers from not merely the South, but New England, the Central West, the Northwest, have been able to enter the for-

ests, the hummocks, and the rich prairies that border them. With the saw they converted the trees into lumber, the soil was turned over for the vegetable garden, and fruit trees were thickly planted. One passes through mile after mile of orange groves so close together that whole counties are sites for orchards.

Not content with the land at once available for agriculture, the work of draining the water-covered area was carried on to such an extent that one



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE INDUSTRIAL AND WATER FRONT SECTION OF KEY WEST, THE SEA END OF THE RAILWAY

of the most productive regions of the State is to be found where formerly existed merely a vast swamp, its site now occupied by thousands of "truck" growers.

The story of what the railroad has done in changing the map of America reads like a romance. No wonder is it that one of the pioneers in its progress is honored in the title of the pathway of commerce he conceived and completed, for the Plant is one of the very few transportation systems having a personal title. The Florida East Coast Railway, however, is known better as the Flagler system than by its legal name, since it is a memorial to the energy and ability of one man.

The construction of this band of steel has been most notable from an engineering standpoint, while it involved expenditure running into millions of dollars—just how many is probably known only to Mr. Flagler himself. To put down three hundred and sixty-six miles of rails and ties even on the level prairie means an outlay of fully three million dollars; but, running their lines almost continually within sight and sound of the Atlantic waves, the engineers were obliged to construct barriers to prevent the track from being washed away, and

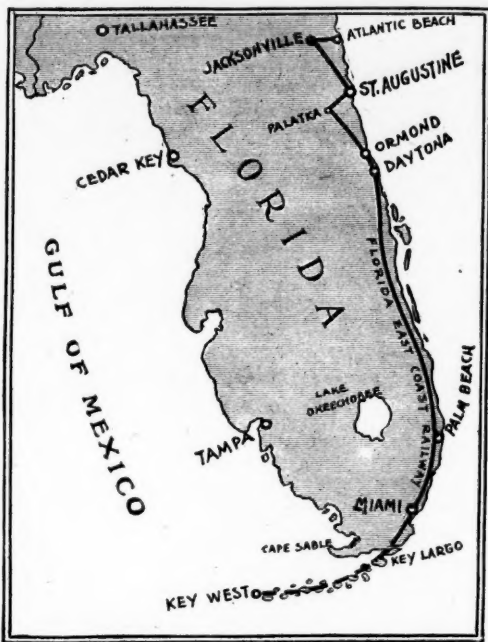
bridge after bridge to carry the trains over the numerous channels and inlets that connect the great natural canal traversing the peninsula with the sea. And thus was a trail made into a veritable wilderness, speaking from a human standpoint.

Such is a brief history of what the railroad promoter has accomplished in our most southern commonwealth. It

is worth the telling, however, for it is a prelude to a feat which, if performed, will be by far the greatest of the achievements of which Florida has been the scene. Not content with laying a highway of steel almost to the Everglades, it is to penetrate the morass itself, and then is to extend far out over the sea.

Ten years ago the man who would have predicted that one could travel from

the metropolis to Key West without leaving his car, would have been regarded as out of his mind, but this is understood to be the height of Mr. Flagler's ambition. In the last two years the possible route has been examined, and other data obtained from the experts called to determine if the project is practicable. As a result of their conclusions, it has been determined to carry out the work. When it is completed, the tourist can indeed



MAP OF THE NEW ROAD, BUILT OVER ISLANDS AND LAGOONS IN THE SEA, FROM KEY LARGO TO KEY WEST





A PUBLIC SQUARE IN KEY WEST

venture into the Gulf of Mexico and alight from his train in a depot seventy miles from the nearest point on the mainland.

True, all of the track will not be laid above the sea. The chain of islands lying off the southeastern coast of the State are so located that advantage can be taken of them; but they are separated by no less than thirty-six miles of open water which must be crossed.

Glancing at the map, the Florida keys, which fringe the coast, appear like stepping-stones in the sea between the island city and the mainland. Their arrangement in itself is tempting to the engineer to connect them with a highway of steel, and their formation lends itself to such an exploit.

But it can well be said that this will be a highway upon the sea, as it must be placed upon mile after mile of bridge and trestle work, some of it directly over the waves of the Atlantic; for between Key West and the mainland are sounds and channels to be crossed, each miles in

width, and some deep enough to be navigated by large steamships. To give a comprehensive idea of the task which must be undertaken, a brief outline of the route between the southern terminus and the mainland is essential.

In the direction which the railway has been surveyed are twenty-five keys, ranging from Key Largo, which, as its name implies, is one

of the most important, stretching away thirty miles from the Florida coast to islets less than a mile in length. The group adjacent to Key West consists of Boca Chica, Saddle Bunch, Sugar Loaf, Cudjoe, Summerland, Torch and Big Pine, each separated by channels varying from one hundred to one thousand yards in width; but the greatest depth of water is not over seven feet, so that this mileage can be spanned with comparatively little difficulty.

Between the island known as West Summerland and Bahia Honda, a water course eighteen feet in depth and



THE ENTIRE ENGINEERING PARTY CAMPED ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS IN THE SEA

fifteen hundred feet in width must be bridged, while between Bahia Honda and Knight's Key the railroad must be supported above the open sea for a distance of nearly eight miles.

The next thirty miles is principally overland, extending from Knight's Key to Grassy Key. Here a sound two and one-half miles in length must be crossed to reach Conch Key.

Another stretch of open water over a mile in length exists between Conch and Long Key, which is separated by a sound three and one-half miles in width, from what is known as Lower Metacumbe Key. This interval varies from twelve to fifteen feet in depth, but the separation between Lower and Upper Metacumbe consists of two miles of shallow water, which can be spanned by light trestle work. Upper Metacumbe is the southern point of a series of the more important keys which terminate with Key Largo. They are so closely connected that this portion of the route is almost entirely overland.

Most of the islands in this curious little group are of such narrow width that one can easily see across them, where the view is not obstructed by trees and bushes. It may be needless to say that, in constructing what might be called the marine sections of the line, the rails and ties will be supported on a framework high enough above the water to be beyond reach of the ordinary tides and waves. The framework in the shallower places is upheld by metal posts or piles driven into the rock.

When it is remembered that nearly

forty miles of the sea must be spanned, a faint idea of the vast amount of labor involved can be gained. The posts required will range from fifteen to thirty feet in length, according to the depth of water in which they are placed. To carry the structure over the deeper channels, piers of masonry will be needed, especially for the bridges, as piles of the requisite size would be too heavy to place in position. In addition to setting the thousands of posts, they must be protected from the action of air and water. Constant exposure to the salt in solution would rapidly eat away the metal, which will probably be sheathed in a cylinder or box made of wood soaked in creosote, which withstands these elements.

If one can imagine an elevated railroad of Manhattan Island transferred to New York Bay, and placed in position across it, a faint conception of the hugeness of this undertaking can be gained, but the principal "L" road in New York is only slightly longer than the single section of the ocean viaduct between Bahia Honda and Knight's Key. Measuring from the foundation of the supports, it will be fully as high as the elevated lines on the lower part of Manhattan.

Of the one hundred and sixty miles of track which must be laid before the whistle of the locomotive will be heard on Key West, a part, as already intimated, will be through the Everglades—that region into which so few white men have thus far ventured. In making examinations for this portion of the route, the engineers explored a large



THE EASTERN SECTION OF THE EVERGLADES, WITH THE ENGINEERING CORPS BEATING THEIR WAY THROUGH

area of the vast swamp, paddling along its labyrinth of creeks, poling their canoes for miles through its growth of tropical vegetation, probing the bottom to determine what solid foundation, if any, existed. The formation of the eastern section, however, is such that they succeeded in mapping out a course, although an artificial base for the track must be made by draining off the water and filling in the swamp here and there to a depth of many feet with earth and stone. Trains will pass over the marshes for twenty miles on a wooden trestle system, which in itself will be a work of no little importance.

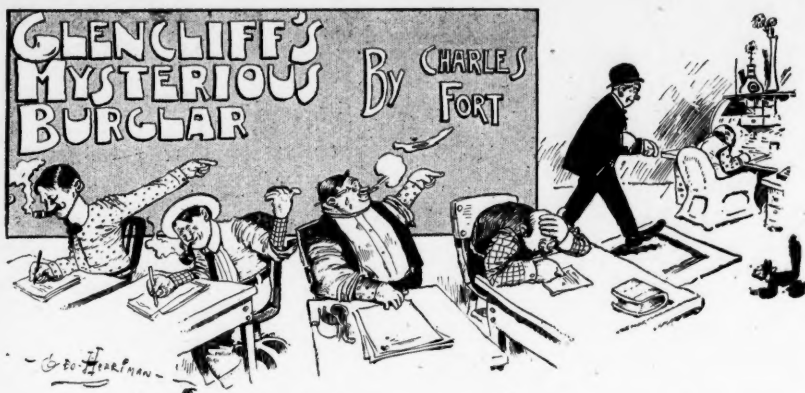
And this railroad over the sea will bring into touch with the rest of the world a city of which the American people probably know less than any other in the country. Were it not for the cigars from its factories, the name of Key West would seldom be read or spoken, yet it is one of the most important seaports in the New World. Outside of mariners, few know that its harbor can be entered by some of the largest vessels crossing the Atlantic, as the main channel leading into it is no less than thirty-three feet deep at low tide. No other American city has so many approaches to its harbor, for ships can reach Key West by four channels, and the shallowest is twenty-one feet deep—sufficient to float a five-thousand-ton cargo carrier.

Strange is it that, separated by one hundred and fifty miles of swamp and sea from the other parts of inhabited Florida, this island-city should have steadily increased in business and industry, as well as in the number of its residents. From the little band of wreckers and fishermen who found a home on the island in 1822, it is now a community of over twenty thousand people. One of the world's centers of the sponge fishery, three hundred craft, manned by twenty-five hundred men and boys, gather this growth from the waters in a radius of a hundred miles and bring it to the wharves to sell. It is, likewise, the market for the fruit and vegetable-growers on the islands in the vicinity, as well as for the turtle and

other fishermen. A marine railway and dock furnish facilities for making repairs to vessels. In recent years the government has created here an important naval station, which includes a coaling depot provided with mechanical conveyors for filling bunkers of war ships.

Its place upon the seas is the most significant fact revealed in a study of this southernmost city of the United States. Directly in the course of vessels plying between the American side of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, it is a port of call for craft bound from such cities as Boston, New York and Philadelphia to Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston, since by passing Key West they avoid the longer and more dangerous route around the islands beyond. One incentive, however, in connecting it with the peninsula by a railroad, is that the traveler is carried within ninety miles of Havana, for the distance across the gulf is so short that a seagoing ferryboat of the speed of those in service on the North River, could cover it in less than four hours.

The completion of the Panama Canal promises to have a most important bearing upon the future of the island city. In discussing the benefit which the canal promises to be to the Southern States in giving access to the market for their products on the Pacific, the Florida seaport has been practically ignored owing to its isolation, but as the terminus of a commercial way connecting it with the various centers of industry and the agricultural sections, it is given equal opportunities with the communities on the mainland. On its harbor there is ample space for the erection of the wharves, warehouses, elevators and other requisites for ocean trade, and with its advantageous position, its development as one of the great marine cities of the United States is by no means improbable. In fact, such are the possibilities that they have doubtless influenced the decision to undertake the project which is here briefly outlined. And the coming of the railroad may mean the creation of a new city.



IT was rather late in the afternoon and not yet time for the night assignments. A young fellow came briskly into the newspaper office. He had a picturesque face, because it would remind you of the setting sun with a cloud speck in front. You see he was florid, but—most absurdly—a white mark shone where the skin was drawn tightly over a lump on the bridge of his nose. His ears looked like clam shells thrown at the sides of his head and sticking in by the edges. Strictly speaking, he was not handsome, but he was a shrewd-looking young fellow, and timidity was not noticeable in him. He went to Jackson, who sat at the first desk in our row of desks.

"You the editor?"

This question was asked so often at the first desk that Jackson's answer was a thumb jerked back over his shoulder, meaning that the editor was down further. Red face, the splash of white-wash and the clam shells went to the next desk. The man there went on writing, did not look up, but convulsively jerked his thumb backward when asked whether he were the editor. Like a stick over a picket fence, the stranger seemed to bump along from desk to desk, following thumbs, until he was in the awful presence of Old Buttons.

"Are you the editor?"

"Yes; but I'm busy now. Just speak

to that young man, and he'll take down what you have to tell us."

"Oh, that's all right!" our visitor was very cheerful. "There ain't no use making no record of what I have to say. I want to write articles for you. Won't you give me a consignment?"

"A what? We're not in the mercantile line!"

"Oh, that's all right!" Seemingly everything was all right. "Don't get mad about it. I want to do contributions for you."

Old Buttons was pressed for time, so he said:

"No, we have no vacancies, but, if you can bring in any stories not covered in our regular channels, you may do so."

"All right, then. Good-by," said our friendly visitor; and on his way out he paused at each desk to say, confidentially:

"I'll bring you in some fine stories. Warm, ain't it? Just you trust to me to bring the news in! Say, and I'm telling it for your own good, you need more exercise sitting here all day. You're getting pretty fat, ain't you?" At each desk, the occupant silently thrust a forefinger forward, which was an invitation to confide in the man ahead. When Jackson was reached, his forefinger pointed to the door. All of us went on writing, and our visitor went

away, remarking to the row of bowed heads:

"I'll get the news for you. Fearful hot, ain't it?"

His name was Jeremiah Boggs, we learned. Every evening Jeremiah came in to report, beginning to confide in Jackson, gradually forwarded by thumbs along the row of desks, until he reached Old Buttons, whose health he inquired after anxiously and with whom he tried to discuss the weather.

"Don't let that fellow in again," said our indignant city editor; but as the fellow was more amusing than annoying, and as he never failed to follow a thumb or a forefinger just as soon as it was pointed, nobody tried to bar him from the office.

And Jeremiah's report of the day's work always was:

"Ain't seen nothing to-day, but sure will to-morrow. Does the sun make your eyes blink like it does mine? Maybe my eyes ain't very strong, I guess. Ain't it queer? When I wasn't looking for news, I run acrost accidents or something every day. Now I'm looking for them, nothing never happens."

Then the reports ceased, and we did not see Mr. Boggs until a month later. Jackson was idling one afternoon, but he suddenly began to write furiously, for, like a meteor, he saw the familiar white mark shooting toward him from the doorway.

"I guess you wasn't looking for me to-day, hey? Sorter chilly, ain't it?" Jackson's thumb went mechanically backward, and without another word at the first desk Jeremiah bumped along to the second desk.

"You feeling pretty good? Ain't sick or nothing? If you put mutton taller on your hair you could have it all down nice and slick, and not tossed about like you wear it." Another thumb shot back as if it were shooting marbles over a shoulder, and Jeremiah shot with it to the next desk, bumping along with his cheerfulness, his confidences and his friendly interest in our appearance.

At the city desk he dropped into the chair that we dared to use only when taking down a dictation.

"Gee! you look all played out to-day, Mr. Buttling. I guess that's a new wrinkle you're getting in your forehead, and you mustn't frown so much, but rub it with a hairbrush for an hour every night before going to bed. Well, I give that up, I did. I spied and I pried and I searched throughout the hull city, and got trun out of a hundred houses and buildings where I went looking for news, I did, and not a item did I come acrost. I couldn't find no news in the hull city, and it would make your heart ache did I tell you half the front stoops I was trun down. So I've went out in the country and looked over likely places for news, till I've settled and got a job in a town where it looks like things happens. I think, maybe, if you use a good, stiff scrub brush for an hour before retiring them wrinkles will be eradicated. But I've come for to see have you a correspondant out to Glenclyff, which is where I am, and, if not, can I hold down the job for youse?"

Old Buttons had been writing spasmodically and frowning severely. But when he heard Glenclyff mentioned, he very nearly smiled, and almost looked good-humored.

"We have not, at present," he said. "Just now we are not represented in that important news center." And when he said this, an appreciative flutter ran down the row of desks, for he had been pleased to be facetious. The uneventfulness of Glenclyff was a standing joke in the office.

"Well," said Jeremiah, "I've got a steady job in Glenclyff, and, if I send you tips of anything happens there, will you pay me for them?"

"Bring along your tips. We'll give you space rates for what they come to. So let us know whenever a bank fails or there's a great strike among the milkmaids or a farm explodes;" and a swishing sound went down the row of desks. All of us, old fellows and young fellows, were never too busy to make some sound or sign of recognition when Old Buttons was pleased to be facetious.

Jackson was writing at speed that





"Hello!" said the station agent. "You didn't sit in a draught, did you?"

approached the record, but he scraped with one foot while his pencil was flying; and others leaned back to make a chair squeak, or thumped a knee against a loose drawer in a desk to make it rattle. But all went on busily writing. Some day there might come a fire or an earthquake, but all would go on busily writing.

"Well, good-by," said Jeremiah; "I'll drop in now and then to see you, whether I have any news or not. Did you ever try baking soda for indigestion? Maybe I'll drop in next week some time." He stretched out a hand, and Old Buttons shook hands, though not very cordially, with him.

"You must come see me, if you're out my way," said Jeremiah, at the first desk. "Now, if that ain't bad of you! You're just as fat as ever you was! You mustn't wear collars nor eat things with starch in them." Forefingers were extended mechanically, because that seemed the established way of treating him; and Jeremiah bounced along to Jackson and from Jackson to the door.

When we were busy, we were very busy, but when work was done, and for a time there would be no assignments, we idled and expressed idleness chiefly with our legs. So legs went up on chairs and feet were on desks, and somebody matched somebody else for seven beers, which would be brought up

on a tray if some one touched the button in the club room next door. The seven beers came up, and Old Buttons suffered, for his dignity would not permit him to take one with us, and for the sake of discipline he would have to pretend not to see, while in deference to discipline we pretended to smuggle them in, but drank them openly enough.

Legs were twisted and stretched and elevated for the greatest possible comfort, and we were ready to smoke and gossip for half an hour or so. Most of us expressed amusement that anyone should hope to do anything in the newspaper business in dull and silent little Glenclyff, but Jackson said, in his irritable, snappy way:

"How do you know? Glenclyff has never been exploited. I'll bet you we find it positively seethe with excitement, now there's some one there to tell the world." But that was Jackson's way. He liked to take long chances upon anything conflicting with general judgment, because the slightest chance the more creditable to his foresight would his advocacy be. And in this spirit he offered to bet that Russia would win the war with Japan, though Rojstvensky was in the hospital then.

We gossiped and derided the news possibilities of Glenclyff, until Miss Lansing came in. Miss Lansing did



the society news. As to hats and in the matter of smoking and of losing temper we did not recognize her presence, but in the matter of legs we made a concession to her. All the legs came down, and we could neither be comfortable nor gossip any more then.

The next day a story came over the telephone from Jeremiah. A burglary in Glencliff. Little of value had been taken, but the story was worth attention, because of the importance of the man whose summer home had been robbed.

"It's a fake. Don't let that fellow in here again," said Old Buttons; but he told Jackson to call up the Jamaica correspondent, who covered Queens County generally.

Burglary in Glencliff? The Jamaica man had heard nothing of it.

"Jeremiah is a faker," said everyone, writing rapidly and letting nothing interfere with the writing, but offering an opinion while pencils were jabbing in jagged jerks. "He's started right in."

But Jackson then called up the station agent in Glencliff. Burglary? Certainly. In the house of Ebenezer Snow, the insurance man. The facts were those that Jeremiah had telephoned.

"Queer," said Jackson, uneasily. "As it's verified it must be so, and is no fake, after all; but there was something familiar in that station agent's voice—sort of a confidential tone to it

that I seemed to recognize." But we were not interested in whatever was puzzling him, for we were discussing the copy reader's new suit, while we were rapidly writing up fires and swindles and whatever we had been sent out on during the day.

Jeremiah came to the office Wednesday evening to turn in his bill and chat confidentially with us.

"You always put your name up in the corner?" he asked. Such a little thing as to look over one's shoulder while one was writing was nothing that he would scruple at. "There! You spelled that word wrong, all right. You must avoid prottyoids, if you expect to thin down some. Did you ever try salt for biliousness? I guess you're bilious, ain't you? Do you always draw circles around your periods, like that? And what's them marks for?"

All that was necessary to forward him on was to raise a finger, but there was one good story spoiled by his anxiety to learn, for one may write easily in an earthquake, but to write while some one is looking over one's shoulder is a different thing.

"Well, good-by," said Jeremiah. "If I have any space, I'll drop in next Wednesday night to see you. Be good to yourselves. Did you ever try Brazil nuts for the liver, Mr. Jackson? I think your liver is bad." But we were silent, and a line of forefingers pointed to the door.



"You always put your name on the corner?" he asked.

Jackson was certainly right in one of his long chances. Truly, Glencliff had never been appreciated before. Dynamite was found on the railroad tracks just in time to prevent it from blowing up an express train. According to our correspondent, some one had fired a revolver from ambush at a prominent citizen, and then in came a story that the post office had been robbed. To Jeremiah Boggs was due all credit for the discovery of Glencliff as a news mine, and he was the man that was making Glencliff notorious. Every Wednesday evening he came to the office, his pockets bulging with clippings, which he pasted in a strip so as to send in a space bill that was long enough for a surveyor to measure with.

In fact, Old Buttons became suspicious. Glencliff was altogether too small to support such an opulence of crime. Such a delightful degree of wickedness would have been creditable to a large city. To be sure, the station agent verified everything when we telephoned to him, but then this agent was unknown in the office. Either Glencliff was being despoiled by some most desperate villain, or—why, these things were occurring only in some one's imagination. The post office was robbed a second time, and in a dozen small stores the safes were looted. Great was the prosperity of Jeremiah Boggs; and his friendly interest continued, but there was something about his stories that

stamped them as fakes. Jackson was sent out to Glencliff to investigate. He thought he would take a look at the station agent first.

"Hello!" said the station agent. "You didn't sit in a draught, did you? You ought to be very particular when you're traveling, you know."

"Oh, I see!" said Jackson. "You've been verifying your own stories, have you? Oh, you're all right, Mr. J. Boggs, but some one must have cornered the copyright on the truth where you came from." And he went into the town to interview the inhabitants to make complete the exposure of Jeremiah Boggs.

"It's true!" said every inhabitant interviewed. "Your paper has neither added nor left out a fact. You have had most veracious information of this reign of terror suffered by Glencliff. But we have detectives at work."

Jackson returned to the office just in time to be told to go right back, for the mysterious burglar of Glencliff had been caught not ten minutes before, as told over the telephone. This was too important a story to be intrusted to Jeremiah, so away went Jackson, the staff artist going with him to draw a picture of the burglar.

And why pry and spy and toil in the search of news, when one can make one's own news, and then swell one's income by reporting one's own misdeeds? The artist came back with Jeremiah's picture.



### Compensation

I VOWED unvarying faith, and she,  
To whom in full I pay that vow,  
Rewards me with variety,  
Which men who change can never know.  
COVENTRY PATMORE.

# A Formidable Personality

DAVID BELASCO

NO manager of our day has created a profounder impression than David Belasco. His several attractive and very artistic theaters opened recently in Washington, Pittsburgh, and New York; his long war on the theatrical trust, in which he has persistently beaten that misguided octopus, and his training of such actors and actresses as David Warfield, Mrs. Carter, Blanche Bates, and Bertha Galland, together with his astonishing successes in the way of plays he has written, staged, directed, and generally artistically as well as commercially managed, make him one of the most striking figures in the theatrical world.

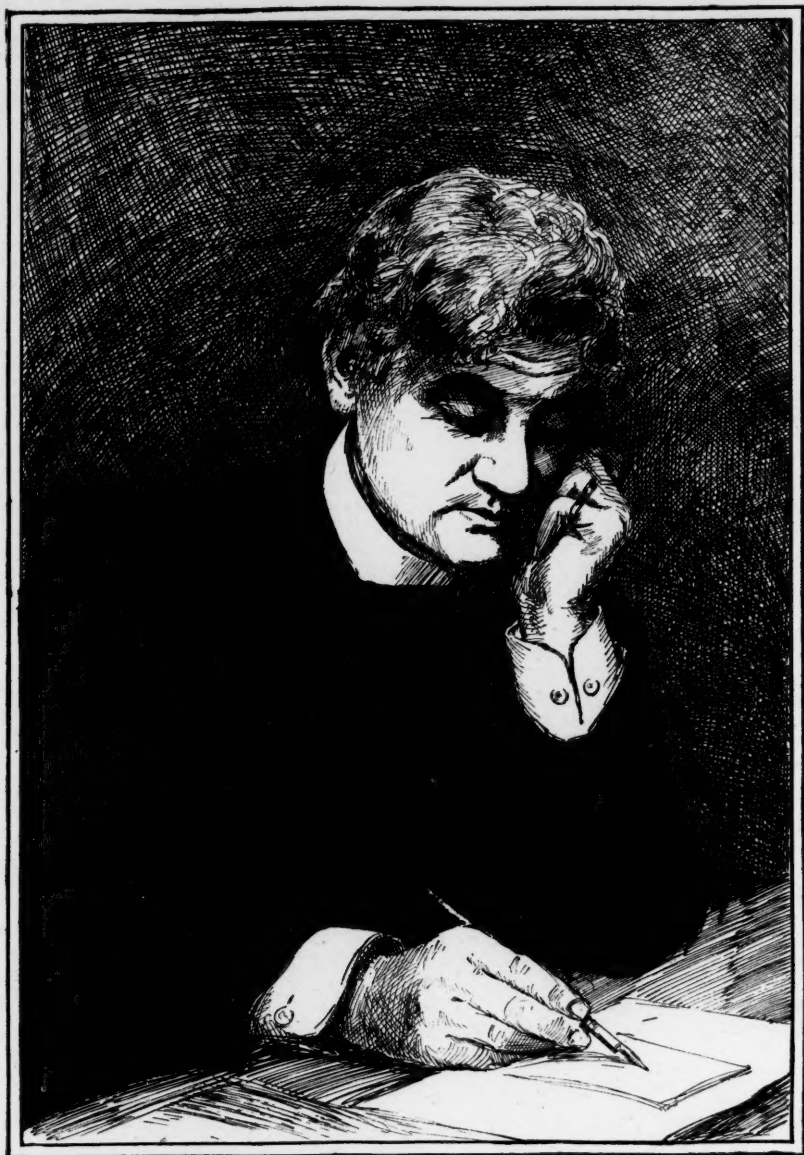
He is only medium-sized, with comfortably pleasant proportioned figure, which he clothes after the manner of a priest or a minister. He is dark and rather solemn, with a shock of bright gray hair combed loosely back over his forehead, and his eyes are a revelation in themselves of a keen, earnest, intent nature. He has a small mouth and a high forehead, creased with three or four perpendicular lines, and when he talks he moves his mouth unconsciously, as if he were shifting his tongue or changing the location of some morsel which he had been chewing.

A pleasanter personality to encounter was never known in the theatrical field. He is blandness and suavity itself. His voice is soft, his gesture soothing; and he talks in a kindly, interested, and confidential way which makes him a great favorite. Theatrical critics delight to confer with him. Aspiring talent knocks eagerly and hopefully at his door. He looks and acts in the main like some genial, pleasant, sympathetic, and tactful father-confessor, who would really be pleased to hear your troubles,

and would aid you if it were in his power.

But Belasco is much more than that. He is really a great man. Whatever his shortcomings—and he no doubt has many of them—his career as a theatrical manager, a playwright, a developer of genius, and a producer of artistic plays makes him one of the most remarkable figures of our time. When, a few years ago, he took up with Mrs. Leslie Carter and began to develop that remarkable actress he was not nearly as famous as he is to-day, but since he drilled her into the various rôles which so well became her, and prepared the plays in which she has appeared, he has developed rapidly, and his present stature is not easily estimated. His discovery of David Warfield and his fight with and defeat of the theatrical syndicate seem to have raised him to the topmost pinnacle of popular favor.

The career of Belasco is very interesting. His father and mother were English people of Portuguese extraction, who came to this country at the time of the famous gold rush of '49. They came to San Francisco, via the Isthmus of Panama, which his mother crossed on foot. It was in the latter city that he was born, shortly after his mother's arrival, and it was in the West and far West that all of the scenes of his early life were laid. He was a favorite child of his mother, who was a very generous and kindly woman, and in so far as conditions permitted, surrounded him with all the attentions a mother's love could suggest. He was carried from one mining camp to another, where, during his youth, he witnessed all the scenes now so famous in the tales of "49." Later he was sent to a Roman Catholic seminary, where he was edu-



**DAVID BELASCO**

Dramatist, manager, and master of stage-craft

cated by priests, but after three or four years of schooling, he ran away. Then he joined a road company, which was nothing more than a theatrical wagon hauling a few actors around the country who produced such plays as would please the hardy Westerner of the time. Shakespeare was not very well represented among these.

In this career, which lasted for several years, Belasco was not only an actor, but a property-man and an incipient stage-manager, also. "I seemed to have a knack for that sort of thing," he once told the writer, "and every one seemed willing that I should do it. They unloaded on me, in front and behind the stage, and the more I wanted to do the more they let me do. Finally I was nearly director of the whole affair—borrowing chairs and tables and other properties from neighbors before the performance, and arranging and directing things during its progress. I used to carry properties on my back through the streets in those days."

It was when he was only fourteen years of age that he took to playwriting, tinkering up a piece which he called "Jim Black, or The Regulator's Revenge," and after that producing various others, which were staged with more or less success. Coming East, he produced "May Blossom" at the Madison Square Theater, and "La Belle Russe" at Wallacks, and then worked for awhile with Henry C. DeMille, a young playwright of great promise, with whom he originated "The Wife." Together they produced "The Charity Ball," "Lord Chumley," and "Men and Women." He then wrote "The Girl I Left Behind Me" in collaboration with Franklin Fyles, and still later, after DeMille's death, took up his art alone again. "The Heart of Maryland," in which he first introduced the personality of Mrs. Leslie Carter, seems to have started a new era in his life.

The real beginning of Mr. Belasco's fame seems to have been laid about this time—1896 and 7. Previous to this he had made only a moderate impression. Mrs. Carter was merely a Chicago society woman when he first met her, but

his work for her development during a half-dozen years preceding the production of "The Heart of Maryland" had produced wonderful results. For one thing, the American public realized that a remarkable actress had been made out of Mrs. Carter, and, soon after, that Mr. Belasco had made her. He had tried her out a few years before in a very mediocre production known as "The Ugly Duckling," and she had not made a success. Now it was shown that first failures were not necessarily final failures, and that the personality of so great a playwright and stage-manager as Mr. Belasco could deeply influence any one whom he chose to interest himself in.

This impression was not at fault. Mr. Belasco had made Mrs. Carter. She came to him in Chicago, according to his own statement, without the least knowledge of dramatic art, but with the decided feeling that she could act. She was strong and virile, with a remarkable physical appearance, since indelibly stamped on the public mind. "The first time I saw her," he once told me, "the first moment I laid eyes on her, I realized that I had come into contact with a great personality. She tried to convince me that she could do something on the stage. I feigned indifference in order to draw her out. She posed, declaimed, begged, cajoled, and even wept, and I smiled to myself, for I knew I had found some one who would make a great success. However, I held her off, as I did not wish to hurry into any such undertaking without due care and preparation."

In the course of time, however, he undertook the task, and finally succeeded. He did not, as explained, do so at first, but in "The Heart of Maryland," which he wrote himself, he found a comedy-drama which suited Mrs. Carter to a dot. It was intense, full of desperate emotion, and required great energy of acting. Mrs. Carter stormed the heights with ease, and after that Mr. Belasco was recognized not only as a great playwright and a great manager, but a true manipulator of genius, and one who had genius himself.



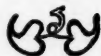
Various incidents followed swiftly. He starred Mrs. Carter persistently, hunted energetically for new and suitable material in which to present her, and finally, after much effort, brought forth "Zaza," in which Mrs. Carter scored a remarkable triumph. Her position as a great actress was finally assured by this play, and Mr. Belasco's art as a playwright and manager equally vindicated. This success enabled him at last to give his talent for great stage production, and the selection and preparation of immature talent in actors, full swing, and this he did with great energy and success. He first selected Miss Blanche Bates as a suitable personality to star in "Madame Butterfly," a one-act playlet which had scored a profound sensation as a magazine story, and which he had made into even a more remarkable play. He then trained Miss Bates as he had trained Mrs. Carter, and made a notable actress of her. After this he turned his attention to David Warfield, who had made a success as a humorous interpreter of Jewish character, and after persuading him to leave the control of the theatrical syndicate, which was using him without much consideration as to his future, coached and trained him for the part he is now playing in "The Music Master."

The country was duly surprised at the change made in Warfield's acting by Belasco. He was stronger from the moment he passed under the latter's control, and has proved how good his mentor's judgment was by his acting in "The Music Master." A long contest ensued between Belasco and the theat-

rical trust as to the former's right to star his new protégé, but the trust was beaten, and now Mr. Warfield is permanently one of Belasco's own.

His latest production, that of "The Girl From the Golden West," is too recent to require any explanation here. The triumph of his artistic judgment in such plays as "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods," "Sweet Kitty Belaires," "Adrea," "The Music Master," and this last has been so much discussed as to require no especial mention here, either. He is admitted a master of stagecraft, a man of profound imagination, and one of the best playwrights and trainers of actors in the world. Nothing more that he can do in the field of the stage can add much glory to his already large fame.

Mr. Belasco, although apparently a very forward and successful fighter, is really not an aggressive person at all. He is, in fact, very retiring, and when coming into contact with a stranger, shows much of the diffidence of one who feels his own unworthiness. He is exceedingly simple and sincere, and finds his friends among those who admire the artistic and the dramatic in life. He is very earnest about his work, and, when understood and appreciated, will talk for hours about his art. He has a great collection of costumes and furniture of nearly every famous period, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, and a library stocked with books descriptive of important epochs. His admiration for his leading actors, whom he has done so much to develop, is profound.



### Cause for Confusion

"BE hanged if I understand it prezizely!" obfuscatedly said a certain prominent citizen of Arkansas. "I went up to the office of the *Weekly Clarion*, a while ago, and asked the editor what he meant by printin' that the snake I killed last week was three feet long, when I'd p'intedly told him it was fully seven and a half; and he smiled and said he was aware of the fact, but he was so crowded for space in his paper that that was all of the snake he had room to publish this time. Mebby that's all right, but I'll be dinged if I see just how he figgers it out, somehow!"



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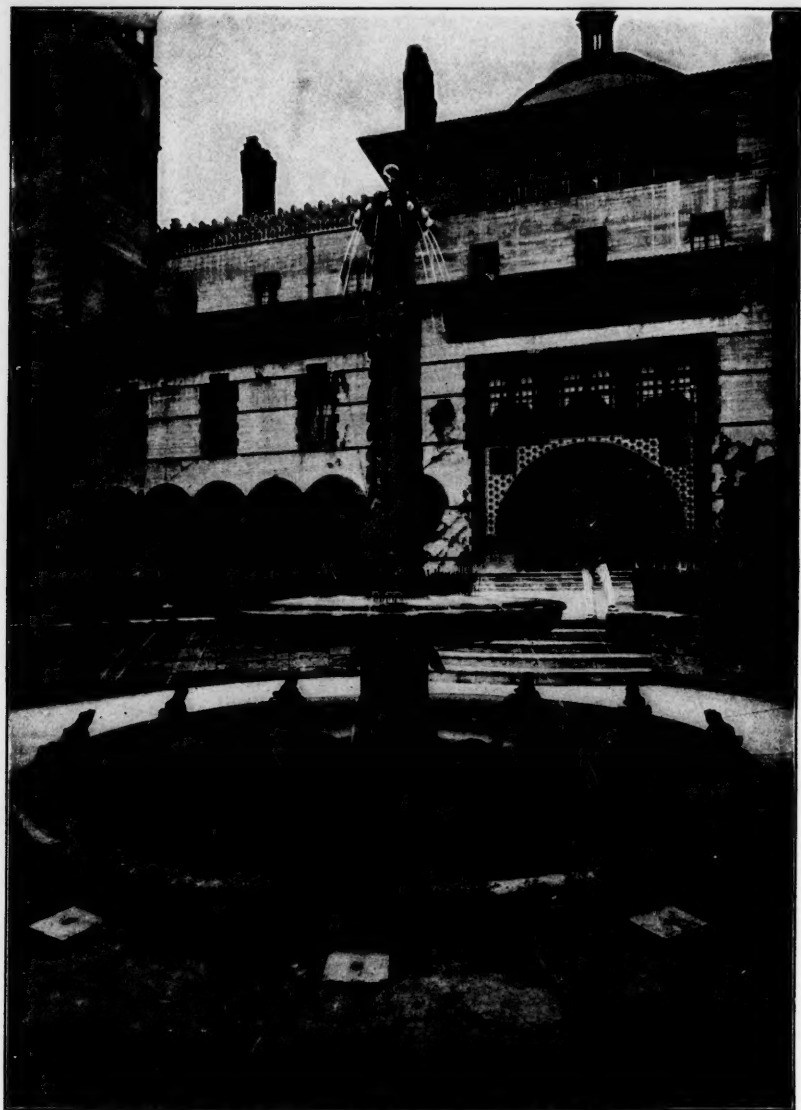
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# THE PARADISE of the SOUTH.

Florida and its  
Winter Hotels.





THE FOUNTAIN IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE



COURTYARD, HOTEL PONCE DE LEON, ST. AUGUSTINE. ALCAZAR AND CORDOVA HOTELS IN THE DISTANCE

## Under Florida Palms

By James French Dorrance

A MIDWINTER trip to the smiling, sunshine land of Florida means many things to the fortunate individuals who enjoy it each year, and not the least of these is the revelation of the climatic contrasts of this vast republic. One leaves the north or the west, or the borderland between north and south, at a time when winter has ceased to nip delightfully and has set its teeth in a blizzard bite. One enters the State of the Palmetto at the season when it is most near the mortal conception of Paradise.

With ears smarting from the frost, and the whole body chilled to the very marrow with the biting winter blast, the Florida traveler boards a south-bound vestibuled limited. Perhaps the first stages of the journey are only possible with the assistance of powerful

snowplows, and likely there is a mantle of white through the Carolinas and well into South Georgia. Yet in forty hours from departure time at New York or Chicago one is awakened by a brilliant, blazing sun breaking through the windows of the Pullman. A glance out of the window, and you rub your eyes with wonder, for such a genial, green-clad country, rioting in the vivid coloring of the semi-tropics, seems very like a dreamland to eyes that have grown accustomed to snowdrifts and icicles.

It is about the tenth of January that the season on the Florida East Coast opens at St. Augustine, its oldest city, with the raising of the ponderous gates of the Ponce de Leon, which is held by many to be the most beautiful of resort hotels from an architectural standpoint. Old Spanish cannons roar a welcome

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DINING ROOM OF THE PONCE DE LEON AT ST. AUGUSTINE. THIS DINING ROOM SEATS 1,600 PEOPLE

to the Northerners who have just arrived on the first of the limited trains, and Spanish flags are unfurled about the battlements along with the Stars and Stripes.

St. Augustine is inordinately proud of its Spanish foundation in the days when the New World was really new. Its old fort, now called Fort Marion, and under the control of the regular army, is being preserved most carefully, and will ever be a Mecca for lovers of history. In the old part of the town the narrow streets and quaint old buildings of another century prevail in pleasing contrast to the wide, palm-studded avenues where wealthy Northerners have erected winter homes.

Sailing is the distinctive feature of life at St. Augustine, and almost the first place to which visitors are conducted is the stone breakwater, off which are anchored scores of white-winged small craft. The event of each week is the stated race between twenty-five identical raceabouts. It is a contest in which one craft has as good a

chance as any other, and the trophy goes to the most skillful skipper. It is a smooth, intensely blue bay on which most of the sailing is done, but there are various inlets, through which the open Atlantic—here a great bed of easy-going swells—can be reached, and there are many pleasant beaches, on which sailing parties land for clam and oyster bakes.

For several years St. Augustine's line of expansion has been building shell roads; and more delightful drives could hardly be imagined. The woods through which the roads wind are gay with yellow jasmine, and the trees are most beautifully draped with tropical mosses. There are several bridges to Anastasia Island, where there is a beach drive of sixteen miles, every inch of which is as hard and firm as an asphalt pavement.

Toward the end of January a visit to the railroad station discloses many leather-coated men among the passengers, and there are solid trains of baggage cars filled with automobiles.



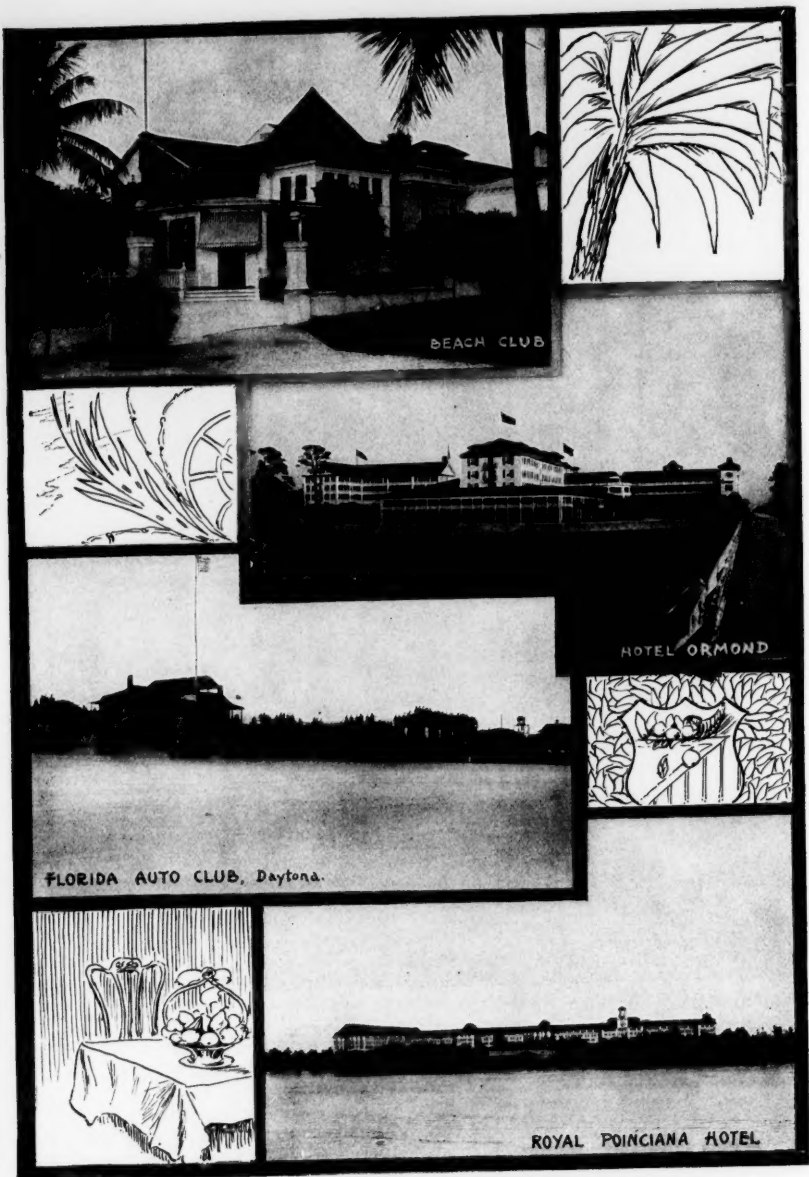


ROTUNDA AND MAIN STAIRCASE OF THE HOTEL PONCE DE LEON AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

It is the signal for a migration down the coast to the Ormond-Daytona beach, the greatest automobiling speedway in the world. No less powerful a builder than the Atlantic Ocean mixed the clay of the shore line and the sands of its tides into a perfect racing course, wide enough for a dozen swift cars to run

abreast, and long enough for distance speed runs, without the delay and danger of turning.

This will be the third winter of Florida automobile racing, and, from the speed attained in the past, when all sorts of existing records have been broken, one can only surmise the speed



BEACH CLUB

HOTEL ORMOND

FLORIDA AUTO CLUB, Daytona.

ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL



OCEAN BOULEVARD, OPERA HOUSE AND STORES LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA AT SEA BREEZE, FLORIDA

that will be attained there in a few weeks. The fame of the course has spread all over Europe, and cars will be shipped thousands of miles to compete for the rich cups and money prizes which are offered.

An automobile meet on this beach, which is in sight of the tumbling Gulf Stream, is an inspiring sight. There are cars of every description, from gentle electric runabouts operated by women and children, to great, purring, throbbing racing cars, stripped to the very frame, which require all the skill of driver and mechanic to keep their engines from turning them upside down. During the meet the big hotels are fairly thronged, the halls and billiard rooms turned into barracks for men, and the dining rooms running in half a dozen relays. Along the beach at the various starting and finishing points great field stands are erected, and from a central station the judges control the entire course by means of telegraph and telephone lines.

It is but a few hours' run from Ormond to Palm Beach, through a most interesting country that hints of the Everglades in places, shows orange and cocoanut groves, and bristling pineapple plantations here and there. A part of the journey is along the wide, easy-going Indian River, in the marshes of which one sees thousands of curious cranes, standing on one of their long legs. There are no end of pelicans fishing most skillfully with bills that would make the dressmaking bills of the superbly clad women in the palace cars look small. Now and then the close observer from the open car window sees alligators sunning their scaly backs on a sun-baked mud bank.



BEACH CHAIR ROW, THE BREAKERS, PALM BEACH

The sport which draws the racing crowd to Palm Beach the first week in February is motor-boat racing, which many think is even more thrilling than driving a speeding automobile on land. It certainly has more attractions for the spectator.

Lake Worth, a salt water body twenty miles long, of uniform depth, with its shores decorated with a continuous line of cocoanut palms, is the

then a sailboat with a spread of white canvas swings up or down the lake. Anchored on either side of the course is an imposing fleet of house boats—a craft which in Florida reaches the perfection of its class—and steam yachts, each decorated to the fullest extent of their flag lockers. It is a perfect day, like as not, with just enough wind to temper the rays of the sun, which gives everything the brilliant lighting one has

come to expect of Florida, and puts silver touches to the varying blue of the lake. Then come the dashing motor boats—three, four and five a breast—raising themselves almost out of the water with the throb of their many cylindered engines, and throwing out stern waves that would be a credit to ocean liners. The finish is always exciting, and often decided by the breadth of a hair. Certainly if kings knew about it, they would make water motoring their sport.

The regatta over, the throng from the land of snow has a chance to look about Palm Beach. In point of magnitude, the Royal Poinciana,



THE DOUBLE WHEEL CHAIR, POPULAR WITH THE NEWLY MARRIED AT PALM BEACH.  
THE OCCUPANTS OF THIS PARTICULAR CHAIR ARE MR. AND MRS.  
BYRON CHANDLER OF MASSACHUSETTS

motor boat speedway, and there are many who believe that it will be but a few years until it becomes the American Henley for power craft.

The regatta days are pictures for an artist, whether one focuses the scene from the crowd which lines both shores about the finish or from a floating point of view. Fleet motor boats dash up and down the course trying out their engines; noisy power craft and cabin launches flit here and there, crowded to the rail with merry-makers; now and

the largest resort hotel in the world, stands out most prominently. Statistics give but a poor idea of its size—it contains 1,066 guest rooms and 640 private baths; it can accommodate 1,700 persons without crowding; its dining room covers two-thirds of an acre, where 1,600 can be seated at once; its kitchens, pantry and serving rooms have a floor space of 17,163 feet; 16,000 electric bulbs are necessary to light it; and there are 1,200 names on the pay roll, which averages \$1,500 a day.



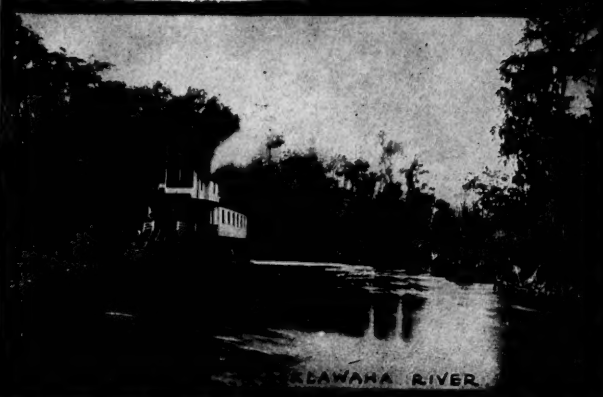
WATER HYACINTHS AT SANFORD, FLA.



ST. JOHN'S RIVER  
BLOCKADED BY  
WATER HYACINTHS

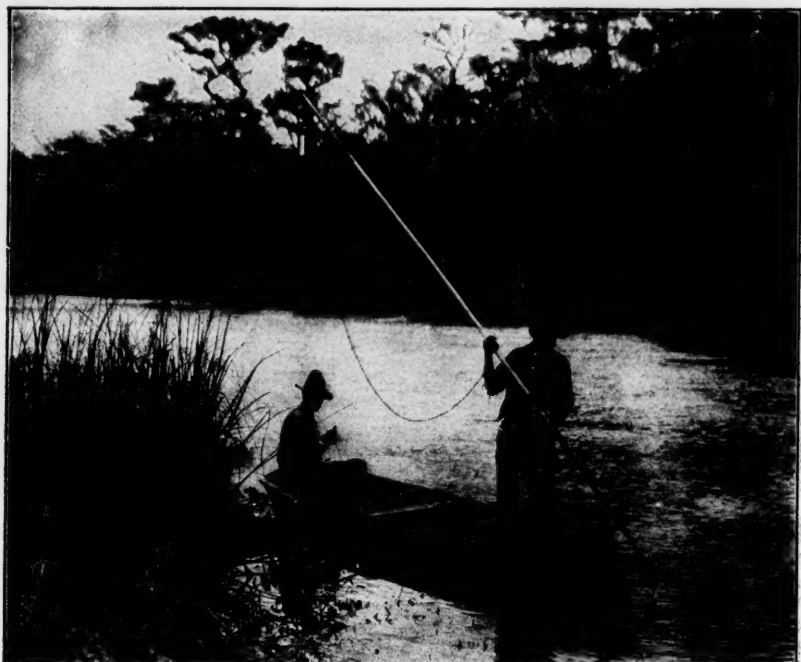


CITY GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE,  
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SPEARING FISH ON THE OCHLAWAHA RIVER, ONE OF THE DIVERSIONS OF THE NORTHERN FISHERMEN

If the wings of this hotel were stretched in a continuous line, the distance would equal seven city blocks in New York. If the hotel were spread along Fifth Avenue it would extend from the Waldorf corner at Thirty-fourth Street to the Café Martin at Twenty-sixth Street, a continuous building seven stories in height. There are more than three miles of halls in that part of the hotel given over to guests, and it boasts one hall carpet a quarter of a mile in length. It is so big it makes you gasp, and if your party happens to draw different wings, you bless the man who invented telephones, and greet each other in the rotunda as though you lived in different parts of a great city instead of under the same hotel roof.

Perhaps the best way of giving you an idea of the life at the pearl resort of the East Coast system, would be to re-

count the ways in which an average day is spent.

One rises at eight-thirty after a comfortable night, in which a sheet was the only covering, and the windows of the room were wide open to let in the fresh salt air from the sea. There is a breakfast in which grape fruit, grown on the island and not two hours from the tree, plays a prominent part. After a glance at yesterday morning's papers you go to the golf links, the first tee being but a stone's throw from the hotel. The links are said to be the best in the South, the turf being of Bermuda grass, closely cropped, which furnishes a springy footing. Clumps of cocoanut trees are so placed about the links as to penalize poor play.

An athletic young woman from Chicago once drove her ball into the top of one of these cocoanuts. She was saying things about the hard luck of





it all when a native Floridan happened along.

"Hard luck, young woman; hard luck, did you say?" he exclaimed. "You really are in luck. Must be you don't know how things grow in these parts. Mark this tree and come back in two weeks and have your caddy boy shake it. You'll get a crop of golf balls that will keep you supplied the rest of the season."

And from the way plants spring up in a night, and fruit develops in no time at all, one could almost believe he meant it.

Having covered eighteen holes, one is ready for a plunge in the surf. There is a beautiful half-mile walk to the excellent beach through a row of brightly flowered hibiscus trees. On the bulletin at the big bathing Casino perhaps you see a telegram telling of the terrible blizzard that is raging in New England or the Middle West, but below it there is the assurance that the

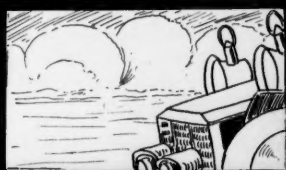
temperature of the surf is seventy degrees, and there is a sun overhead that makes you long for a plunge.

It takes but a moment to change to a bathing suit, and you lose no time crossing the sands, for the beach is blistering on bare feet. A plunge through a breaker or two takes you beyond their line, and a few strong, overhand strokes put you into a sea which rocks like a cradle. Fifty yards behind you flutter scores of men and women, floundering joyously, well within their depth in the gentle surf. Behind them is a line of chairs sprawling in the milk-white sand, their red and white canopies exceeded in giddiness of color only by the frocks and hats and parasols of the women who lounge there. Ahead of the swimmer bobs a lifeboat, painted white—perhaps to afford a contrast to the inky blackness of the West Indian life-savers. It is, indeed, hard to believe that it is midwinter.

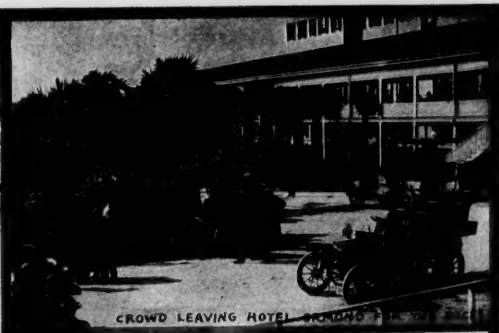
After a high diving "stunt" or two



A CLAM BAKE ON THE LAWN OF WHITEHALL, HENRY M. FLAGLER'S HOME AT PALM BEACH, FLORIDA



MRS. W.K. VANDERBILT AT THE RACES, Ormond.



CROWD LEAVING HOTEL



ARTHUR KEMP, W.K. VANDERBILT AND MR. WALLACE TALKING IT OVER.



into the Casino pool, and a refreshing rub, one is ready for the piazza of the Breakers—a smaller hotel by the sea, which is filled every season by those who do not care for the noise, the pomp, the everlasting gayety of the Royal Poinciana. Here from five hundred to a thousand fashionable people from every social center in the land gather for an hour to listen to the band concert and sip highballs.

Luncheon is a formidable meal, and most people take a nap afterward, but wake in time to go up the shore of Lake Worth to the Florida Gun Club, where there are live bird shoots three times a week, or to the shaded tennis courts north of the big hotel, or to the ball grounds between the two resorts, where teams of colored waiters play most amusing games. The Gun Club attracts some of the best shots in the country, and tea is always served to the women who watch the traps from its wide piazza.

In the late afternoon dozens of electric and power launches appear on Lake Worth. Many go to the House Boat at the ocean inlet seven miles up the lake for tea.

Dinner at seven o'clock sees Palm Beach at its glory. More handsome gowns are not to be seen anywhere. The latest Paris creations, the most skillful work of the American *modiste*, are shown months ahead of time, for the weather is such that one must wear spring gowns, even though the month is February. Many of the women of wealth who spend three or four weeks at Palm Beach never wear the same evening gown twice; and one can tell to a dot what the prevailing fashion of the forthcoming Easter parade will be by watching the piazza in the late afternoon.

A concert on the piazza takes up the early part of the evening, and few of the listening throng wear wraps or hats. At nine-thirty the orchestra moves to the great ballroom of the hotel for a couple of hours of dancing.

One might think that eleven o'clock would bring the Palm Beach day to an end, but there is the Beach Club yet to

visit. The scene at the club is the nearest approach to Monte Carlo that one can find in this country. Roulette and hazard are the games, and men and women play for large or small stakes about a dozen tables. For the high rollers—and many of them come to Palm Beach—there are private rooms, and no limit on the game. If luck is with you, the tables may hold their charm until one o'clock, and there is still a crowd there at two.

But not everyone who visits Palm Beach trifles with chance, by any manner of means, and a moonlight ride over the miles of wheel-chair paths along Lake Worth and through the jungle attracts many. These wheel chairs are propelled by lusty negroes of the real Southern type, and their conversation and remarks give a never-failing zest to the ride. An incident may not be out of place:

The woman passenger was a well-known Chicago philanthropist, and she always takes an interest in the serving classes. She asked her wheelman a number of questions, one of them being: "Are you married?"

"No, miss, I ain't married no more," said the negro. "Meh wife she done thought she could do bettah dan wash th' dishes an' keep th' house for meh, so she done left meh. No, I'se not married no more."

When it again came time to rest the negro asked the question:

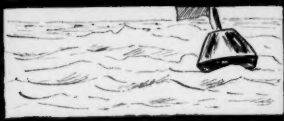
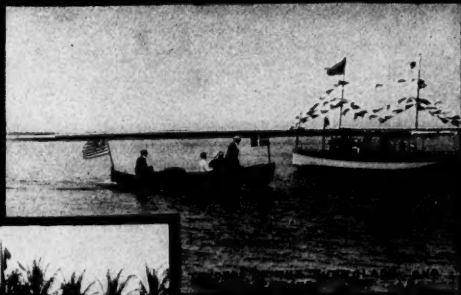
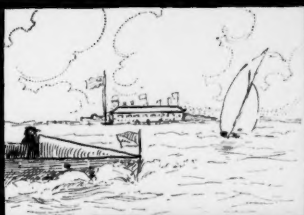
"Is you married, miss?"

"I am a widow," said the visitor, a little sadly.

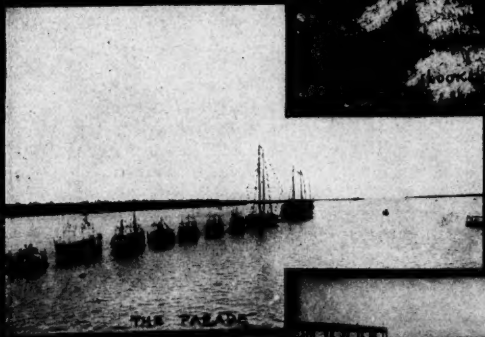
The wheelman scratched his woolly head and chuckled a time or two.

"Dat sure am funny," he declared; "widah wheelin' a widah!"

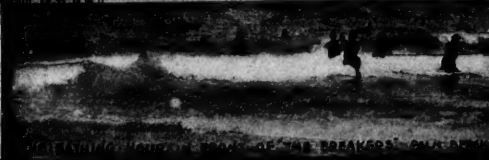
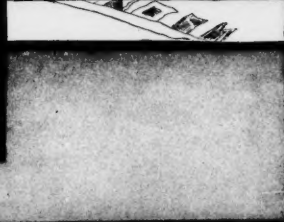
For an affair of the heart one could hardly imagine a more delightful place than Palm Beach. If it is only one of those little touch-and-go affairs, that when properly handled hurt neither, it is more enjoyable amid the whisperings of cocoa palms, the heightened color of an enchanted land, and the marvel of summer warmth in midwinter. If you are serious, perchance, love takes on double wings in this never-worry



MOTOR BOAT CARNIVAL  
LAKE WORTH - PALM BEACH



THE TALENT



PLAYING IN THE SURF OF THE BREAKERS' COUNTRY

world, where there is nothing to interfere, and nature works overtime to make a setting.

There is a tiny little lake that is the scene of a baker's dozen of romances each year. It is well hidden from the main road by hedges of Spanish bayonet and a grove of rubber trees. It is a twisted, tangled, lagoon-like lake, in which great purple lilies grow. Its banks are carpeted in white flowers, and oleanders flash their brilliant blossoms here and there. There are seats there half hidden in scarlet hibiscus. Could one imagine a more delightful place?

If there is any worry about Palm Beach, it is the price one has to pay. Superlative things in this world are usually costly, and there is no doubt about the cost at Palm Beach. Ten dollars a day is about the least a visitor can get through on, unless he stays at one of the smaller hotels and simply looks on—a rank outsider. The cheapest rate which one can get at the big hotels is six dollars a day, and the prices run to fifty dollars, according to the quarters one selects. This "six-dollar rate includes three meals in the American dining room. If you wish a change that comes with a meal in the café you run across the highest New York prices immediately. The Casino costs fifty cents a bath, there is a tax for the use of the golf links, wheel chairs are one dollar an hour, and one easily spends a dollar or two while listening to the concert at the Breakers. If you go to the Beach Club, there is no telling what the day's expense bill will come to. An average of the daily expenditures would be between fifteen and twenty-five dollars. One can readily see that it is no place to practice economy, where the tips of a day would settle the entire hotel bill in New England.

One cannot leave Palm Beach without a word about the man who created all this fairyland out of a wild and tangled jungle. This man is Henry M. Flagler, who with absolute faith invested millions in railroads, hotels and resort building. His home on Lake

Worth is the palace of Florida, a magnificent structure of marble, a noted example of its style in architecture. He spends his winters at Palm Beach, and with Mrs. Flagler gives many elaborate entertainments.

Whitehall, as the palace is known, is especially famous for its banquets, which are given in a hall of great magnificence. It is treated with the design which bears the name of Francis I. The room is finished in satinwood, with the ceiling divided in panels and ornamented with *papier-maché* in tones of green coloring relieved by gold. Near the banquet table is a mantel which is a masterpiece of carving. A panel of Aubusson is introduced into the frame. The walls are hung with two shades of green tapestry, and the windows draped with green silk velour, with bands of rich tapestry in old colorings. The light comes from four chandeliers of bronze and crystal, and the table is set in gold, the set being one of the most expensive in America.

There is one step further in the tour of the East Coast—Miami, with its famous Royal Palm Hotel. Its distinctive feature is the excellent fishing which is to be had in the surrounding waters. Fishermen know of more than two hundred varieties, and one may hook anything from a hundred-pound amberjack to a tiny sheepshead. The amberjack-fishing crowd is the largest, and the devotees are prepared to defend their favorite sport against all others for excitement. They scorn to use a hand line, but insist on using a pole. It is a submarine fight, the taking of amberjacks, for the big fish never break.

Within the scope of this article it has only been possible to give a glimpse of the beauties and the pleasures of the land where it is summer every month of the year. There are scores of attractions not even mentioned, but then one visit, however long, does not serve to uncover them all. The call of spring in the home land up North comes all too soon, but no one regrets that Florida speedily becomes a habit, a mighty good habit if you can afford it.







# STEP BY STEP

by MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON



## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED

The scene opens at the county fair in a New Hampshire town, where Louis Arnold, an orphan boy who has run away from a "poor" farm, performs a slight service for little Gipsy Lawrence. Her father pays for Louis' admission to the race track, and Gipsy shyly offers him a bag of candy. Later when Louis opens the bag he finds a ring which has evidently slipped in there by mistake. He tries to find the Lawrences, but without success. Benjamin Weston, a well-to-do farmer, becomes interested in the lad and gives him employment. Kindnesses are showered on Louis by the Westons and Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Weston's daughter, who, with her husband—a Chicago lawyer—is on a visit. Louis thinks that his troubles are now over, but his dreams are rudely shattered by a rough-looking man who accosts him as he leaves church.

## CHAPTER V.

"OH!"

It was a long-drawn, shuddering breath, rather than a startled cry, and instantly all the brightness faded out of Louis' face, leaving him white and wild-eyed from fear.

"Aha! So yer caught at last, eh? Oh, this is a fine piece of luck for me!" chuckled the man, as he gave his captive a rough shake. Then, as his glance swept the boy's neatly clad figure from head to foot, he went on: "Great Scott! haven't you grown a fine bird since you left the farm! Who's payin' the bills, I wonder!" and he supplemented his observations with a rude laugh and a revolting string of oaths.

"Stop, sir!"

The words were very quietly spoken, but with an authoritative intonation, which instantly produced effect, for the man's hand involuntarily relaxed its grasp upon Louis, while he turned his bloodshot eyes with a stare of stupid surprise upon the speaker.

"Eh!" he ejaculated, shrinking back a pace or two, and evidently somewhat

disconcerted upon finding himself confronted by the self-possessed, elegantly clad woman who had addressed him.

"What is this boy to you? Why do you treat him so roughly?" Mrs. Richards inquired, while she laid a reassuring hand upon Louis' arm, yet at the same time suspecting something of the truth.

"That's a matter that doesn't concern you, marm, if you'll excuse me for sayin' it," was the coarse, insolent retort, as Louis' assailant began to bridle again.

"It certainly does concern me, sir," Mrs. Richards asserted, with quiet dignity, "for the boy is under my care."

"Under *your* care, is he? That's a good one!" roared the intoxicated boor, with a malicious leer. "P'raps you don't know he's nothing but a sneaking little pauper, who belongs to the poor farm up in —, New Hampshire."

"Ah! Louis, do you know this man? Has he any authority over you?" Helen Richards inquired, with a compassionate look in her eyes, as she turned to her youthful, crestfallen companion.

"Yes'm; he is Nathan Black, the superintendent at the farm," Louis admitted, with downcast eyes and white, trembling lips.

"That's right; you see he don't quite like to give an old friend the cold shoul-

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der, for all he's grown such a gay plumage and caught on to such high-toned nabobs since he took French leave of our fine institution, up country," sneered Nathan Black, with malicious sarcasm. "But come on," he resumed authoritatively, "I'll relieve the lady of all further care of you, and tomorrow morning we'll make tracks for New Hampshire. I tell you"—with an ugly grin—"we've been downright lonesome without you, you—runaway pauper; and we'll make it all-fired interesting for you when we get you back again;" and his brawny hand once more closed with an ugly grip over Louis' shoulder.

*"I never will go back to that farm."*

The words fell from the boy's lips with a firmness and decision that betrayed a dauntless spirit; and as he gave utterance to them he resolutely threw back his head and looked straight into the eyes of the brute before him.

"Eh!—you won't go back to the farm? We'll see about that, you——" and another volley of oaths smote upon the ear.

"If you take me back I shall run away again," Louis asserted inflexibly, his steadfast glance never wavering. "I know I'm only a boy, and there's nobody in the world to take care of me; but I'm never going to be a pauper on any town."

With a dexterous movement he wrenched himself free from his captor's grip and quietly stepped back to Mrs. Richards' side; though, being fleet of foot as a deer, he might have taken refuge in flight, and so made good his escape.

Nathan Black's face grew crimson with rage at being thus defied, and he lifted his powerful arm, as if to strike the boy a cruel blow. But Mrs. Richards calmly stepped between them and faced him.

"Mr. Black," she began, with quiet dignity, "it may be that you have authority to compel Louis to return to New Hampshire with you; but you are certainly in no condition to provide for his comfort in a proper manner to-day. I will give you my address, and you can

come out to us in the morning, when, perhaps, we may have something practical to propose to you."

"No, you don't, marm. I'm not going to let my bird slip away from me, now that I have got my paw on him. You're a mighty smooth-spoken woman, and you may mean to do the square thing," he added, as his glance wavered and fell beneath her pure, direct gaze; "but he's got to go back where he belongs—understand?" He moved a pace nearer the two as he ceased.

Helen Richards shrank involuntarily away from him, for his hot, liquor-tainted breath was too offensive to be borne, and his appearance was repulsive in the extreme. She made no reply to his insolent query, but stood, for a moment, looking thoughtfully up the avenue, trying to think of some way out of the perplexing situation.

She felt that it would be of no avail to try to reason with the man in his semi-intoxicated state, and yet she could not for a moment tolerate the idea of allowing Louis to go with him to some low, sin-laden locality, and perhaps to suffer further cruelty at his hands.

Suddenly her face lighted as the blue-coated figure of a policeman came into view. She signaled to him, and the next moment he was close at hand, courteously inquiring:

"What is it, madam? Can I assist you in any way?"

She briefly explained the situation, and concluded by saying:

"You can see for yourself that the man is in no condition to take charge of the boy. I feel it my duty to insist that he go home with me—I will give the man my address, and pledge my word that he will find him there when he comes for him——"

"It won't do, marm; I've no time nor money to waste running about the country for truant boys," Nathan Black here blusteringly interposed.

"It will not take him out of his way at all, Mr. Officer, for an electric line and the Boston and Maine Railway both run through the town," Mrs. Richards persisted.

The officer had listened respectfully

to her story, and realized that she was in the right; while, too, his sympathies were enlisted for the manly little fellow who had borne himself so well during the controversy, for he had had his eye on the group for several moments before Mrs. Richards had appealed to him.

"Let the boy go with the lady," he briefly commanded, when she ceased speaking.

"Not if I know it," fiercely retorted the discomfited superintendent, with a supplemental oath.

The policeman lifted his hand authoritatively.

"Let the boy go," he repeated sternly. "As the lady says, you are not fit to look out for him, and you can go for him tomorrow, if you are bound to take him back to New Hampshire with you. Not a word, sir!"—as the crest-fallen man again began to bluster—"or I shall run you in for breaking the peace."

Mrs. Richards hastily wrote her father's address on a slip of paper, which she found in her purse, and passed it to the officer, who, after reading it, handed it to Nathan Black.

The man accepted it most ungra-

ciously, stood irresolute for a moment, then, with a surly scowl at Louis, turned and walked unsteadily away, muttering angrily to himself as he went.

The policeman stood by Mrs. Richards and Louis until their car came along, when he helped the lady aboard, politely touching his hat to her in response to her graciously spoken thanks for his timely assistance.

Mrs. Richards sat absorbed in thought for some time after they had started on their way. She was considerably exercised in her mind regarding what had just occurred. She felt that it would be a great wrong to Louis to allow him to return to the miserable life from which he had fled and again come under the influence of a man so uncultured and so lacking in moral responsibility as Nathan Black appeared to be.

"Something must be done to rescue the dear boy," she said to herself. Glancing at him, she found him looking very grave, and in his dark eyes there was a pathetic expression of patient endurance that went straight to her heart.

"We mustn't forget, Louis, that there is One who overrules all evil, so 'let not



*His brawny hand once more closed with an ugly grip over Louis' shoulder.*

your heart be troubled';" she said softly in his ear, and giving him an encouraging little pat on the shoulder.

"I—I'm afraid I don't quite know how to get along without worrying about this," the boy replied, in a repressed tone. "I don't want to go back to that farm—I know it isn't the right place for me, and——"

"Well, dear, it is a good deal to *know* that," his companion hastened to say, as he choked up suddenly; "and now if you can also *know* that God's child can never be anywhere but in his proper place, God will surely take care of the rest of it."

Louis glanced up quickly at her, giving her a comprehensive nod, and drew in a long, deep breath. A gleam of comfort had come to him with her reassuring words.

"That is just what Aunt Martha would have said," he returned, with a smile that chased much of the anxiety from his young face, and left him brighter and more light-hearted.

"I think that dear woman must be perfectly lovely," observed Helen Richards, a thrill of emotion in her voice as she realized what a lasting influence for good Miss Wellington had exercised upon the character of this child, whom she had befriended when deprived of his father and mother.

"She is," the boy positively affirmed. "Everybody loved her, though sometimes they used to laugh at her 'queer notions,' as they called them; but you couldn't come where she was without feeling that she loved you, and that everything would go all right as long as she was around. If I couldn't have my mother, I—I—wish I might have kept Aunt Martha," he concluded, with a wistful sigh that touched his listener deeply.

"But what would those dear little children out in Colorado have done without her?" she gently inquired.

"I didn't think of that. I suppose they did need her most, and they are her own folks, too," Louis replied, quick to perceive the delicately implied reproof.

"Well, dear, we must not forget that

God is both father and mother to all His children, and everything will come out all right if you do your best and leave the rest to Him," his companion rejoined, adding: "We really do not need to worry about the affairs of tomorrow, because we cannot see our way clear to-day, any more than we need to fear that something will happen to us during the night because the sun has disappeared and left the earth in darkness; for we know that sun is still shining somewhere, and if we wait patiently all will be bright for us again. Ah! see how beautiful the lake is to-day, with all those gorgeous colors reflected in its clear depths!" she suddenly exclaimed, with gleaming eyes, as the car rounded a curve in the road, when a lovely sheet of water, with a thousand brilliant tints and a wonderful sky mirrored on its surface, was revealed to them. "What a delightful world this is, after all!" she concluded, with an appreciative sigh.

Louis' eyes lingered for a minute upon the exquisite picture, his somber face lighting, his heart rebounding involuntarily beneath an inspiration like to that which Longfellow must have experienced when he sang:

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And from a beaker full of richest dyes  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dripping in warm light the pillared  
clouds.

Then he turned an adoring look upon the soul-lighted countenance beside him.

"If everybody was as kind as you and your folks, and if everybody had a father and mother, and a good home, I think it would be a lovely world," he returned, with a plaintive note in his tones that was meltingly pathetic.

## CHAPTER VI.

After her return from church and their Sunday dinner was over, Mrs. Richards related to Mr. and Mrs. Weston what had occurred in connection with Louis and the irresponsible superintendent who had so inopportune-



ly appeared upon the scene; whereupon there followed a grave discussion regarding the boy's future, and what could be done to enable him to make the most of himself.

"As I said last night, I don't really need a boy, with a man on the place," Farmer Weston reflectively observed, breaking in upon a thoughtful silence that had followed various suggestions. "At the same time, he's mighty handy to have around, and I'd even be willing to make a place for him, rather than have him go back to that New Hampshire poor farm, to be under a man such as you describe."

"And you wouldn't feel it a burden, father, to have such a responsibility thrust upon you at your time of life?" his daughter inquired.

"A burden, Helen! No, indeed; he has made me feel younger already during the few days he has been here. He is a bright, smart little chap, and I'm drawn to him; but perhaps mother——"

He paused abruptly, and glanced inquiringly at his wife.

"Mother" will only be too happy if it can be arranged, as I told you last night," Mrs. Weston hastened to affirm, adding: "I've seen many a lonely day since Clifford went home, and wished we had a nice boy here to fill his place."

Clifford was the son of a favorite niece, and had spent the previous year with the Westons, attending a select school in a neighboring town, while his parents were traveling abroad. It was his outgrown clothing which had been bestowed upon Louis.

"Dear mama! you are always ready to reach out a helping hand," said Mrs. Richards appreciatively. "It will be no sinecure to assume the training of such a boy," she resumed meditatively, "although any one can see that he is well-bred and has been under lovely influences, especially during the last two

years. There will be expense, too; but Will and I will take care of that if you will give him shelter; that is, if we can arrange the legal formalities. However, William, being a lawyer, will know how to manage that part of it, and he will be here to-morrow morning."

They talked more at length upon the subject, and Louis would have been very happy if he could have known of the many plans that were discussed in connection with his future—provided the superintendent would give him up.

His sleep was restful and unbroken that night, in spite of the impending fate which seemed to point to an enforced return to the obnoxious condi-



*He let forth a resounding whoop of triumph as he turned a complete somersault and came up standing, flushed and smiling, before his friend.*

tions in life from which he had fled only a few weeks previous.

But he arose even earlier than usual the next morning, and went directly to the chopping-block, upon which he began vigorous work.

"If I've got to go, I'll leave Hannah a good pile of wood to remember me by," he mentally asserted while dressing himself in the dim light of the early dawn.

He and Hannah had become great friends during the few days of his sojourn in the farmhouse. He had won her admiration by his readiness to forestall her needs; by keeping her coal-scuttles and wood-box well filled; running to the cellar for vegetables, and upon other errands too numerous to mention; while in return, instinctively knowing how the growing boy craves frequent reinforcements for his active digestion, she kept him generously supplied with gingerbread, cookies, and doughnuts, which he affirmed were the "very nicest he had ever tasted."

On this occasion, too, he knew that only work, and plenty of it, would keep him from becoming very nervous while he waited and watched for the appearance of the dreaded superintendent.

Mr. Richards returned during the forenoon, when he was warmly welcomed by the various members of the family. He was told the history of the stray waif who had wandered into their fold during his absence, and their benevolent plans for him. His sympathies were also at once enlisted for the youth, and he said there would be no difficulty in getting the lad legally transferred to their guardianship, provided he was willing to be so bound. But he advised that nothing be said to arouse the hopes of the boy until he had looked into the matter a little more fully.

The forenoon passed. Still Nathan Black did not come. Hour after hour they looked for him; moment by moment they expected him, and when at last the sun, like a huge ball of fire, rolled softly out of sight behind a bank of gorgeous crimson and purple clouds, and they knew it was too late for any local train to reach the town of —,

in New Hampshire, that night, they began to think, with lightened hearts, that perhaps he might not come at all.

When the chores were all done, the stock comfortably bedded for the night, and the barn doors safely locked, Mr. Weston and Louis leisurely bent their steps toward the house.

"Well, my lad, your man didn't put in an appearance, after all," the farmer observed, while his glance rested very kindly upon his youthful companion.

Louis lifted a pair of brilliant eyes to him. The man's tone was so kind, his look so friendly, and his own relief so great, the last vestige of the burden of dread that had oppressed him all day—in spite of his efforts to "let God take care of it"—rolled from his heart and he suddenly felt light as air.

The next moment he let forth a resounding whoop of triumph as he turned a complete somersault and came up standing, flushed and smiling, before his friend.

"Well, I declare!—there's no whoa to a boy!" Mr. Weston exclaimed, with a chuckle of appreciation, in view of the clever feat. "You've worked like a trooper all day, and yet you are as frisky as a colt just turned out to pasture. I should think you'd be too tired to move."

"Tired!" repeated Louis, with another exultant shout, as over he went again. "I'm too *glad* to be tired," he added, panting from the exertion.

"Glad because that man—Black—didn't come?"

Louis nodded, and stooped to recover his hat, which he had tossed upon the ground previous to his athletic performances.

"So you've been dreading him all day?" inquiringly remarked his companion.

"Yes, sir; but it's all gone now—the dread."

"You think he won't come at all?"

"I don't know; he may," said Louis thoughtfully; "but I don't believe I'll ever go back to the farm to live."

"H'm. What has given you that assurance?" and Mr. Weston eyed him curiously, wondering if he could have

overheard anything that would lead him to suspect the plans which the family had in mind for him.

Louis flushed, and seemed embarrassed by the question.

"Tell me, my boy; I would really like to know what has made you so light-hearted all at once." The farmer's tone was kindly insistent.

"'Twas something Mrs. Richards told me yesterday," returned Louis, in a low voice, while he diffidently dug a grimy toe into the ground.

"Well, what was it she told you?"

"She—said—if I would *know* that God's child can never be anywhere but in his proper place, God would take care of the rest of it; and I've been saying it over all day and trying to feel it," the boy explained.

"And you believed it—you've really trusted like that?" said the farmer, with a sense of condemnation for his own lack of faith as compared with this childlike confidence.

"I've tried to. It's been a kind of see-saw 'most all day between being afraid and knowing; but the more I've said it over, the more sure I've grown to feel about it, till now I don't feel afraid at all." His placid face testified to the truth of his words.

"H'm. What you and Mrs. Richards call 'knowing,' I should say, was a saving kind of faith—rather better than the 'mustard-seed' kind I've been sowing for more'n forty years without getting a very satisfactory harvest," reflectively remarked the man. "But—suppose, after all, that man should come along to-morrow morning and trot you off to New Hampshire with him?"

Mr. Weston was uncomfortably conscious that this was rather a cruel thrust; but he was unaccountably impelled to put the boy to the test.

Louis' face fell, and he did not reply for a moment.

"Well," he said, at length, "that wouldn't prove that it was the 'right place' for me, and I"—swallowing hard—"I should try to keep on knowing that God would take care of it, just the same."

Farmer Weston moved on again to-

ward the house without making any further comment on the subject; but his face was a study.

A little later he repeated this conversation to his wife, and gravely observed in conclusion:

"There's a difference between Helen's and that boy's faith and mine—it's certainly stronger to 'know' than to 'believe.' I guess our girl hasn't got so far off the track, after all, and if that's the kind of religion she's been getting, with those queer notions of hers, I'm not going to quarrel with her any more about it."

Mrs. Weston smiled serenely upon her husband without replying. She had long been growing in sympathy with her daughter's higher thought and interpretation of the Bible, while her husband, on the contrary, had been very much opposed to any innovations upon his established creed and its literal explanations.

Although secretly amazed by this acknowledged concession, Mrs. Weston, being a wise woman, knew when to let well enough alone, and discreetly held her peace.

"A little child shall lead them," she quoted softly to herself, however, as she left him to go and tell Louis that Mr. Richards wanted to have a little talk with him before he went to bed.

She found him in the kitchen having a social chat with Hannah, and, after delivering her message, she observed:

"You'd better put on your other clothes first, then come into the sitting-room."

Louis bounded nimbly away to his chamber, whistling merrily, as he proceeded to obey her behest.

He had only seen Mr. Richards from a distance as yet; but after thoughtfully studying him for a minute or two he had decided that he was O. K., and just about the kind of man he would expect and like Mrs. Richards' husband to be.

Mrs. Weston was waiting for him in the kitchen when he came down, and led him into a room he had not seen before, and where he found Mr. and Mrs. Richards seated by a blazing wood

fire, for the evening had grown chilly after the sun went down.

Mr. Richards, an intellectual, fine-looking man, a few years his wife's senior, greeted Louis in a cordial, off-hand way that at once put the boy at ease, then immediately broached the subject he wished to discuss.

"Mrs. Richards has told me your story, Louis," he began, "and how desirable you are to find a better home than the farm where you have been living. How do you think you would like to live here with Mr. Weston?"

The boy's face instantly grew radiant.

"Could I? Does he want me? Would Mr. Black let me?" he burst forth, almost breathless from the joyful leap his heart had given at the unexpected proposition.

"There cannot be much doubt about your attitude regarding such an arrangement," remarked the gentleman, smiling at such eagerness. "Mr. Black can have no voice whatever in the matter; that will be settled by the proper authorities in the town where you have lived. Mrs. Richards has set her face very strongly against your going back there, and as Mr. Weston thinks he would like to

have just such a boy as you about the place, she has proposed that he keep you with him, if you think you could be happy here."

Louis turned an adoring look upon the beautiful, daintily robed woman who, sitting on one side of the fireplace, made a lovely picture, with the red light of the flames playing over her;

while she, meeting his glance, returned it with a friendly nod and smile.

"There isn't any if about it, sir," positively affirmed the boy, but in a voice that was suspiciously tremulous.

"That's easy, then," said Mr. Richards, in a cheery tone; "and now if the New Hampshire business can be arranged as quickly and harmoniously—and I think it can—we'll soon be able to make a Massachusetts citi-



*Louis' boyish treble harmonized very pleasantly with their maturer voices. Farmer Weston and his wife paused, the one in his reading, the other in her sewing, to listen, an expression of enjoyment on their faces.*

zen of you. How old are you, my boy?"

"Twelve, the tenth of last July."  
"Twelve? Not quite old enough yet to be allowed to choose your own guardian; but if you could have your say about it, do you think you would be willing to trust me to manage your future until you are twenty-one? Mr. Weston thinks he would prefer me to

assume that responsibility." The gentleman awaited the youth's reply with no little interest.

Louis' dark eyes swept both faces before him in a lightning glance.

"I'd trust *any* of you with *everything*," he burst forth impulsively, but with certain signs of emotion which warned his friends that he was getting too full for utterance, and it might be as well to change the subject for the time.

"I thank you in the name of the family, Louis," returned Mr. Richards, with a pleasant laugh; "and since you are so complacent, we will regard these preliminaries as settled, and await the next move from Mr. Black before we take any further steps. Now, dear"—turning to his wife—"suppose we have a hymn or two before Louis goes to bed?"

Mrs. Richards went at once to the piano, and the "hymn or two" proved to be half-a-dozen. Louis was invited to join in any that he knew, and, being familiar with most of them, his fresh, boyish treble harmonized very pleasantly with their maturer voices.

Farmer Weston and his wife, sitting in a small adjoining room, paused, the one in his reading, the other in her sewing, to listen, an expression of keen enjoyment on their faces. Mr. Weston even hummed a musical tenor to the second verse of an old-time favorite of his:

Beneath His watchful eye  
His saints securely dwell.  
The hand that bears creation up  
Shall guard His children well.

"That sounds like a different song as they sing it, father," Mrs. Weston observed, with shining eyes. "They seem to *know* that they are 'secure,' and every word bristles with a different meaning. Listen!" she added, as the last two lines of the next verse rang melodiously and triumphantly through the whole house:

I'll drop my burden at His feet  
And bear a song away.

"That's just what they know how to do—just what Louis has done to-day—drop their burdens," she went on wist-

fully. "Or, rather, they never seem to have any burdens to drop—they're always well and happy; never anxious, careworn, or tired. It certainly is a more practical religion than we've been taught, Benjamin."

"I'm not so sure about that, mother; I'm inclined to think our good old faith has helped us to bear a good many burdens during the forty years we've pulled together," her husband opposed, with a familiar settling of his square chin, which betrayed that he was not yet ready to forsake the well-beaten paths of his Presbyterian fraternity.

"I know we've tried to think so, but it has never kept us from worrying ourselves almost to death before some of them rolled off. We've *said* God would ever rule everything for good, and we've claimed we believed His promises; but we have never really trusted or dropped the burden and begun to sing, because we knew He would do as He promised," Mrs. Weston remarked, as, with hands lying idly upon her neglected work, she thoughtfully rocked back and forth in her chair. "We didn't know how to let go," she went on musingly, "but Helen does, and I believe that boy has the secret of it, too. If he stays with us I shall watch the practical application of his faith with a great deal of interest."

"Well, maybe you're right, mother," Farmer Weston at length observed, although it was evident he was laboring under strong constraint—"maybe you're right, and I've no authority to clip your wings, if you've begun to soar into Helen's higher atmosphere; but I've always felt that the old way was good enough for me; and you and I have kept pace for so many years, I had grown to feel that we would go on together to the end of the journey."

He stopped abruptly and turned back to the book he had been reading; but evidently it had lost its interest for him, for, after nervously turning its pages for a few minutes, he laid it down, arose, and left the room.

"He isn't satisfied with the old ruts any more than I am," murmured his wife, gazing wistfully at the door



through which he had passed. "The 'old way' is good as far as it goes, but—it doesn't go far enough."

She resumed her work, taking a few stitches, when a great tear splashed down upon it; then another and another, when, casting it aside, she drew her Bible from her work-basket and was soon absorbed in the study of its well-worn pages.

## CHAPTER VII.

After breakfast on Tuesday morning, just as Mr. Weston and Louis, armed with their hoes and basket, were on the point of starting again for the potato-field, they observed a man enter the side yard and approach the house with a heavy step and surly air.

"There he comes!" exclaimed Louis, with a quick, indrawn breath of dismay, while Ponce, also catching sight of the intruder, uttered a warning bark of disapproval.

"The man Black?" inquired Mr. Weston, bending a look of keen scrutiny upon the unwelcome stranger.

"Yes, sir—be still, Ponce!" and Louis' hand closed firmly over the collar of the dog, who showed a decided inclination to make himself disagreeable to the intruder.

The superintendent by no means presented a very prepossessing appearance as he came nearer. He was even more repulsive than when he had accosted Louis on Sunday. His bloated, crimson face and bloodshot eyes gave unmistakable evidence of the demoralizing debauch of the last few days. His linen was soiled and wrinkled, his clothes dusty and defaced; and his unsteady gait betrayed that he was still under the influence of liquor.

"Here, you young rascal!" he called out coarsely, as he caught sight of Louis. "Get on your togs and come along. We'll go as far as Lowell by the electrics, and take a train from there. Get a move on, can't you? Don't stand there staring at nothing, as if you'd lost your wits," he concluded, with an impatient oath, for the boy seemed half

dazed by his appearance. He had really begun to feel that the man would never come for him.

Mr. Richards, who had been sitting upon the porch, now arose and moved toward the steps.

"Good morning, sir," was his courteous greeting. "I infer that you are Mr. Black?"

"Well, that is supposed to be my name," the man returned, with an aggressively rising inflection on each word, at the same time plunging his hands into his pockets and facing the gentleman with a defiant air.

"Come up on the porch, Mr. Black, and have a chair while you are waiting," Mr. Richards continued, in a friendly tone, as he placed a comfortable rocker for their ill-mannered visitor. "I would like to have a little talk with you regarding Louis," he added.

Nathan Black shot a curious look at the speaker, who, ignoring his rudeness, had addressed him with the utmost politeness. He hesitated an instant, as if uncertain of his ground, then boldly swaggered forward and threw himself noisily into the proffered chair.

"Well, what have you got to say about the brat?" he sullenly demanded.

"Louis came to us last Thursday; he has made himself very helpful and agreeable, and we, as a family, have become deeply interested in him, and would like to keep him with us," said Mr. Richards, coming at once to the point. "We feel he is too bright a boy to be reared on a poor farm, and as my father-in-law, Mr. Weston"—glancing at the farmer, who had approached near enough to overhear the conversation—"is willing to give him a home for what he can do, while between us we will see that he is properly educated, I intended, as you did not come for him yesterday, to write to the officers of your town to-day and make them a proposition to this effect."

"That would be mighty fine for the boy," sneered the superintendent, with a sinister leer at Louis, which caused Ponce to prick up his ears and growl threateningly in return; "but I've noth-





*They observed a man enter the side yard and approach the house with a heavy step and a surly air.*

ing to do with your 'propositions.' The overseers of the poor put the young beggar in my care, and as I'm responsible for him, he's got to go back with me, now I've found him. There's been a devil of a fuss over his disappearance, as it is."

Disagreeable rumors regarding the man's ill treatment of the boy had been circulated in the town, whereupon there had ensued an uncomfortable investigation, which by no means had increased his liking for Louis.

"Suppose I pledge my word to send him back at my own expense if the authorities reject our proposals?" Mr. Weston here interposed.

"No, *sir*; he's got to go back with me to-day," doggedly affirmed Nathan Black, his flushed face taking on an even deeper hue from jealousy and ill will, in view of the esteem in which Louis appeared to be held by his new friends.

"Very well, if that is your decision, I shall accompany him and make my proposals verbally," observed Mr. Richards, with an air of sudden determination, and rising as he spoke to get himself in readiness for the trip. "Perhaps, after all, it will be the better plan, and bring the matter to an earlier settlement. Louis"—approaching the youth, who had quietly remained in the background—"go get ready; Mr. Black refuses to allow you to remain with us, so I am going along with you to see what can be done for you. It will all come out right, my boy, so have no fear. I am almost sure I shall bring you back with me," he concluded encouragingly, as he noticed the anxious look in the boy's eyes, and that he had grown very white about the mouth.

Louis turned reluctantly away and mounted to his room. His heart was heavy and his steps faltered; but, recalling Mr. Weston's questions of the previous evening, and his own replies, he bravely tried to keep on "knowing that God would take care of it."

"He isn't going back on His word, when He has promised to give us what we ask for," he said to himself, as he was hurriedly dressing for his trip;

and almost instantly the burden of fear and dread rolled from his heart again, leaving him calm and hopeful.

Fifteen minutes later, the trio were on their way to New Hampshire, with the expectation of reaching their destination late that afternoon.

Ponce would have followed Louis, and whined piteously when his master sternly commanded: "Come back and lie down, *sir*!" The collie appeared to know that something was going wrong with his new friend, and several times during the day he wandered down to the gate through which the boy had passed and stood looking wistfully in the direction he had gone.

The party had a long ride to the county town in New Hampshire, where, after an hour's wait, they were to take a local train going in another direction; and where, too, Louis was first introduced to our readers at the fair.

Here Mr. Richards, thinking he betrayed signs of restlessness and thirst, asked Nathan Black to lead the way to the best inn in the place, saying he was hungry, and would act as host for the party; whereupon they proceeded to a very good hotel, where an appetizing and well-cooked dinner was served them, the self-constituted host taking care that most of the hour was spent at the table, so leaving only a few minutes in which to catch their train, thus making it impossible for the superintendent to secure a coveted drink. Consequently, for the first time in years, after one of his periodical visits to Boston, Nathan Black returned to his home a sober man.

Upon reaching their destination, Mr. Richards, accompanied by Louis, at once sought the proper town officials and laid his proposals before them.

It is almost needless to say that they found immediate favor, for there was hardly a family in the place who had not been deeply grieved to have so promising a boy as Louis, the son of one of their most respected citizens, consigned to the doleful life and doubtful influences of their home for the poor; but many had large families and heavy responsibilities of their own, and

could not add to them, while others were too poor to assume a burden which they knew they would be unable to carry.

Not much could be done that evening, but an interview was arranged for the following morning, and at this meeting the necessary preliminary steps were taken which were to result in the legal appointment of William Richards, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois, as guardian to Louis Arnold, who was thus made—or at least believed himself to be—the happiest boy in the United States.

This visit also gave Louis the opportunity to secure a few little treasures which Aunt Martha had preserved for him at the time of the auction—his mother's work-box and its contents, some family photographs, a box containing, among other things, some choice books that had belonged to his father, and which she wisely judged he would prize later in life; and there were also a few well-chosen gifts, which she had presented to him from time to time.

These had all been consigned to the care of a good woman in the village when he was sent to the farm, and it was with a light heart that he now went to claim them, and inform her of the promising future awaiting him.

On their way back to Boston they had another wait in the town, where they had changed cars the previous day, and Louis asked his guardian's permission to run about a little, promising to be on hand before it was time for their train to leave.

This was readily granted, and the boy hurried away to the post-office, intent upon an errand which had occupied his thoughts a good deal of the time during his trip the day before.

"Well, my son, what can I do for you?" the genial postmaster inquired in a kindly tone, as Louis presented himself at the general delivery window.

"I've come to ask, sir, if you know a boy in this town by the name of Ted, or a girl called Gipsy?" Louis questioned, but flushing with embarrassment as he realized the awkwardness of the situation in being compelled to be

so indefinite regarding the parties he wished to find.

"A boy named Ted and a girl called Gipsy!" repeated the man, a smile of amusement hovering about his lips. "I'm afraid that is a riddle I shall be unable to solve unless you give me more of a cue. Don't you know the name of the young people?"

"No, sir, but I'll tell you why I'm trying to find them," said Louis confidentially; and he proceeded to relate the incidents of the day of the county fair, when he had made the acquaintance of Ted and Gipsy, and the latter had presented him with a bag of candy, in which he had afterward found the pretty ring belonging to her, and which he was now trying to return to its owner.

The postmaster gave his closest attention to the story, but shook his head doubtfully when it was concluded.

"I'm afraid I can't help you, my boy," he said, but smiled sympathetically into the earnest face uplifted to his. "I don't know any girl named Gipsy. Ted sounds as if it might be short for Theodore, but I do not think of any one answering to your description. Possibly the family does not live here—they may have come to the fair from some adjoining town, or they may be merely summer residents somewhere in the country. I am sorry, my lad, since you are so anxious to restore the ring; doubtless Miss Gipsy herself experienced no little regret over the unfortunate episode."

"That's the worst of it, sir—to think she had to be made so unhappy when she tried to be so kind to me," Louis regretfully returned.

"I guess she must have dipped her own small fingers into that bag of sweets before she passed it over to you. What's your opinion?" facetiously remarked the postmaster.

"That's what I thought, too," said Louis, flushing, but with an answering dimple showing in either cheek. "But I thank you, sir, for being so kind," he added, lifting his hat as he backed away from the window and left the office.

"It's too—confounded bad!" he im-

patiently exclaimed, as he stepped out upon the street. Then he stopped short. "Guess Aunt Martha would have given me a black mark for that big word, if she'd heard it; but I was sure I'd get Gipsy's name at the office, and it makes me—mad."

He had been building a very pretty castle in the air all the way up from Boston the day before, and it was exceedingly disappointing to have it thus demolished by a single blow. He had fondly believed there would be no difficulty in ascertaining the identity of Miss Gipsy by paying a visit to the post-office. Then, having learned her name, he intended writing her a letter in which he would enclose her ring and tell her where he had found it, and how glad he was to return it.

Of course she would have to reply, thanking him, or, perhaps, Ted would write for her; thus he hoped a correspondence would be established that would keep him in touch with them, or result in his meeting them again some time. But these cherished plans had come to nought, and his sense of disappointment was so great that he allowed himself to become excessively irritated, even to the extent of using unbecoming language.

He paused in his walk and leaned against an electric-light post, looking both cross and unhappy.

"Look here, Louis Arnold, this isn't going to do," he said, after a moment, "you've no business to get mad over a little thing like that, when you've just had so much come to you to be thankful for. Let's see"—lifting a thoughtful look to a group of fleecy clouds that were skimming across the sky above him, as if seeking light upon a difficult problem—"there's Bible rule for everything, and there must be one that'll fit this. That ring belongs to Gipsy, and it is right for me to get it back to her some way. It says 'seek, and ye shall find'; so I'm going to try to *know* that I shall find what it is right for me to seek. There! that is the best I know how to do, and I'm not going to worry over it any more."

He started on his way again with a

bright face and alert step, soon rejoining Mr. Richards at the station, where, ten minutes later, they boarded their train for home. After they were comfortably seated, Louis drew forth from an inside pocket of his jacket a small package tied with a narrow, blue ribbon. This he carefully removed, and also the wrapper, revealing half-a-dozen photographs, which he began to study earnestly.

"What have you there, Louis?" inquired Mr. Richards, who had been observing him with considerable interest.

"Some pictures—this is my mother's," said the boy, with a tender thrill of mingled pride and love in his tone; and the gentleman found himself looking upon the face of one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen, while he also saw that Louis resembled her to a remarkable degree.

"And this is one of my father," the lad continued, as he presented another of a young man who appeared to have been about thirty years of age at the time it was taken. He had a well-shaped head, a refined, intellectual face, but there was a look of delicacy in both frame and features that indicated a lack of strength and vitality.

"Your father and mother both look like cultured people, Louis," Mr. Richards observed, after studying the faces intently. "Aha!" and he smiled broadly as the boy shyly slipped the likeness of an infant in long clothes into his hand, "this little chap is wonderfully like you; I am sure he was named Louis Arnold."

"Yes, sir; that was taken when I was six months old," he replied. "I think this must be my grandmother," he added, handing him a rather faded picture of an elderly woman, "but I am not quite sure, only I think my mother looks a little like her—I never saw it before. And this man I don't know anything about. I found the pictures in a box of old letters, put away with some books."

"Ah, an English captain!" observed his companion as he saw the stalwart form in its trig British uniform; while from the intelligent, resolute face and

the alert, yet dignified attitude of the figure he was impressed that the man must have been a strong and self-reliant character.

Turning the card over, he saw written on the back, in a clear, somewhat precise hand:

Captain John Sherburne, of her majesty's Fifty-seventh.

"He looks a soldier, every inch," said Mr. Richards; "perhaps he was your grandfather?"

"No, sir; for my mother's name was Annie Judkins. He may have been her uncle, but I don't know—she never seemed to like to talk about her folks, though she would sometimes tell me of things that happened in England when she was a little girl," Louis explained.

"Then she was English," remarked his listener.

"Yes, sir; she was born there, but came here when she was about ten years old."

"I see you have still another picture," Mr. Richards observed, glancing at an envelope which Louis had separated from the others.

The boy made no reply, but quietly drawing forth the card it contained, laid it in his hand, and Mr. Richards found himself looking into the face of a woman of perhaps forty-five years of age.

It was not a beautiful face; it was not even striking; but it was a fine face, strong and earnest, yet gentle and lovable.

A small, symmetrical head was well poised upon a slender neck above a pair of graceful shoulders. A pair of clear, true, soulful eyes looked out from beneath a thoughtful brow; the nose was straight, the nostrils delicately chiseled; the mouth was firm yet tender; indeed, all the features were clear-cut and regular, and were all aglow with some inward loveliness that was far more attractive than mere physical beauty. Character, individuality, and love for humanity were written on every lineament.

It was a modern photograph, well



"Well, my son, what can I do for you?" the genial postmaster inquired in a kindly tone.

taken and well finished, and as he studied it with increasing interest, Mr. Richards found himself wishing that he might know the woman whom it represented.

Louis watched him curiously, noting the appreciative expression in Mr. Richards' face.

"That is Aunt Martha, sir," he at length volunteered, in a tone of mingled affection and pride, while his glance dropped fondly to the face he loved so well.

"Indeed! Well, she looks just as I would expect the woman you have told us about to look. I am sure, my boy, Miss Wellington is one in a thousand, and you have a right to love and be proud of such a friend," returned his companion, as he gave back the likeness to the lad, who carefully replaced



it in its envelope and tucked it away by itself into one of his pockets.

Then, gathering up the others, he made them into a neat package, retying the blue ribbon around the wrapper as deftly as a girl would have tied it, after which he put it away, as he supposed, into the inner pocket of his jacket from which he had taken it.

Half-an-hour later they alighted at the station in their own town, when a ride of ten minutes more on a trolley car brought them to within a stone's throw of Farmer Weston's home, where they were cordially welcomed by the entire family, not excepting Ponce, who manifested the most extravagant delight over Louis' return.

When Mr. Richards and Louis had stepped from the train upon the platform at the end of their journey, a fine-looking, richly dressed lady boarded the same car and, strangely enough, slipped into the very seat they had just vacated.

Opening a handsome bag which hung from her wrist, she found her ticket, but in the act of closing the receptacle again the bit of pasteboard dropped from her fingers and fell fluttering to the floor under the seat in front of her.

Stooping to recover it, she found lying just at her feet a small package, tied with a blue ribbon.

"Ah! Some one has dropped it," she murmured, viewing it curiously. "I wonder if it contains anything valuable! I think I will be justified in examining it to ascertain if it will be worth while advertising it."

But the conductor making his appearance just at that moment, she dropped it into her bag while she asked some question about the arrival of the train in town, so for the time the package was forgotten.

When she alighted from her car, on reaching Boston, she was met by a portly, prosperous-looking man, to whom, after affectionately saluting him, she remarked:

"John dear, have you had a good day? I hope everything is all satisfac-

torily arranged for our trip, and we can go on to-night."

"Yes, Madeline, everything has gone smoothly; my business was all finished an hour ago, and our train will leave at nine. Meantime, we'll run up to the Touraine for a good dinner and a little rest," her companion replied, and at the same moment signaled to a cabman who was hovering near them.

When they were seated within the vehicle and while the lady was looking for her handkerchief, the little package came to light again.

"Oh, see what I have found!" she exclaimed, and, putting it into her companion's hands, she explained how it had come into her possession.

"What is in it?" the gentleman inquired, eying it curiously.

"I don't know; I haven't looked."

The man pulled the ribbon, removed the wrapper, and his glance fell upon the photograph of the English soldier, resplendent in his captain's uniform.

It held no interest for him, however, until almost unconsciously he turned the card over and read the signature of "Captain John Shelburne, of her majesty's fifty-seventh," written on the back.

Fortunately his wife was at that moment engaged in disentangling the lace on her sleeve, which had caught upon the fastening of her bag—otherwise she must have been shocked by the strange appearance of her husband.

There was not an atom of color in his face, a wild look of fear was in his eyes, and great drops of perspiration stood thick upon his forehead and about his mouth.

For a moment everything grew dark about him, and it was only by a mighty effort that he repressed a startled cry of dismay.

Suddenly he reached forth his hand and dashed down the window beside him.

"How close this carriage is!" he muttered, leaning out for air. Then drawing in a full, deep breath, he began to recover himself somewhat.

"Yes, and there's a bad odor here, too—stale smoke, I think," returned the lady, still busy with her lace. "There,"



she added, as she finally released the delicate fabric, "this ruffling is always catching on something. Now tell me what treasures you have discovered in that mysterious little package," she laughingly concluded as she leaned forward to look within the wrapper.

"Nothing but a few photographs," the gentleman managed to say in an indifferent tone, while he dexterously separated the picture of the soldier from the others and passed them to her.

"Not a very valuable possession, yet no doubt whoever lost them prized them highly," observed his wife, as she looked them over, adding, with a wistful note in her voice: "What a dear, pretty baby!—such lovely eyes! just like his mother's. Hadn't we better advertise them, John?"

The man's heart leaped into his throat at the suggestion.

"Well, perhaps," he said, after a moment of hesitancy. "I'll see about the matter later," and gently taking them from her, he replaced the wrapper and ribbon, then shoved them into the depths of an inner pocket, drawing a long, full breath of relief as he did so.

"They wouldn't let you have Josie?" he remarked inquiringly, a moment later.

"No, Harriet thought it would make a bad break in her school, but she said she might spend the next vacation with us if we care to have her," returned his wife.

"If we care to have her!" repeated the gentleman, with a suggestive laugh. "I'd give a good deal if Josephine Ashton was our own daughter."

The lady sighed softly.

"Yes, it would be pleasant if we could keep her with us all the time," she said, then added regretfully; "but I am afraid she is getting a little spoiled by wealth and position; she showed signs of snobishness during our visit."

"Oh, that will all wear off. She has the real stuff in her, and she will make a fine woman by and by," confidently asserted her husband, just as the cab came to a stop. A moment or two later he stood in the office of the Tou-

raine making an entry in the register. This was what he wrote:

John Sherburne and wife, Chicago, Illinois.

And John Sherburne was the man who, on the day of the county fair in New Hampshire a few weeks previous, had been so startled upon beholding Louis Arnold as that gentleman was driving by the judges' stand; and who, later, had sought him out again and, armed with a tempting bag of peanuts to attract his attention, had questioned him regarding his parentage. His wife was the lady who had been his companion in the carriage at that time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

On his return from New Hampshire Louis felt very happy as he stepped inside the hospitable farmhouse, where he was so cordially welcomed. It was to be his home. There was now a place in the world which he could feel was his own, because what service he could give would be regarded, to some extent at least, as an equivalent for what he received; and he would no longer be subjected to abuse and degrading slurs on account of his poverty and dependence.

"So, Louis, you have come back to be my boy?" Mr. Weston remarked, as he laid his hand kindly on the lad's shoulder and smiled into his animated face and happy eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"I hope you don't feel homesick, now that the die is cast," and a twinkle gleamed in the man's eyes as he contrasted the youth's present appearance with his dejection of the previous day.

"No, sir"—emphatically, and Louis' eyes wandered appreciatively around the cozy sitting-room, all rose-hued from the crimson-shaded lamp on the table and the cheerful blaze upon the hearth, and finally rested contentedly upon Mrs. Weston's motherly face. "No, sir," he repeated, "I've never been in so nice a place since my father and mother went away."

"I hope you both have brought back a good appetite," Mrs. Weston here interposed, for her quick ear had caught the slight faltering of the boy's tone as he referred to his parents. "Supper is all ready, and we were only waiting for you to come. And, Louis"—leading the way into the dining-room and laying her hand upon a chair at her left—"you are to eat with us and sit here, now that you belong to us."

And Louis felt almost too happy to contain himself upon being thus promoted to a place with the family. He had hitherto eaten with Hannah, in the kitchen, and, although he had been grateful for that privilege, and had had plenty to appease his hunger, it had not been particularly homelike, after Aunt Martha's daintily appointed table, though far better than the one at the farm.

After supper they gathered around the fire in the sitting-room and passed a social hour together, discussing the various incidents connected with the recent trip, and much gratification was expressed because everything had been so expeditiously and satisfactorily arranged.

When Louis was about to retire for the night, Mrs. Weston remarked:

"Louis, hereafter you are to have the little room at the head of the back stairs; you know the one I mean. Good night, dear—I am very glad your home is to be with us," she concluded, in a motherly tone.

Louis lifted an indescribable look to her; then, with a low-voiced "good night" to them all, quickly left the room.

Mrs. Weston had called him "dear," just as if he really belonged to them, and the softly spoken word of affection caused such a lump to come into his throat that he was obliged to get out of sight as soon as possible—"before he made a girl of himself and cried," he confidentially whispered in the ear of Ponce, whose feathery tail thumped a welcome upon the floor as he came into the kitchen, where, stooping down, Louis gave the collie a vigorous hug to relieve the tension of the moment.

His face glowed with delight when,

upon mounting the back stairs, he entered his new room.

"By Jingo! this is just—bully!" he exclaimed with boyish enthusiasm, as his sweeping glance took in its furnishings—the pretty, white bed with its spotless spread; the strip of bright carpeting laid over the matting before it; the dainty muslin draperies at the windows, and other attractive though simple accessories. There were a new comb and brush and tooth-brush on one end of his bureau, a tiny clock on the opposite side, and a pretty pincushion in the center.

A small table, covered with an immaculate towel, stood between the windows, and upon it rested his own well-worn Testament, with some other books. In one corner there was a commode furnished with a pitcher, bowl, and towels; and on the wall opposite there hung a couple of shelves on which a few more books were neatly arranged.

"Oh, I just wish Aunt Martha could see it!" he breathed, with a long-drawn sigh of content. "She'd be awfully glad; but I'll write her all about it," he concluded, as he put his light upon the table and took up his Testament for his evening reading.

During his absence Jerry McLeod, the hired man, had returned to the farm, and Louis was formally introduced to him the next morning when he went below at the usual hour to assist with the chores.

The man was Scotch by birth, and had come to this country when a lad of ten. He had entered Mr. Weston's employ at the age of seventeen, and had served him faithfully for fifteen years; consequently he regarded himself as a permanent fixture on the place, if indeed he did not consider that he was the monarch of all he surveyed.

He had appeared somewhat crestfallen when informed that henceforth there was to be a boy on the farm; for, naturally, he was inclined to be jealous of his position, and did not relish the idea of having another step into the traces—there to, perhaps, eventually crowd him out.

He looked askance at Louis when

Hannah introduced them, and mumbled a rather gruff "mornin'," then experienced another twinge of jealousy when Ponce, leaping forward with a joyous bark, arose on his hind legs and, placing his paws on the boy's shoulders, licked his cheek in affectionate greeting.

"Humph!—don't need a boy here any more'n the buggy needs five wheels," Jerry grimly informed Hannah, as Louis, followed by the collie, left the kitchen.

"Mebbe not; but the boy needed a home," sententiously rejoined the maid, "and," she added, a mischievous sparkle in her keen, black eyes, "he's the very nicest boy I ever did see."

Now, as Hannah had been at the farm even longer than Jerry, this was rather a sharply barbed arrow from her quiver, and did not tend to soothe the man's ruffled feelings, even though he was accustomed to her chaffing, and under certain circumstances rather enjoyed it.

"You don't say, Mis' Belknap," he retorted with bland sarcasm. "Much obleeged to you, I'm sure," and he made a would-be-dignified exit through the back door, which, however, he did not close very softly after him.

Louis resumed his duties in a very happy frame of mind, and was made even more light of heart when Mr. Weston informed him that he was to begin school the following Monday. As an offset to this, however, he also learned that Mr. Richards and his wife would leave for the West the same day.

Saturday these kind friends took him to Boston to provide him with a suitable outfit for winter.

It was a wonderful experience for him as he went about the busy streets of the city, visiting the various stores to make his purchases. He had never had such nice, stylish clothing before, and said to himself, as he noted the generous sums of money paid out for it, that Mr. Richards must be an "awful rich man." He wondered, too, how he could ever do enough to make up for the many favors he was receiving.

Monday morning his guardian accompanied him to school and introduced him to the principal, who, after an examination, assigned him to the eighth grade; but told him, as he was so late in entering, he would have to work diligently in order to make up arrears.

That same evening Mr. and Mrs. Richards left for Chicago, and life at the farm fell into its usual routine.

Louis proved himself a good worker both at home and in school. He was



*Fortunately his wife was at that moment engaged in disentangling the lace on her sleeve and did not see the strange expression on his face.*

not a brilliant scholar, but, being a conscientious student, his lessons were well prepared, and recited in a way to show that he comprehended what he had learned.

He was well received by his schoolmates, and proved himself a "jolly good fellow," entering into all their sports with a hearty abandon which testified to his thorough enjoyment of them.

Since his future had been definitely settled, he had lost the strained, anxious expression which had made his young face look careworn and older than his years; and in the rebound of his spirits he became happy and light-hearted—"like an invigorating breeze in the house," said Farmer Weston and his wife, both of whom were becoming strongly attached to him.

But during his third week of school he observed a change in the atmosphere about him. The boys gathered in groups, eying him askance, talking mysteriously among themselves the while. He was not asked to join their games as heretofore, and if he manifested an inclination to participate in them, there would be a general stampe to some other portion of the grounds.

This uncomfortable state of affairs was suddenly brought to a crisis one morning when, on entering the playground, Louis observed quite a commotion among the boys.

The bully of the school, Ben Pratt by name, was tyrannizing over two or three small children, compelling them, by threats and rough usage, to do all manner of ridiculous tricks for the entertainment of the older ones.

Louis, who could never see even an animal abused without tingling to his finger-tips with indignation, now felt his eyes beginning to blaze and his blood to boil as a sharp slap resounded on the air and was followed by a howl of pain from one of the youngsters.

The next moment he dashed forward and slipped in between the bully and his helpless victim.

"What are you doing, Ben Pratt, cuffing a little shaver like that?" he

cried, with crimson cheeks, adding: "Run away, Harry Barnes; if Ben wants to slap anybody again he can take me."

The little fellow needed no second bidding, and nimbly made tracks for a place of safety, the others following him with all possible despatch.

"Well, I'll be blamed!" cried Ben Pratt, gazing in unfeigned astonishment at the self-constituted committee of protection against cruelty to children.

Then his anger at being balked of his fun blazed forth fiercely.

"What d'you mean, meddling with what's none of your business?" he yelled. "I'll break your head!"

He drew off and made a great show of putting himself in a fighting attitude.

"I shall always meddle when I see a great fellow like you picking on a boy who can't make any show against you," returned Louis, facing his opponent unflinchingly, his great, brown eyes blazing scorn and a determination to stand up to the finish.

But Ben Pratt was only a blustering coward. For a moment he gazed back into those resolute eyes, reading in their clear depths a courage and strength of purpose against which he knew he was no match.

The next his spirit of bravado failed him utterly. He fell back a pace or two and his uplifted arms dropped to his sides. Then he gave vent to a sneering laugh and mockingly cried out:

"Bah! who wants to fight a New Hampshire almshouse beggar?" and turning quickly on his heel, he walked away to a group of boys, who, now the ice was broken and the secret out, set up a jeering howl at the youthful champion's expense.

No physical blow could have produced the torture which this hate-poisoned arrow inflicted.

Louis' brilliant color faded out, leaving him startlingly pale; a look of pain leaped into his eyes, and a shiver of repulsion swept over him from head to foot.

Instantly he understood why he had of late been ostracized by his com-

panions; they had, by some means, learned his history previous to his coming to Farmer Weston, and were holding him—some thoughtlessly, others maliciously—disgraced on account of it.

For a moment he was dazed by the unexpected attack. His sorely wounded heart began to swell and throb until it seemed as if it must burst with grief and shame, and in all probability he would have broken down utterly but for the opportune appearance of his teacher, who greeted him with a bright "Good morning, Louis," which partially broke the spell and enabled him to pull himself together somewhat.

Almost mechanically he doffed his hat to her as he returned her salutation; then turned and walked beside her to the schoolroom, where, slipping quietly into his seat, he tried to face the situation with what courage he might.

But he was wretched; it almost seemed as if he could not remain through the session; as if he must get away somewhere by himself to fight it out alone. His temples were beating like tiny hammers which seemed to emit sparks with every blow; it was with difficulty he could keep his teeth from chattering audibly, and his chin quivered with irrepressible nervousness.

He hardly knew when the school was called to order; the opening song fell almost unheeded on his ears, nor did he even join in the Lord's Prayer until the words "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," attracted his attention.

This awakened a new train of thought. "Aunt Martha says that means 'love your enemies; do good to them that persecute you,'" he said to himself, with a sudden revulsion of feeling and a rush of hot tears over his eyeballs. "Can I ever love Ben Pratt after that? Can I ever even be good to him?" he mentally questioned, with conflicting emotions.

He was not quite sure just then that he ever could, but the better train of thought once started calmed him somewhat, and by the time the opening exercises were over, he was able to begin

his morning's work with some degree of composure.

For several days life was made very uncomfortable for him, however, many of the boys, Ben Pratt at their head, neglecting no opportunity to taunt him with his unfortunate past.

This seemed hard enough to bear, but an even more trying test of his courage and principles awaited him before the conflict with self was to be won and a malicious foe finally vanquished.

## CHAPTER IX.

Farmer Weston was the proud possessor of a beautiful and very valuable colt, which he had raised, and which bade fair to become famous in the near future. His pedigree was beyond criticism, combining the fame and beauty of Hambletonian and Star; and, to prove this illustrious ancestry, the admirable points he scored were more than usually fall to the lot of the most carefully bred horse-flesh. He was jet black—not a white hair to be found anywhere on his sleek, satiny coat. There was not a blemish to be detected in his anatomy. His clear-cut head was almost ideal; his alert, sensitive ears marvels of symmetry, and his beautiful eyes, set wide apart, were full of fire and intelligence.

Perfect in shape, clean of limb, with a sweeping tail that was the pride of Jerry McLeod's heart, Blackbird—so named by Mrs. Richards, during one of her visits home—made a picture to set any true, discriminating horseman's heart aflame.

He was kept out at pasture when the weather was deemed suitable, and from time to time subjected to careful training by either Mr. Weston or Jerry. He had never yet been regularly harnessed, nor had any one ever ventured to mount him.

Louis thought he was the finest thing he had ever seen, and he never allowed a day to go by without paying a visit to the pasture to feast his eyes upon his beauty and try to make friends with him.



At first he only ventured to sit on the bars and gaze in wonder and delight while his frisky coltship, as if conscious of the admiration he was eliciting, cavorted and gamboled in the most graceful and sportive manner, until, becoming accustomed to the presence of the boy, he gradually ventured nearer and nearer the bars, and at last daintily condescended to accept the luscious apple which upon several occasions had been invitingly held out to him.

This was a notable achievement, and went on for a week or more, the horse by degrees becoming so friendly he would submit to gentle petting, even appearing to enjoy it, and the confidential eulogies which Louis showered upon him. He finally lost all fear of the boy, coming readily at his call, allowing himself to be led about by the mane, and manifesting no little affection for his new friend; greeting him joyfully when he appeared in sight and whinnying wistfully when he went away, until one day—he never forgot the proud exhilaration of that moment, albeit something of fear was intermingled—Louis achieved a mount!

This, however, was an unlooked-for occurrence—a new experience for Blackbird. He stood motionless for a moment, his graceful head uplifted, his nostrils dilated with mingled astonishment and indignation, in view of such an unwarrantable liberty; the next he bounded off like the wind, kicking up his heels and executing other marvelous and rather frightful gymnastics, in his efforts to rid himself of his unaccustomed burden.

Then there was a struggle to see who would come out ahead. But Louis, with his strong, lithe arms wound close around the slender neck, his knees pressing firmly against his glossy sides, clung for dear life, and—conquered; while all the time he talked to his startled steed in a caressing, reassuring voice as they flew around and around the field together.

Gradually, however, Blackbird began to tone down a little. It was a very pleasant, loving, familiar voice that was sounding in his ears, and as he listened

his fear began to abate; his breakneck pace slackened to a brisk trot, then to a gentle amble, and finally, guided by the friend in whom he began to feel returning confidence, he walked decorously up to the bars and stopped at the word of command.

Louis then slipped nimbly to the ground, and drawing a luscious apple from his pocket presented it to his conquered charger, who munched it enjoyably, and immediately began to nose around for another.

"Not to-day, you stunning black beauty!" said the boy, his face radiant in view of the signal victory he had won. "Next time, though, you shall have an extra one."

"'Next time' had better be postponed indefinitely, young man," remarked a quiet but rather stern voice just behind him, and, turning with a start, the boy found himself face to face with Mr. Weston.

The man had been an almost breathless eye-witness of the daring feat of horsemanship just described, for he had expected every moment to see the boy dashed to the ground and maimed or killed, or the colt ruined by a false step or a rolling stone.

He had hastened at once to the pasture; but as he drew near he realized he might bring about the very catastrophe he dreaded if he called out sharply and startled the boy, while, too, he saw that Louis was beginning to gain the mastery of the horse; so, stepping out of sight behind a tree, he waited with what patience he could command for the circus to be over.

He heaved a sigh of relief when the daring young jockey stood once more on terra firma and both boy and horse were unharmed.

Louis colored guiltily as he met the grave eyes of his friend, for not until that moment did it occur to him that he had been taking an unwarrantable liberty. He had long wished that he might help break the colt, and, absorbed in his plans for this result, he had never once thought that he was tampering with another person's property in a very unjustifiable manner.



"Well, you reckless youngster, I'm glad to find you with a whole skin and no bones broken. You won't have very long if you continue to make a John Gilpin of yourself," Mr. Weston observed in a tone of would-be reproof; yet Louis' quick ear detected an underlying note of repressed admiration for the daring feat he had performed, and it told him that whatever might be said, for or against, what he had done, the man knew that Blackbird had had a lesson he would never forget; that an important step in his training had been achieved that day.

"I wasn't afraid, sir—after I got on," Louis replied, his eyes glistening again as he recalled the exhilaration of his recent experience.

"Well, *I was*," said the farmer emphatically, "and now, my boy"—speaking very decidedly—"this mustn't occur again. Blackbird is a very valuable piece of horse-flesh, and such capers as you two have been cutting up to-day are

dangerous for you both. If you don't get your own neck broken, you are liable to ruin him, and I want you to give me your word that you'll never mount him again without my permission."

"I won't, sir; I promise," Louis promptly replied, then added apologetically: "I didn't mean to do anything wrong. I thought perhaps I could help to 'break' him."

"Well, maybe you can help; the little scamp seems to like you pretty well," said Farmer Weston, while his glance proudly followed the beautiful creature as he trotted gracefully about the pasture; "but I prefer to have the breaking process conducted under my own eye. I hope you understand, Louis."

"Yes, sir; truly, I never will mount him again unless you say I may; but, can I bring him his apple every day?"

"I have no objection to that or to your being as friendly as you like with him on terra firma," the man replied as they turned their steps toward home.

TO BE CONTINUED.



### The Amber Hour

I KNOW the day hath reached the amber hour—  
Somewhere beyond these hopeless chimney lines;  
My homesick heart recalls the luminous signs  
Of twilight deepening with a slow sad power;  
Across the fresh-dyed green of fields doth shower  
The sun in lucent streams of yellow air,  
Till all the sweet and silent places wear  
The fabric of a golden full-blown flower.  
Close-pent by city walls, as day tells day,  
I traffic in the old unvarying way,  
Nor greatly murmur at the common lot  
Of us who strive to gain what we have not:  
But, O my heart, would that my feet were free  
As thou to roam my land of memory!

EMERY POTTLE.

# To Keep You in Good Humor

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## THE OLD HAM FAMILY.

**R**ASTUS JOHNSING—Does you b'lieve, deaking, dat de cullud race am de decendums of Noah's son Ham, dat sailed in de ark?

DEACON SNOWE—Yas, suh; I guess dat we cullud folkses am de old Ham fambly, all right.

## A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

**H**ORATIO IRVINGTON BOOTHE—We had a pretty light house last night.  
BARNES TORMER BARRETTE—Alas! too true, and methinks if 'tis as light to-night as 'twas last night, the house will be dark!

## EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

**T**HE BOSS—Oh, you couldn't come to the office yesterday afternoon because of the death of your grandmother, eh? Well, what was the score?

THE OFFICE-BOY—Eight-nothing, sir; she died on her eightieth birthday!

## WOMAN'S AIM.

**O**LDBATCH—I've no sympathy with a man that allows his wife to shy crockery and bric-à-brac at him. I wouldn't stand for it.

HENPECKED—Well, perhaps you wouldn't; but I tell you, old man, you get hit oftener when you dodge!

## SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR.

**W**IDOW WEEDE—I'm erecting a monument to my husband's memory, but don't know what inscription to put on it. He died and was buried in Manila.

MR. BLUNDERLY—Why not put on it, "Here lies my husband, who is buried in Manila?"

## APPROPRIATE.

**"M**RS. WIMPER'S husband died in an automobile accident, and I see she had an appropriate monument put over him."

"What was that?"

"A broken shaft."

## THE MILLIONAIRE'S STRAIT.

**A**GENT—We'll give you a nice mention in our new society book for five hundred dollars.

MILLIONAIRE—Suppose you don't mention my name at all?

"Then the price will be fifteen hundred dollars."

## ON THE VERGE.

**C**LARA—Although Jack had no money, you were desperately in love with him, weren't you?

MAUD—Oh, dear, yes. I loved him so much that I came near marrying him.



# SITTING IN JUDGMENT WITH THE GODS

BY  
CHANNING POLLOCK

M ELODRAMA, according to my dictionary, is a "dramatic performance, usually tragic, in which songs are introduced." The encyclopedia adds that the name was first bestowed upon "the opera by Rinuccini," and that it was derived from two Greek words meaning song and drama. This is extremely awesome and impressive, but I am afraid that I can't allow you to accept it as applying to offerings in the local "popular-priced" places of amusement. Melodrama isn't a bit like that in New York.

It was the dictionary that started me on a tour of investigation, which comprehended visits to all of the six theaters in town that habitually present melodrama. There are so many classes of people in this big city, and each class has so many characteristic ways of working and playing, that no one hundredth of the population can be expected to know how any other one hundredth lives. The men and women who go to see "Man and Superman" don't go to see "No Mother to Guide Her," and I think I am quite safe in

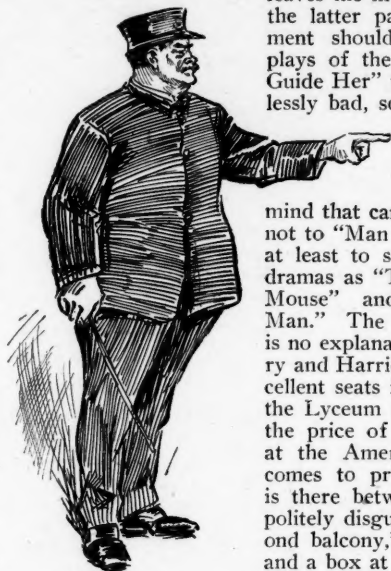
saying that most of the men and women who witness "No Mother to Guide Her" are conspicuous by their absence at "Man and Superman."

Sitting in judgment with the gods leaves me in doubt as to why the latter part of this statement should be true. The plays of the "No Mother to Guide Her" type are so hopelessly bad, so obviously false,

so viciously wicked, that it is hard to comprehend a

mind that can prefer them; if not to "Man and Superman," at least to such better melodramas as "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Squaw Man." The matter of money is no explanation at all. Harry and Harriet might have excellent seats in the balcony of the Lyceum or Wallack's for the price of orchestra chairs at the American, and, if it comes to pride, what choice is there between the gallery, politely disguised as "the second balcony," of the Belasco and a box at the Thalia?

Melodrama to-day not only differs from the melodrama of day-before-yesterday defined in the dictionary, but it differs, too, from the melodrama of yesterday. Bartley Campbell and Dion Boucicault have given way to Theodore Kremer and Martin Hurley, while sterling old works like "Siberia" and "The Octo-



"Hard-faced officials in uniform."



"The Third Avenue is a family theater."

room" have been supplanted by such monstrosities as "Why Girls Leave Home" and "Too Proud to Beg." Our dramatic literature knows no finer examples of play-building than "The Two Orphans" and "The Rommany Rye," but these pieces are no longer popular with the people who frequent the Murray Hill and the Third Avenue. Fading interest in presentations of that kind led to a falling off in the patronage of such houses, and this was arrested only by an immediate appeal to the basest passions of which mankind is capable. It is on the power of pandering to these passions that the present popularity of melodrama is founded.

Dickens, who wrote photographically of amateur performers and performances, would have found in a visit to one of New York's low-priced theaters unlimited scope for analysis of character, comment on decay, and description of dirt and squalor. The Murray Hill Theater, the Third Avenue, the Thalia, the American, and the Metropolis, five of the six local places of amusement given up to sensational plays, are relics of infinitely better days. The Thalia was formerly known as the Bowery

Theater, and its stage has supported nearly all the great actors of an earlier time. McKee Rankin, in his palmiest period, directed the fortunes of the Third Avenue, while each of the other three houses was intended originally for the best class of productions. The New Star alone among buildings of its class has no history except that which it is making now.

The Thalia, where I began my travels, is full of contrasts. Evidences of departed grandeur elbow old dirt and new gaudiness. In the lobby, with its marble floor and lofty ceiling, stand hard-faced officials in uniforms that glitter with gold braid. Lithographic representations of various kinds of crime and violence hang on the walls, advertising the attraction to follow that holding the boards. The auditorium is architecturally stately and old-fashioned, bearing an outline resemblance to the colosseum at Rome. The ground floor is a succession of steps, on each of which is a row of seats, while three



"Dispensing song books."

balconies of horseshoe shape afford opportunities to the patron whose financial limit is ten, twenty, or thirty cents. There are queer little boxes on either

ous incidents. Down-town there were men who took off their coats and kept on their hats, probably for no better reason than that they were supposed to do neither. A fat, black negress sat next to a loudly dressed shop-girl, who was too absorbed to draw the color line while the performance was in progress, but glared furiously between acts.

The contention that the Third Avenue is "a family theater" was supported by a mother who nursed her baby whenever the curtain was down and the lights up. Two precocious youths discussed the "form" of certain horses that were to race next day, while their "best gails"—one on either side—alternately stared at each other and at their programs.

Reference to this bill of the play, printed by the same firm that supplies programs for the better class of theaters, disclosed the fact that a large part of the pamphlet was devoted to articles on "What the Man Will Wear" and "Chafing-Dish Suggestions." It

seemed to me that these indicated utter lack of a

side of the stage, which slopes perceptibly, and has in its middle a prompter's hood—survival of the days when parts were so long, and so many had to be learned each week, that no actor could be trusted out of sight of the man with the manuscript.

The Thalia is a theatrical anachronism, dilapidated, decayed, and degraded. It is a royal sepulcher containing rags and scrap iron, a family mansion utilized as a boarding-house, a Temple of Thespis managed by A. S. Woods, and devoted, on the night of my visit, to the interpretation of "a stirring comedy-drama in five acts, entitled 'Lured From Home.'"

The audiences at the Thalia are composed principally of pedlers, longshoremen, and girls from the sweat-shops. Nearer Forty-second Street one sees sailors and mechanics, with a sprinkling of families large enough, numerically and physically, to delight President Roosevelt. Everywhere, small boys abound and Jews predominate. Perched aloft in the gallery, one picks out scores of types and observes dozens of humor-

sense of humor on the part of publisher and manager. "The Man" at the Third Avenue probably wears whatever is

AMERICAN



MURRAY HILL



THIRD AVE.



NEW STAR



THALIA



"The audiences at all these theaters are very much alike."



cheapest, and I can't fancy the woman feeling a keen interest in oyster pan toast or orange *mousse*.

Barring a trifling variance in millinery, and a difference of opinion as to the indispensability of neckwear, the audiences at all these theaters are very much alike. They read pink papers assiduously before the play begins, and eat industriously throughout the intermissions. Melodrama and excursions seem to have the same effect on the American appetite. You may have noticed that lunches appear the moment a pleasure trip begins, and every cessation of histrionic action at a "popular-priced" house is a signal for the munching of apples, candy, popcorn, peanuts, or chewing-gum. Most of the material for these feasts is furnished by small boys, who begin the evening selling "song books," and conclude it dispensing provisions.

Just as the orchestra emerges from under the stage the merchant enters, taking his place at the foot of an aisle, and unburdening his soul of a carefully prepared announcement.

"I wish to call your attention for just about a few minutes to the company's 'song book,'" he commences.

These volumes invariably are marked down from ten to five cents, and the vendor throws in an old copy of the *Police Gazette* for good measure. Sweets are his stock in trade between acts, though one also has the pleasure of hearing him proclaim:

"Now, friends, I've a postal card guaranteed to make you laugh without any trouble."

Reserve is not a characteristic of

these gatherings. They hiss vigorously at what they are pleased to consider evil, and applaud with equal heartiness that which seems to them good. Especially remarkable instances of virtue also bring out shrill whistles, verbal comment, and the stamping of feet. The management maintains in the gallery a play censor with a club, who knocks loudly against the railing when he feels that these evidences of approval are passing bounds.

What would not your average dress-suited producer give if he could transplant this enthusiasm to Broadway? How gladly Charles Frohman or Lee Shubert would trade his surfeited first-night audience for one of those which require only a heroic speech to wear out their hands in frenzied applause!

They are a queer, childlike lot—the people who make up audiences at the Murray Hill and the American. Intermissions have to be shortened for them, because they have not the patience to wait for setting scenery; and he would be an intrepid dramatist who would put sufficient faith in the



"A play censor with a club."

intensity of a situation to trust to its keeping them quiet in the dark. To an assembly at the Thalia, the turning out of the lights for the husband's confession in "The Climbers" would have proved only an opportunity for making weird noises without danger of being "spotted" by the "bouncer."

Their tastes are primitive, and their perception elemental. They waste no time over fine distinctions between right and wrong; a character is good to them or it is bad, and there's an end of the matter. Ready and waiting with their





"They are the natural enemies of the police officer."

sympathies, one cannot help believing that they feel only on the surface, since they are quite willing to forget the tragedy of one moment in the comedy of the next. I have seen them sob like babies at the death of a child in the play, and break into uproarious laughter a second later at the intrusion of the sou-brette.

Their prejudices are comprehensible, but unexpectedly strong, favoring the unfortunate under any circumstances, and finding vent in bitter hatred of the prosperous. They are the natural enemies of the police officer, and, by the same token, friends to the cracksman or the convict who expresses a particle of decency. Physical heroism is the only kind these men and women recognize, and emphasis, rather than ethics, influences their verdict on questions of virtue and vice.

Apparently, the element of surprise is not a dramatic requisite with them,

since every habitual playgoer of their class must know by heart every melodramatic theme in existence, together with its incidents and its outcome. Undivided in their approval of the noble and their disapproval of the ignoble, one soon learns that their ideas on the subject are theories not intended for practise. The man who most loudly applauds defense of a woman on the stage is not always above disciplining his wife when he gets home.

"Zash right!" I heard an inebriate call to a melodramatic hero who had spurned the glass offered him. "Zash right! Don' you tush it!"

I have said that the stories and situations of "yellow" plays must be familiar to the folk who attend such performances, and I speak advisedly. One melodrama is as much like another as are two circuses. Drifting into the American one night just as the company was indulging itself in that walk before the curtain which is the traditional method of acknowledging a "call," I might easily have mistaken the principals in this



"Their sympathies are elemental."



"The man who most loudly applauds defense of women on the stage—"

pedestrianism for the characters I had seen fifteen minutes before at the Third Avenue. There they were, without exception—the sailor hero, the wronged heroine in black, the high-hatted villain, the ragged child, the short-skirted soubrette, the police officer, the apple woman, the negro, and the comic Jew.

Some of these types, notably the apple woman and the negro, are as old as melodrama, while others are but recently borrowed from vaudeville. Whatever their origin, they are the handy puppets of the man who writes this kind of piece; identified the moment they step on the stage, and hissed or applauded according to the conduct expected of them.

This sameness of character is paralleled by a sameness of dialogue that is appalling. Few melodramatic heroes do very much to justify their popularity, but they all have a pugilistic fondness for talking about what they are going to do. Certain phrases, favored by the Kremer class of playwright, have been used so often that the most casual theatergoer will be able to recall them.

"I can and will," "my child," "body and soul," "stand back," "on his track," "do your worst," "you are no longer a son of mine," and "if he knew all," are convenient terms for expressing a variety of thoughts. Most of them mean nothing specific, and herein lies their

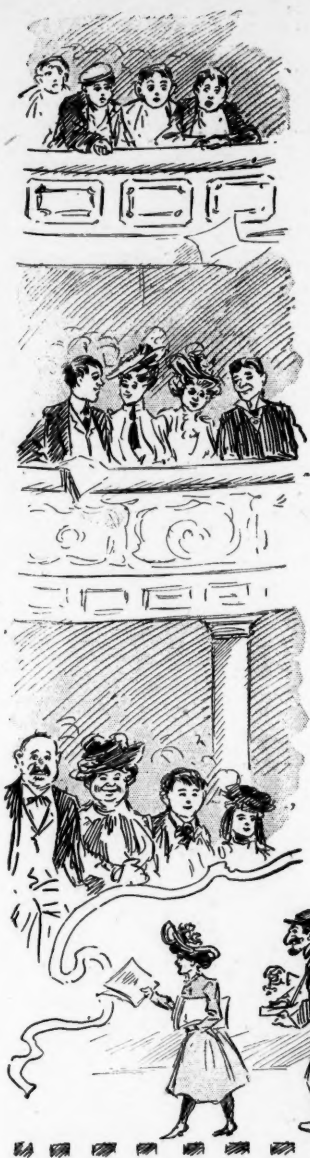
recommendation. It is so much easier to say, "If he knew all," than to figure out precisely what part of a purple past is of sufficient theatrical value to be dilated upon in a speech.

Apropos of purple pasts, and of heroines in black, it is worthy of note that propriety, in the hue of one's garb, is another of the inviolable conventions of the cheap theaters. Olgo Nethersole probably thought that she was doing a wonderfully original thing some years ago when she announced that she would wear various colors to typify the regeneration of Camille, but a chromatic index to character antedates the English actress by many decades. To anybody acquainted with sensational plays, a white dress means innocence, a black dress suffering, and a red dress guilt, just as infallibly as the cigarette habit and a *penchant* for sitting on the arms of chairs indicates utter depravity in a female. If you told an Eighth Avenue amusement-lover that good women sometimes smoke, and often sit on the arms of chairs, he wouldn't believe you.

With puppets and speeches to be had ready-made, the receipt for writing a melodrama would not seem to be par-



"—is not always above disciplining his wife when he gets home."



ticularly complicated. The favorite story for a piece of this sort concerns two men—one poor and good, the other wealthy and bad—who love the same girl. For that reason, and because the hero “stands between” him and “a fortune,” the villain plans to get him “out of the way.” The soubrette saves the intended victim from death, the would-be assassin is disgraced, and the play “ends happily.”

There may be a dozen variations of this theme, such as an effort to send the hero to prison “for another’s crime,” but until managers found a gold mine in the lechery of their low-browed patrons, it formed the central thread of four offerings out of five. The stock plot nowadays is the frustration of sundry attempts to sell women to waiting despoilers; the dramatization of what the newspapers describe, hideously enough, as “the cadet system.” This is an unpleasant subject in any form, but the part it plays in current melodrama is so gross and evil that I shall risk referring to it again in another paragraph.

The “fortune” which serves as bone of contention in the tale related above never happens to be less than “a million.” Such trifling sums as fifty thousand pounds or a hundred thousand dollars are given very little consideration. Every one of importance lives in a “mansion,” and carries about huge rolls of greenbacks. When the villain tries to do away with the hero, he resists the temptation to stab or shoot him quickly



*“Indulging themselves in the walk before the curtain which is their traditional method of acknowledging a call.”*

and quietly, having found the expedient of binding him across a railway track, or throwing his insensible body on a feed-belt, more conducive to a thrilling rescue. Hand-made murder has no place in melodrama; all reputable scoundrels do their killing by machinery.

The strongest situation possible in the



"If you told him that good women smoke and sit on the arms of chairs, he wouldn't believe you."

sensational play is that in which the comedienne flags the train or stops the belt. Next to this "big scene" is the inevitable encounter between the villain with a knife, the unarmed hero, and the heroine, who arrives at the critical moment with a revolver.

I have seen the superiority of the pistol over the dagger demonstrated five times in a single melodrama, yet the villain never seems to profit by experience. One might think that he would learn to carry a "gun," just as one might think that the hero would learn not to leave his coat where stolen bills might be placed in the pockets, but the playwrights of the "popular-priced" theaters seem to model their people on the dictum of Oscar Wilde, who said: "There are two kinds of women—the

good women, who are stupid, and the bad women, who are dangerous."

Notwithstanding their crass improbabilities, their conventionalities, their exaggerations, and their absurdities, many melodramas of the better sort are interesting and not without occasional evidences of clumsy ingenuity and crude strength. I enjoyed one or two genuine thrills in the course of my tour of inspection.

If I was thrilled twice, however, I was sickened and disgusted a thousand times at the appeal to low animalism which has become the dominant factor in these houses. Remembering the legal obstacles put in the way of continuing certain engagements at fashionable playhouses, I could not help wondering whether the Comstockians wear blinders that shut from their view everything east and west of Broadway. Even if their mental harness includes this visage-narrowing accouterment, it is difficult to understand why the billboards scattered about town have not indicated to these censors the trend of the cheap theaters. Do not the titles of the pieces presented indicate the truth of the situation? What may one suppose is the character of such plays as are captioned "Her First False Step," "Dealers in White Women," "Fast Life in New York," "Why Women Sin," and "Queen of the White Slaves?"

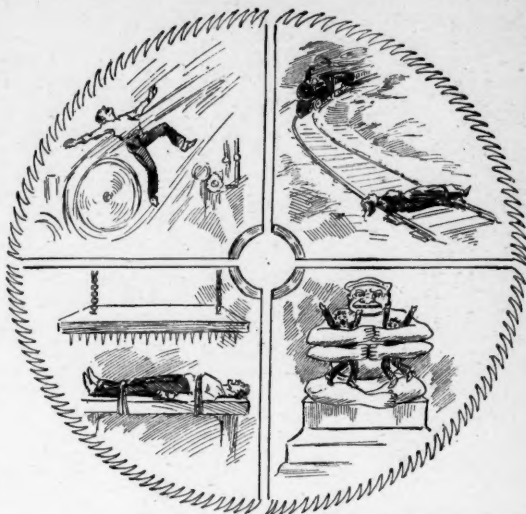
"Dangers of Working Girls," a piece of this type which I saw at the American, might easily be set down as one of the worst of the "Dangers of Working Girls." The principal figure in the play was *Doctor Sakea*, whose profession was Mrs. Warren's, and whose assistants were Chinamen hired to lure girls into a place of evil resort. The production was full of such lines as "Don't spoil her beauty; it means money to us," and "Ah! More pretty girls for the master's cage;" while its central situation was the auctioning of a number of half-dressed women to the highest bidder. For this scene a crowd of bestial degenerates, attracted by the posters, waited with gloating eyes and open jaws. There was no sugar coat-

ing over the pill—no bright dialogue, no philosophy, no hint at a "moral lesson." It was simply a ghastly, hideous, degrading appeal to everything that is vile and loathsome in the under side of human nature.

The financial success of such plays as these seems to decide once for all the question as to whether public taste influences the drama or the drama public taste. With clean and clever works a stone's throw away, at prices by no means prohibitive, no one need attend such performances as that I have described unless he really delights in that kind of "show."

I have always insisted that nothing is more immoral than bad art, and, this being true, the influence of the "popular-priced" theater seems to be a very grave subject indeed. The people who go to such places of amusement have so little pleasure in their lives that it would seem a pity to take away whatever entertainment they may crave, yet it seems not improbable that these very folk might be inclined toward an appreciation of better things in the playhouse.

We who object to the description of crime and violence in the daily papers certainly may be expected to find evil in its depiction on the stage; we who fear the discussion of delicate topics be-



"All reputable scoundrels do their killing by machinery."

fore audiences of cultured worldlings can find nothing promising in the dilution of distressing scenes before audiences of ignorant and impressionable women and boys. Whether or not they really believe that plays of the type I have described reflect life, whether or not they are directly influenced, there certainly can be nothing beneficial to them in constant observation of coarse humor, silly pathos, and a distorted code of conduct. I wonder if there is any method by which these playgoers can be made to understand that cleverness is not incompatible with entertainment nor good drama with interest?



"The munching of apples, candy, popcorn, peanuts or chewing-gum."



# Maid Marian

By Leigh Gordon Giltner

"HERE'S a state of things!" cried Tessie, bursting tempestuously in upon her nearest friend and neighbor. "Our cook left this morning because mamma rashly criticised her coffee; the maid espoused her cause and followed suit; and to add to the general hilarity, Tom's just telegraphed that he's bringing home a stranger—an Englishman of high degree—to dinner this evening! What shall I do, Maidie? Not a servant in the house, and only my small self—mamma's perfectly helpless when it comes to things domestic, you know—to fill the triple rôle of hostess, chef and maid of all work! Like the gentleman in the Bab Ballads, I'm 'the boats'n tight, and the midship-mite, and the crew of the captain's gig'—the whole thing, in short—and I fear I'm not equal to it."

Marian had put down her book and was regarding her friend with sympathetic interest. She had lived long enough in a locality where it was impossible to secure skilled service at short notice to be keenly alive to the tragic nature of the situation.

"Why not telephone?" she suggested. "Explain the matter to Tom and ask him to defer—"

"Too late," answered Tessie, ruefully. "It's a two hours' run out from Louisville, and they're already en route by this. Besides, I fancy this gentleman represents the English syndicate Tom's firm has been trying to interest in the Westphalia coal lands, and it would never do to seem discourteous to him when his influence means so much. If only he weren't English—English people have such hosts of servants, and such perfect service always—

and I'll have to introduce him to a disordered *ménage* and experimental *cuisine*, and poor Tom will be mortified dreadfully!" Tessie's pretty face clouded—to brighten a moment later. "Well, I've a cook, at least—such as she is. I rounded up old Aunt Ailsie as I came across, and she promises to cast herself into the breach. She's fairly capable in the kitchen, and I think we can manage a creditable menu between us, but as for service— Poor, decrepit old Ailsie, with her 'rheumatics' and 'de misery in her side,' would scarcely shine in the rôle of Hebe."

"I might lend you Lucy," said Marian, thoughtfully, "but I've had her only a week, and she's the stupidest specimen I've ever encountered. She'd spill the coffee, smash the china and shatter your nerves. I have it, Tessie! Why shouldn't I play maid? The various vicissitudes I've undergone since I've kept house for father have given me ample experience. I've some pretty new caps and aprons, just purchased for Lucy, and can dress the part properly. It would be real fun to play slavey to a scion of the British aristocracy, and I'm sure I could do it successfully. Will you let me try?"

"Oh, I couldn't think of it, Maidie. It's awfully good of you, but it's quite too much to ask!"

"It's no more than you'd do for me, dear, and I don't mind a bit. I don't know many Englishmen—only one, in fact—so there's no danger of its costing me my chance of a presentation at court. It's all settled, Tess! I'm going with you now to make the salad and decorate the table while you put on your prettiest gown and your sweetest



smile and prepare to captivate the capitalist."

"Dinner is served, madam."

The Honorable Chauncey Caylesford Stapleton, exchanging civilities with his hostess on the wide piazza of a stately colonial mansion, infinitely grateful to an aesthetic sense sadly jarred by a succession of suburban architectural atrocities encountered in America, started sharply. A moment later, realizing that the voice—oddly reminiscent of another voice, which he had crossed the Atlantic in the hope of hearing again—was that of the trim, white-capped maid in the doorway, he was apostrophizing himself as a "blooming idiot."

Like the majority of his fellow Britons, the Honorable Chauncey was accustomed to regard the domestics in his service not as individuals, but as mere automatic accessories to a well-ordered *ménage*. It is doubtful whether, if brought face to face with the denizens of the servants' hall at Stapleton Court, he would have recognized any one of the number, with the exception of the butler, his own valet, and the groom who looked after his hunters.

Accordingly, after a first general glance in her direction, he relegated the speaker to the background and ascribed the fancied similarity of tone to his own complete obsession by a persistently haunting memory.

Rising, he offered his arm with formal courtesy to Mrs. Vandiver, who led the way to the dining room, where a spirited scene had meantime been enacting. Tom, called in by Tessie for a greenroom glimpse of Marian in her maid's make-up, had evinced a too pronounced approval of her general appearance, clamoring vociferously for an instant revival of the good old custom of saluting the serving maid; and it was only by dint of earnest entreaty that they had succeeded in reducing him to order and extracting his promise to conduct himself with due decorum during the dinner's progress.

The grimaces with which he favored Marian—whom he persisted in addressing as "Mary Ann"—behind the un-

conscious back of the Honorable Chauncey proved his construction of the phrase a liberal one.

The dinner, admirably planned and daintily served, was a success. The *consommé* was perfect, the *entrées* beyond criticism, and the entire menu a credit to the combined efforts of Tess and Aunt Ailsie, who had been a famous cook in her day. There was no fault in service or *cuisine* to jar upon the sensibilities of a man accustomed to the highest perfection of either. As the coffee and liqueurs came on, the Honorable Chauncey was moved to say to his hostess:

"I shall recall my brief visit to your hospitable home, my dear Mrs. Vandiver, as one of the pleasantest of my many experiences in your charming country."

Mrs. Vandiver smiled her thanks.

"Then you have not found us a nation of barbarians and our land a howling wilderness, as so many of our European visitors have done?" she queried.

"I am happy to say I never entertained the absurd prejudice against Americans and America which characterizes the average Englishman, probably because I have been especially fortunate in the matter of international acquaintance. It was, in fact, largely owing to a desire to renew a pleasant, if very brief, friendship with two delightful compatriots of yours—an aunt and niece, whom I met at Rome and subsequently in Venice—that I decided to come across in the syndicate's interest instead of sending a subordinate."

The contents of a tray in the maid's hand rattled like castanets.

"The aunt had very kindly invited me to call should I ever visit America," the guest pursued, "and I lost little time after landing in looking them up. But, unfortunately, I found the house closed for the summer, and the caretaker in charge only able to tell me that her mistress was at Nahant. I promptly ran down—only to find that the lady I sought had flitted to Bar Harbor. I think I should have gone to the length of following her, but that the necessity for my immediate attention to

the business which had—ostensibly—brought me across was imperative; so I could only write, and as yet have received no reply. I had depended upon securing the niece's address from the aunt, and having missed her leaves me no clew to the young lady's place of residence, further than that it is somewhere in the South."

"Well," Tessie encouraged him, "if you'll pardon the trite suggestion, the world is a very small place, after all, and it's possible you may chance upon her when you least expect it."

"Eminently possible," inwardly echoed the maid, standing demurely behind Mrs. Vandiver's chair.

Tom and his guest, declining to be left to their cigars and solitude, joined the ladies on the piazza, where the Englishman, in cordial converse with his host's sister, whose piquant prettiness made good the first component of Kentucky's threefold claim to distinction, while the fair sweep of moonlit meadow and wooded upland beyond the terraced lawn substantiated a second, added another to his store of pleasant experiences in this hospitable southland.

Next morning's breakfast passed off as smoothly as the evening meal had done, and Marian, hearing the trap which was to take Tom and his guest to the station drive to the door, was felicitating herself that the ordeal was successfully over, when the Honorable Chauncey chanced suddenly to remember having carelessly left an historic signet ring, an heirloom in his family, on the dressing table in his apartment.

"So stupid of me!" he apologized. "I'll just run up and fetch it—I shan't be an instant—"

"Don't think of it, I beg," his hostess interposed. "Marian will get it for you." And Marian, standing by with Tessie's light driving coat—Tessie had agreed to drive the gentlemen across to the station—instantly obeyed.

She caught up the ring, which she remembered to have seen before, and ran hastily down the stairs—to find herself squarely confronted by the Englishman, who was awaiting her approach with impatiently extended hand. The

vantage of three steps raised the girl to his exact height, and their eyes met squarely, hers falling in utter confusion and dismay before the look of startled recognition which dawned in his.

A host of varied emotions thronged upon him as he withdrew the outstretched hand—which fortunately still held the intended tip; he opened his lips to speak, but before he could frame a coherent sentence—his mental processes were slow—she had slipped past him with a murmured apology and disappeared.

Mrs. Vandiver had stepped outside to calm the restive Tom, who was calling impatiently:

"Sorry to hurry you, old man, but we're likely to miss our train!" Tessie was already seated with the ribbons in her hand, and the Honorable Chauncey found nothing left him but to make his adieu to Mrs. Vandiver and take his place in the trap.

Two days later, Tom Vandiver, returning from his daily run into the city, led his sister aside with portentous solemnity.

"My dear child," he began, with a grotesque assumption of patriarchal dignity, "while I have hitherto always strongly disapproved of international alliances, I wish to assure you that in the present instance I shall interpose no objection." Tessie surveyed the speaker in blank amazement.

"Our friend, the 'blooming Britisher,'" Tom pursued, illuminatively, "has decided to again honor our humble domicile with his presence. He dropped into the office this morning to ask permission to accompany me home tomorrow—'proposed himself for the week's end,' I think he phrased it—saying that it was absolutely essential that he should interview the mater without delay. Of course this can have but one interpretation. What a thing it is to have a siren for a sister! But for the Westphalia land deal, which trembles in the balance, I should have felt it my duty to pass him the tip that you were already wearing the solitaire of another deluded swain. But business considerations prevailed, and I—

temporized. I trust you'll do likewise—at least till we cinch the deal!"

Tessie eyed her brother with pitying superiority.

"What a chump you are, Tom!" she observed, with sisterly candor. "Is it possible you don't guess; that you didn't see——?"

"What?" queried Tom, with flattering interest.

"Oh, nothing." And Tessie disappeared.

When the "blooming Britisher" presented himself on the following afternoon, he was so plainly preoccupied that Tessie hastened to arrange for him the desired interview with her mother, the purport of which she shrewdly surmised. Tom, less astute, harassed her with plaintive pleas to "let Johnny Bull down easy," until she decoyed him out to the kennels to examine a purely mythical cut on his favorite setter's foreleg.

Meanwhile the Honorable Chauncey, left alone with the unconscious Mrs. Vandiver, went directly to the point.

"I think I mentioned to you, Mrs. Vandiver," he began—apropos of nothing—"having met at Rome two compatriots of yours, a Mrs. Stuyvesant of New York, and her niece, Miss Hallowell. I came to America with the intention of asking Miss Hallowell to become my wife. I think I told you of my misfortune in missing the aunt, and my consequent inability to locate the niece, whose home address I did not have. Imagine my surprise when I found her serving in a menial capacity in your home. I did not recognize her till just as I was leaving, and no opportunity offered for any action or expression on my part—which was fortunate, as I was completely overcome with amazement.

"I think," he went on, "that it would scarcely be possible for any one of this democratic country to quite appreciate my immediate emotions. Class feeling

is strongly inherent in the Englishman—indeed, it is inbred in his very being, strengthened by usage and tradition, till it becomes a potent factor in his nature. I had heard of American democracy of sentiment, of the independence of American women in making their own way in the world, and, theoretically, I admired and respected both. But I confess to you, Mrs. Vandiver, when the actuality was brought home to me, it quite—staggered me for the moment. But only for the moment. The traditions of my house, the thought of the possible attitude of my family, my own inherent snobbishness, were minor considerations as against my feeling for Miss Hallowell—the strongest and highest feeling of my life. I realize that Miss Hallowell would still be a gentlewoman, though circumstances forced her to sweep a crossing—that her condescension would be an honor to any man; and that, whatever her station, she is the woman I love. And so, in my ignorance of the usages of your country, and not knowing to whom I should properly address myself, I have ventured to throw myself upon your kindness. I wish, with your permission, to ask Miss Hallowell to do me the honor to marry me."

Mrs. Vandiver's face had grown very grave. She did not speak for a moment.

"I am glad to be able to assure you," she said, gently, at length, "that Miss Hallowell is in every way worthy of the honor you have done her. She is our friend and neighbor, and her presence in my house, in the capacity of maid, was the result of a generous offer to aid us in an awkward domestic crisis. You have done no discredit to the traditions of your house in admiring Miss Hallowell. She is a member of one of our oldest and most distinguished Southern families—the daughter of ex-Governor Hallowell and—and my son's fiancée."





# THE OUT-OF-TOWN GIRL IN NEW YORK

BY

GRACE MARGARET GOULD

THE out-of-town girl in New York has just had the experience of her life. That is, that's the way she describes it. And, strange to say, it wasn't in New York, either. She has just returned from a typical New York girl's house-party. It was down Long Island way, and she was whisked there in a big touring-car for the special purpose of being present at a Valentine cotillion.

It was not only the cotillion that delighted the out-of-town girl, but the many new ways in which her charming hostess entertained her guests who arrived the morning before Valentine's Day. To rob the unlucky thirteenth of its ill luck, there were all sorts of good-luck surprises in the way of a greeting.

To begin with, each girl, as she was shown to her room by the maid, was handed a mysterious-looking wicker-covered basket with a big satin bow in the girl's favorite color tied to the handle. The guest who was fond of pale blue, for instance, had a huge blue satin bow on her basket, and her room was, of course, a blue room. The

out-of-town girl could hardly wait until she got up-stairs to peek in the basket, and when she saw its contents she was the most surprised young person in the world. Inside the basket, comfortably curled up asleep, was the blackest little kitten you could imagine. Tied to a blue ribbon about the kitten's neck was a card, which read: "A black cat for luck."

At the dinner that night the good-luck idea was cleverly carried out. The place-cards were in the form of green four-leaf clovers, with the name done in gilt. The ices were also in the form of lucky clovers, and a rabbit's foot mounted in gold was given each guest as a souvenir. A cigar-cutter formed part of the rabbit's foot which each man received, while the girls found that a gold pencil mysteriously appeared from their good-luck souvenir.

The out-of-town girl enjoyed every minute of the good-luck dinner, and though she stayed until what seemed to her a shockingly late hour that night, she was awake bright and early the next morning, owing to the training of a most excellent mother. To her surprise, however, she heard no breakfast bell, but instead, at nine o'clock, came a gentle tap at the door. A maid appeared, who announced that she had come to call her and to draw the bath and assist in any way she could, and that breakfast would be served in her room at whatever time she wished. Then, to her astonishment, she learned that she

was expected to have her breakfast in bed. It was a great lark to live up to her privileges, and so, after her bath, she crawled back into bed again and awaited further developments. Before long the same maid appeared with a funny little tray with odd little legs. It was a conventional invalid's tray, but the out-of-town girl didn't know it as such. From this tray, banked up with pillows, she ate her dainty breakfast. Later in the morning she went for an auto ride, and her next real surprise was at luncheon.

Even the New York girls who were present were enthusiastic over the hostess' innovation. And why wouldn't they be? For she introduced a soap-bubble course at the luncheon. Just after the salad and before the sweet was served, the waitresses passed on a plate to each guest a little brass bowl filled with soapy water, and at the side of the plate rested a small, white clay pipe. Decorating the stem of the pipe was a brass band, upon which was engraved the initials of the particular girl to which it was given. The hostess then explained that whoever blew

the biggest soap-bubble would receive a prize. And she did. The soap-bubble contest was a merry one, and every one liked it so much that it bids fair to be introduced between the courses at fashionable dinners, where the wait is apt to be long, as well as at luncheons.

"Have you seen my menagerie?" said the hostess as they were strolling out of the dining-room after luncheon. The out-of-town girl hadn't, but it goes without saying she was just dying to. At the word menagerie she pictured to herself a wild animal or two, caged up, perhaps behind the silken hangings at



*The latest luncheon innovation, the soap bubble course.*



the far end of the room. It didn't appear at all improbable to her, so accustomed was she getting to surprises, that her hostess might have for a little fad of her own a menagerie of live animals in her dining-room. In fact, it didn't seem a very far cry for a black kitten in a basket as a souvenir to a monkey or a cub bear in a cage.

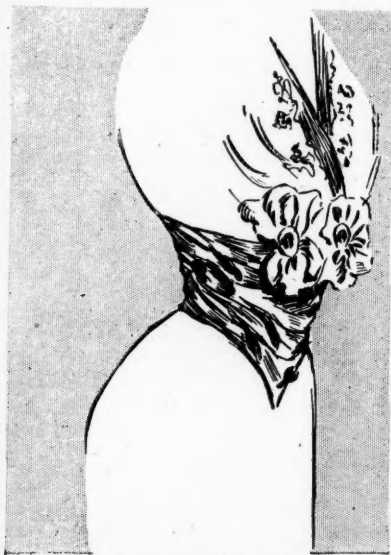
After all this mental picturing, just imagine the out-of-town girl's amazement when her hostess directed her attention to a shelf at one corner of the room, which formed the top of the beautifully carved wood wainscoting. There wasn't a live animal to be seen, but standing in a row upon the shelf were the oddest looking pitchers—caricatures, in china, of the animals they represented. On closer inspection she saw that this very odd menagerie was made up of all sorts of dishes in the form of miniature animals and fishes. There was a pitcher in a lovely shade of soft gray which looked for all the world like a park squirrel; his tail was curled up for the handle, and his cute little head

formed the spout. A wise-looking brown owl formed the design of another curiously shaped pitcher. There were china frogs, ducklings, and chickens, colored true to life, and so made that they could hold creamed fish, crab flakes, or even an ice. China lobsters, red enough to look natural, were used to form many dishes. One was for lobster Newburgh, and the other was a salad bowl where the claws of the lobster added attractively to the design. Quite a look of an aquarium was given the shelf by several platters in the shape of fish and many little individual dishes exactly representing in form a small fish.

Though having a china menagerie corner in one's dining-room greatly interested the out-of-town girl, yet everything else faded into insignificance at the house-party in comparison with the Valentine cotillion. Surely the happy little God of Love must have had something to do with planning the dance, for in the decorations and the favors everything suggested the course of true love. There were sweethearts in more senses than one; even the out-of-town girl realized this, for though she wasn't at all sure of the one in masculine form, she was quite sure of the other, and devoured it with pleasure, for all the ices and the bonbons were sweethearts.

Lovely flower fans in the shape of hearts were among the favors, and there were valentines, too, with verses to my lady-love, which were clever as well as sentimental. These valentines were not of the old-fashioned lace-paper sort, but were small, and were hidden away in different souvenirs. For instance, one fair guest at the dance received as a favor a little wicker automobile filled with bonbons, and tucked in among the candies was a small, silver heart-shaped pincushion. A tag made of white, water-color paper was fastened to the dainty pincushion, and on it a valentine rhyme was written.

That fur was introduced in many charming new ways in the evening gowns was a fashion note much emphasized. One frock of crêpe de chine had



*Draped silk girdle, with rosettes and fur tails.*





*A menagerie corner, arranged with dishes that are in the form of animals.*

the deep lace entre-deux which trimmed the skirt bordered with a narrow band of fur, and the same fur border was used on the lace and silver bolero which trimmed part of the décolleté waist.

Many of the prettiest gowns had a touch of fur appearing in the girdle. Sometimes tiny fur tails were used, sewed down very flat and mingled effectively with silver or gold braid. And then, again, the tails or diamond-shaped pieces of fur were used in combination with soft, draped girdles of silk. It goes without saying that it was only the

girl of the slender waist who wore the fur-trimmed girdle.

The out-of-town girl saw a fur boa, while she was at the house-party, that she liked so much that she hopes to be able to have a copy of it for herself.

It was worn by her hostess the morning before the cotillion, when they went for a motor ride. It was of sable, and there were four dangling ends, two of which reached just below the waist-line. They crossed in front, and each end was thrown back over the shoulders. From the collar portion of the boa in the direct front hung two sable tails. These tails were arranged so that they hung close together and formed quite a protection to the chest. The boa had much the same effect in the back as the front, with the exception that at the back the two ends hung farther apart. The muff carried with this boa was in the new very flat, ridiculously large pillow shape, and from it hung many little sable tails.

To eat and not grow fat, that seemed to be the cry of every one who was at the over-Valentine's-Day house-party. There were enameled scales in the bath-room off each girl's room, and they were actually pretty to look at. If the bedroom was in pink, the scales in the private bath-room were of pink enamel, with the rod and trimmings of silver. The out-of-town girl laughed until she was in danger of losing her breath when she first heard how many times the New York girls weighed themselves during just one little day. They stepped on the lovely scales before their bath and after, and always before and after eating, to say nothing of the very last thing at night.

And they kept, with the most wonderful exactness, a record of their weight, and just how much it varied even to the slightest changing of the scales. Another novelty which she discovered in the bath off her room was the largest puff-box she had ever seen in her life. It was double the size of the ordinarily large puff-box and held over half-a-pound of powder. This particular one was celluloid, matching her room in color, which happened to be pale blue.

It was rather low in shape, and it had a great big puff in it with a silver handle. The out-of-town girl's most intimate New York friend, who was also a guest at the house-party, told her that these big puffs were known as body powder-puffs, and were something absolutely new.

Still another surprise for the out-of-town girl was that she found hanging up in the closet in her room the loveliest sort of a silk-embroidered satin kimo-

no dressing-gown and a great big fur-trimmed automobile coat. These, the maid informed her, were put there for her own special use. She remembered that once before when she had been entertained in the summer by a New York woman she had found a bathing-suit in her closet which the hostess had told her was for her very own use. This seemed astonishing, but that now each guest was provided with an expensive automobile wrap, as well as a beautiful resting-gown, she marveled.



*A new fur boa, with tails back and front.*

# The Lady With the Wicked Eyes

By Anna McClure Sholl

A "AND this is where you wrote 'Finite Hearts'?"

Gwathmore looked about the bare, big room, with its litter of books and manuscripts, its hospitable hearth fire, its square working desk, on which a large yellow cat lay asleep.

"Yes, at the desk there—when Mustard would give me room."

"But the inspiration, Philip? You went outside these four walls. Tell me who is the original of *Phyllis*. Where in the wide world did you meet such a woman?"

"Just ten miles from here."

Gwathmore looked at him a moment in silence.

"Has she green eyes—wicked?"

"Yes."

"And rich red hair?"

"Yes."

"And dark lashes and clear white skin?"

"Yes."

"And is a perfect flower of womanhood, despite the eyes—a rich, strong nature back of the surface coquetry and teasing."

Kenneth smiled a little bitterly.

"That isn't fair, old fellow."

"But you must tell me. I'm in love with her, you know."

"Better not be."

"You mean?"

"I mean Theodora Bennett, the original of *Phyllis James*, has no heart."

"The woman you were engaged to—whom I never met?"

"Did you never meet her? Of course not. You've been abroad five years."

There was deep silence in the room for a moment. The shadow in Kenneth's face deepened.

"And the engagement is?" Gwathmore ventured.

"Broken."

"When?"

"A year and a half ago."

"I should think, from that portrait of *Phyllis*, that Miss Bennett still fills a big place in your life."

Kenneth shrugged his shoulders.

"Not now. I put her in the book to get her out of my system. I put there what I had once thought her—a noble woman."

"And you found her——"

"A heartless coquette." Kenneth said, in the lifeless voice of a man whom love has deserted. He rose, paced the room for a few moments, then turned to Gwathmore, and began to speak quietly, as one who relates a long-ago history.

"Why, Charles, that woman lives to hurt and torment other people through—through their love for her. She has a strange power of arousing emotion without apparent effort. Once it is aroused, she plays with her victim as a cat with a mouse. I think she became engaged to me for no other reason than the desire to see me suffer. It was delicious torment at first, for I was always seeking the true woman back of the coquette. I thought it first only her willful imagination, her strong dramatic sense which must always be creating situations, scenes. I even called her 'The Lady with the Wicked Eyes,' I was so sure of the soul back of them—but there was no soul."

"And so?" Gwathmore said.

"One day I broke the engagement. I would have been only an apology for a man if I hadn't."

"And she?"

"She laughed."

"And then?"

"And then I buried myself in this

book and made my heroine, *Phyllis*, what I thought she was."

Gwathmore picked up a copy of the book.

"It's the best thing you've ever done."

"Yes?"

"But——"

"Well?"

"Dear fellow, you're in love with her yet or you never could have done it."

"I'm in love with what I thought she was—not with the cruel woman—not with 'The Lady with the Wicked Eyes.'"

Gwathmore shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, as to that, she holds you just because she hurts you."

"I'm tired of the lady, Charles. Tell me something of your Italian life. I hope there were no red-haired women!"

"I was not so fortunate."

The next afternoon Philip Kenneth sat alone in his library workroom, writing with a certain feverish haste. The conversation with his old schoolfellow had stirred up bitter memories that he wished to forget. Yet he knew that they had been perilously near the surface, or he could not have reached them so easily.

There was a knock. He said: "Come in," without looking up. The door opened. Some one stood there waiting for an invitation to enter. He thought at first it was a servant, and still bent over his writing.

"Philip!"

He felt all the blood leave his face. He rose to his feet, uncertainly, as a man who must gain his balance. In the doorway Theodora stood, an enchanting figure in her summer dress of some pale green diaphanous stuff and her black-plumed hat. But Philip saw nothing but her face, pleading and lovely, turned to his with a look he had never seen there—one of intense and humble questioning. A conventional word of greeting came to his lips, but he could not utter it.

"Theo—how—how did you get here?" he stammered.

"Aunt Jean came with me," she said, simply, as a child might. "She is in

the drawing room. Old Gordon let us in."

He took a step forward, reached for a chair.

"No, no!" she said, and came toward him. The look in her eyes, large, dark, dilated, was more than he could bear.

"Theo! Why have you come?"

"I want to be *Phyllis*," she said.

Two months later he started off one October afternoon to walk to her home, distant ten miles across the country. He had chosen this slow mode of travel because it left his thoughts free, and these had yet to be arranged before he saw her again. Since the day when she had come to him to tell him that she wanted to be to him all that the *Phyllis* of the book could be, he had lived in a state of bewilderment. He was making the acquaintance of a new woman, clothed in sweetness, with no more suggestion of the panther than a little docile lamb might have; a woman who turned to him the wistful eyes of a child; who seemed full of gentle fancies, loving helpless ways. He sometimes wondered if this was only another monstrous game to win him back, that she might again hurt him. He spent his nights and days at first in feverish doubt. Then, after a while, calm possessed him. He thought he would soon dare to speak of a re-engagement.

The calm deepened, deepened. They spent the long afternoons reading or riding together. She was always the same, now—always sweet, always gentle, with never the shadow of caprice. The same smile always greeted him, the same solicitous farewell sent him on his way. The calm deepened—deepened, he could not hide from himself, now, into a weary certitude. He was facing the fact that this woman, if she did not make him suffer, did not thrill him in the old, strange, bitter-sweet way. He was too comfortable. Romance had put on slippers, and was about to go to sleep in an easy-chair. His lady had become the noble *Phyllis* of the book.

That afternoon he intended to ask her to renew the engagement. The

thought gave him no great ecstasy. It was simply the logical issue of events.

His steps dragged as he approached the house, the sight of which had once stirred his pulses to a strange music.

Theodora, in a simple white dress, a baby-blue ribbon in her hair, rose from a garden seat as he approached, and came across the lawn to meet him.

"Are you tired?" she said, sweetly.

"Oh, no," he answered, almost with a touch of impatience.

"Let me give you a cup of tea"—still the voice of sweet solicitude.

"No, I don't want tea. Sit down. I want to talk to you."

She sat down on the bench beside him, looking up at him with trustful eyes that had now never a gleam of green in them. A strange nostalgia filled him for a sweet vanished capriciousness, an intolerable lovely torment. He put the thought aside resignedly.

She was waiting for him to speak. These last weeks had been barren of her old queenly initiatives. Not even the echo of a challenge had broken upon the calm.

He turned to her, indifferently conscious of something business-like in his manner.

"I—I—" he began, then, unable to bring out the word, he added, abruptly: "Will you renew the engagement? Will you marry me?"

"Yes, Philip."

They were silent.

He rose.

"I think I'll change my mind. I'll have a cup of tea," he said, brusquely.

She turned away her face for an instant, and he fancied, in sudden bewilderment, that it was to hide a quirk of a smile.

He drank his tea, looking with somber eyes across the lawn strewn with yellow autumn leaves. She watched

him in silence; then rose and took the cup.

"You are to stay to dinner," she said. "I'm going in to dress. When I come down you shall be rewarded."

An enigmatical note in her voice drew his eyes to hers. He caught his breath, but the vision faded in an instant.

The last twilight mingled with the light of the candles in the low, broad drawing room. The air was sweet with a faint scent of heliotrope from some unseen bowl of flowers. Kenneth sat at the piano, trying to quiet his restless sadness with rich deep chords. His heart called for a lost Theodora.

He heard the swish of silk skirts, and rose. She was entering, radiant as summer midnight in a gown of black chiffon. Around her throat were emeralds, and in her eyes were emerald lights. She stood looking at him with a gay nonchalance; the old challenge in her face, the old cruel-sweet smile on her lips—the enigmatical expression there again as if it had never departed.

A rapture swept through him, the joy of recovering something that had seemed irrevocably lost. He stepped forward, his arms extended; then drew back, suddenly pale with a new misery. Theodora had come back, but because she was Theodora again, she could not care for him.

She smiled, and again he came forward.

"You are Theodora?"

"Yes."

"Not Phyllis?"

She smiled but made no answer.

"You are Theodora?"

She nodded assent.

He hesitated; then staked his all on the will of the gods—and one woman.

"Yet you are mine."

She came to his arms.



#### ROUGH ON MOTHER.

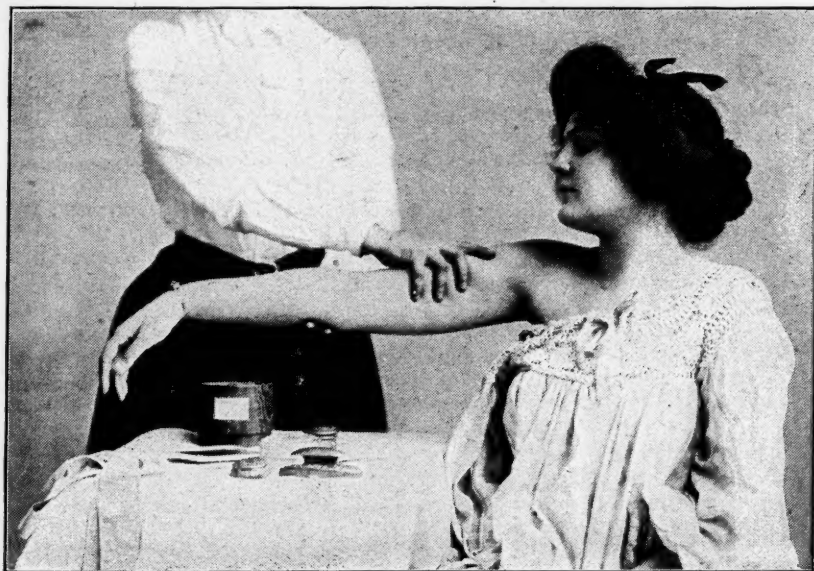
MRS. NEWLYWED—John, mother thinks we ought to economize on food!

MR. NEWLYWED—So do I! If we did she wouldn't stay here so much!



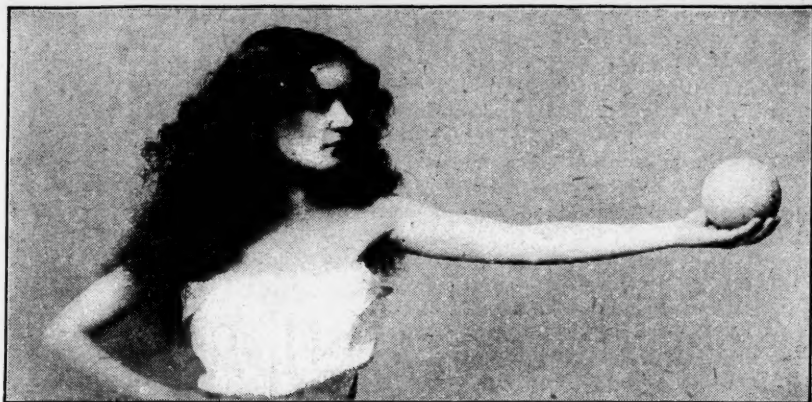


DIP A SCRUBBING BRUSH IN THE BLEACHING LOTION AND GO OVER THE ARMS



THEN RUB IN A GOOD RETIRING CREAM. MASSAGE TO DEVELOP THE ARM AND IMPROVE THE COLOR





A LIGHT WEIGHT, HANDLED THUS, WILL DEVELOP THE UPPER AND LOWER ARM EQUALLY

## The Woman Beautiful

### A PAIR OF GOOD ARMS AND A SET OF SHAPELY FINGERS

By Augusta Prescott

NOTE.—Mrs. Prescott will be glad to answer, free of charge, all questions relating to beauty. Women who want to improve their looks may address her. She will give advice upon all matters of physical culture, beauty, deep breathing, diet and health. Enclose a self-addressed envelope for a reply. Your letter will be confidential.

**I**N the days of the happy old love story, when Marmaduke proposed to Amanda, he invariably asked for her hand. He did not care whether he had her heart or not as long as he had her hand!

The hand has played a very important part in the peace conferences of history. Its tiny weight has brought down the balance and turned the scale in matters of more than national import. In love affairs its rôle has been a stirring one.

A man has fallen in love at first sight with a woman with beautiful hands, but never with a woman with bad ones. He has worshiped four pretty fingers and a shapely thumb, and has knelt down and kissed the same, while a

homely outfit of fingers and a stubby thumb would have had no attractions for him whatsoever.

Fashions in hands change. And the hand that is the fashion to-day is not the hand which was in style yesterday. There is a new hand, and women who want to be beautiful are studying it. They realize that the hand of this year is not the hand of a year ago.

For the athletic hand has gone out—the heavy, broad, brown athletic hand of the past half decade. It was called the golf girl's hand, and it was the product of much athletic enthusiasm. It was a big, hard hand, useful and efficient. But it was not a pretty hand.

Now Dame Beauty has swung back to the hand of the last century. In



TO IMPROVE YOUR NAILS SOAK FIVE MINUTES A DAY IN A PERFUMED,  
SOAPY MIXTURE

shape it is tapering, in size moderate, in color it is distinctly feminine. It is called the Victorian hand!

The Victorian hand has several characteristics, all of them made familiar by the paintings of the Masters. Its fingers are full and round at the base, while its tips are long and taper. Upon each finger there is a long, oval-shaped nail, which in color is a healthy pink, while, at the base of each nail, there is a half moon. The nail is rather wide, and is shaped very much like a rose-leaf, with its delicate silver crown at the base and its tiny rim of silver at the tip.

The rest of the Victorian hand is equally characteristic. It is rather plump, very white, and very poetic. There are few veins to show, for the hand is firm and smooth, like the hand of a marble image. And there are no lumps nor bumps, no muscles and no discolorations; and at the wrist there are the delicate Venus circles, which mark the aristocratic lineage.

It is a beautiful hand to gaze upon and a satisfactory hand to own. Fortunately for envious womankind, the hand is pliable, and

the Victorian hand is such that every woman may possess it. Were it otherwise, the description of the ideal hand would read like a description of the moon, very alluring, but impracticable!

Now the Victorian hand is a practicable hand. All may own it. Spread out your own hand upon a table before you and study it. Lay it upon a sheet of white paper and mark around it. Know its awkwardnesses.

The hand of the average person is peculiar. It has certain characteristics, many of them hereditary, most of them cultivated. There are marks and blotches, curvings and twistings; and



BRITTLE NAILS SHOULD BE POLISHED WITH THE HAND

there are curious little personal idiosyncrasies which have come with the years.

First of all, realize that everything of this kind tends to destroy the beauty of the hand. Anything which makes it irregular takes away from its good looks. The hand should conform to a type, and if it does not it is not a pretty hand. It should be made to grow pretty. All sewing marks, pin pricks, scars and deformities should be overcome.

The most serious thing which happens to the hand is that it begins very early to grow old. The hands of a girl are plump and pretty, tapering and smooth. The veins do not show and the knuckles do not protrude. But at thirty the hands begin to age. A strange and almost imperceptible change begins to creep over them. The flesh falls away, the skin wrinkles, the veins stand out and the hands have a strenuous look. They show age more quickly than the face. The knuckles get big and the fingerings come on and off very stiffly. It is old age creeping upon the hands.

To keep the hands young should be the first aim of every woman who wants

pretty hands. She should work over them until they look youthful again.

The first rule for restoring the hands to youth is to give them back the natural oils which they have lost. And this can only be done by rubbing. It is not massage, but a rubbing in of the need-

ful oils. The best thing for keeping the hands young is a cream which can be made at home. The old Southern mummies had a way of making this cream and of putting it up in most attractive form. No Southern belle ever had a pair of old hands.

To make the cream, which is called sweet clover cream, take a double tablespoon of mutton tallow and add to it a single tablespoon of almond oil. Put in a sprig of sweet clover and heat all together. Take off, lift out the clover,

beat the cream with a little egg-beater, and, as it cools, add a few drops of oil of rose geranium. The cream, when nearly cold, is poured into empty eggshells, in each of which there is a drop of attar of rose. The shells, with their burden of fragrant cream, are finally suspended from the side of the dresser. The cream should be white and clear



TO LIMBER THE HANDS AND MAKE THE ARMS GRACEFUL

and firm. This must be rubbed into the hands and arms every night after they have been washed with very hot water.

The flesh-brush keeps the arms white and plump, but it must not be plied too earnestly. A little soap jelly made at home should be dissolved in a full basin of hot water, and to this there should be added a scattering of powdered oat-

receive their share of notice. For thin arms there are three movements which should be practised every night.

The first one is quite simple. Take in the hand a light weight, about half a pound, and, slowly, as though one were handling something heavy, straighten the arm with the weight in the hand. Extend it and bring it back twenty times. This will develop a thin arm.

The second is a hand and arm exercise also. Open the hands wide and lift them. Bring them together over the head. Extend them wide, bring them together again, close them, open them, and so on until you have performed the motion fifteen times.

The third motion is a swaying one, and is specially for the whitening of the hands and the development of the lower arm. Lift the hands as high as you can. Take a deep breath. Lower the hands to the sides. Breathe deeply again. Do this ten times. The result will be a fattening of the forearm, the part which shows in elbow-sleeves, the lower arm, the most neglected of all the



A MOTION TO RESTORE CIRCULATION AND WHITEN THE HANDS

meal. With this the arms should be scrubbed once a week. This keeps them clear in tone and a delicate cream in hue. It also keeps them soft, but it is too searching for daily use. There should be a little peroxide in the water if there is a tendency to "down" upon the arms.

The massage of the arms is very important for those who have red hands and thin arms. And while the hands are being attended, the arms should also

parts of the human body! A weight carefully lifted and lowered will help to develop the upper and lower arm equally.

Do not rest the elbows upon a hard surface, for fear of making them rough and ugly, hard and disagreeable. If they are hard, lather them with soap at night; let dry and wash off in the morning.

The hands would be plump and white and tapering; and, in order to accom-

plish this, a great deal must be done for the finger-tips, for upon their shape the taper largely depends. The nails are very important, and deserve a special study all by themselves.

The trouble with the nails is that they are the prey to the emotions. People bite them; they twist them; they break them, and they mistreat them; while the only thing that really should be done for them is to let them grow.

There is a story told of a New York society woman who went to a beauty doctor in Paris, taking with her a pair of very unshapely fingers.

"What shall I do, doctor?" questioned she. "My hands are a disgrace to me."

"Wear gloves for two weeks," said he. Then, sending out for a pair of gloves two sizes too large, he filled them with a very thin layer of softening paste and encased her hands in them. "Once a day take off the gloves," said he, "and loosen the flesh at the base of the nails. Otherwise do not remove the gloves except to wash your hands."

The lady did so, and at the end of two weeks she came back with a set of beautiful finger-tips. The beauty doctor shaped the nails to suit the shape of the finger-tips, and, after giving them a high polish with benzoin, sent her on her way, happy.

There are three kinds of nails: the convenient square nail of the business woman; the rounding nail of the athletic girl, and the pointed nail of the society woman. The last is the most beautiful, but one must make the point not too sharp; and it must be exact. A rounding point is the most becoming to most hands.

The rule in the good manicuring establishment is to file the nail with

emery boards until it suits the shape of the fingers. A pointed nail upon a fat finger is not as good as a rounding nail. The nail, too, should be rather short, but it should also fit the finger which it adorns. Before filing, the finger-tips should be soaked in tepid water highly scented with toilet vinegar or a few drops of cologne.

To make the finger-tips taper,

simply let them have their own way. Encase them in gloves when doing rough work, or even ordinary work, and at night sleep in gloves lined with glove paste. If this is unpleasant, the hands can be rubbed with cream each day before the working gloves are put on. Do not form the habit of clipping the nails.

Chapped hands are so unusual these days that they scarcely need a word, and hands that are red are hardly to be found, though one does occasionally



THE HANDS OF A GIRL ARE PLUMP, PRETTY AND INCLINED TO DIMPLE



see poppy-colored hands. Hands can be kept in perfect order by a few simple appointments of the dressing-table, among which there should be these:

A bottle of home-made cucumber lotion for bleaching the hands.

A lemon mixture for removing stains.

A good hand cream for rubbing into the hands at night.

A little stone jug of glove paste for softening the hands.

A good nail emollient to keep the nails from becoming brittle.

A jar of powdered oatmeal, a cake of good soap, and a pot of home-made soap jelly.

A bottle of lanolin and peroxide for whitening the arms.

With these things one can manage to get along and to keep the hands white and handsome all winter long. The contents of the manicure-table are quite different, though no less important.

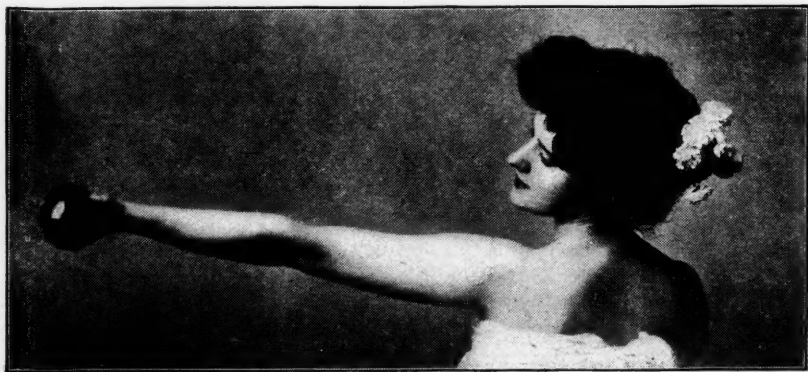
There should be a bottle of home-made perfume for scenting the bowl of water. There should also be a bottle of thin, soapy mixture for hastily preparing the finger-bath. Besides these there must be a dish of pink polishing powder, a supply of emery boards, a few sharpened orange-wood sticks. There should also be a bottle of polish to preserve brittle nails, and a brush with which to apply it. There is little use for the manicure scissors,

and none for the metal scraper. The spots on the nails are caused by the use of the metal instrument. They are in reality scars, caused by pressing upon the base or matrix of the nail while it is soft and still protected by flesh. If the nails are very brittle they can be polished with a little powder rubbed in the palm of the hand.

From this list it will be seen that the contents of the manicuring-table are not expensive, nor are the furnishings of the dressing-table costly. Any woman with a chafing-dish or a double boiler can make the lotions and creams for herself; while the ingredients can either be found at home upon the family shelf, or can be purchased for a very little. The writer would be glad to send directions for the making of any of these articles without charge.

Hands play an immense part in the history of a woman. She who can rest her chin upon a pink palm, with her fingers spread out upon a pretty cheek, can congratulate herself. She is the owner of at least one grace whose value is above rubies.

NOTE: To write to the Beauty Department, address "Mrs. Augusta Prescott, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, Seventh Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York City." Ask for a face-cream, hair-tonic, reduction diet, or whatever else you may want, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a reply. Please do not send money. There is no charge whatever. Advice is free to all who read this department. Your name will not be printed.



TRY THIS WITH A SWIFT ACTION, FIVE MINUTES TWICE A DAY, WHEN THE ARM IS A LITTLE TOO THIN



# What Americans Are Thinking

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## Child Labor Strikes at the Life of the State.

WHEN industry lays its hands upon childhood and makes conscripts of the defenseless, then industry strikes at the life of the State. Here lies the justification of legislation governing employment. Despite the efforts to reduce the army of working children in America, during the period from 1880 to 1900, while the population of the country increased only fifty per cent., the number of boys from ten to fifteen years of age engaged in mechanical and manufacturing pursuits increased one hundred per cent.; and the number of girls between the same ages and in the same class of industries increased one hundred and fifty per cent. During the last legislative campaign in Pennsylvania members of the legislature from Philadelphia were found who had not seen the interior of a textile mill, while members from that hive of industry known as the Pittsburg district confessed to me that they had never visited a glass house and had not entered one of those little tenement cigar shops where girls and young children roll the famous "Pittsburg toby" for eight cents a hundred. It is the factory inspector who must stand between a given industry clamoring for special consideration, and the people who are affected by that industry, and submit his expert testimony. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that the near future will witness uniform child-labor legislation in the different States, but it is one of the aims of the national child-labor committee to hasten the harmonizing of legislation as rapidly as social and economic interests will justify a rising standard.—OWEN R. LOVEJOY, Assistant Secretary of the National Child-Labor Committee.

## Animals Have Conscience and Think.

THE theory held by the evolutionists that the lower animals came to possess consciousness and reflex mental action by evolution is not true. Consciousness, intellect, and soul were present at the beginning. The variation in intellect is in the difference in the hindrance to the intellectual faculty. Increased intelligence means increased control. Now, the question arises, Do animals reflect? Undoubtedly, in my opinion, they do reflect. So, if they reflect, they have intelligence. Once you admit they have intelligence, then you must admit that they must exist eternally just as much as you will. To the question, Are animals capable of overcoming the hindrance to their intellectual faculty? I answer yes. The world has one religion that has recognized the dignity of lower animals. The remarkable thing about the Christian religion is the fact that it pays so little attention to the lower animals. Christ scarcely mentions them. Buddha surpasses Him in this regard. But Buddha had absolutely no conception of the immortality of the soul and dignity of individual life. In this Christ transcended him. Christ's word on the immortality of the soul is final.—GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON, Mills Professor of Philosophy, University of California.

## We Ought to Give Immigrants a Bonus.

OUR country has many serious problems, but immigration is not among them. We have solved the question in the present somewhat too drastic law that we have enacted. What would this country have been without immigration, and who is there here who is not either an immigrant himself or has immigrant blood in his veins? Prince Bismarck declared that the United States was draining the most valuable blood of Germany,

and that he would pass laws preventing Germans from leaving. He was a wise man. I hold that the prime and only test we should exact is this: Has a man the ambition to enjoy the rights of an American citizen? Has he the habits of sobriety and frugality to save the sum necessary for him to reach this port? If I owned America, and was running it as a business proposition, I not only would look for that man, but I would give every man of that kind a premium to come here, and consider it the best bargain I ever made in my life.—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

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### **We Need More Manual Training in Our Schools.**

CHILDREN of many different nationalities attend our schools, and it is the duty of all of us, as taxpayers, to shoulder the responsibility of giving them the kind of education which will make them useful citizens. The most important step in this direction is to establish a manual training school in our public schools. Modern education aims at educating the mind and the body, the hands as well as the brain. The function of the school no longer is to teach only the three R's in order to make a respectable clerk for the future employer, but it is to develop men and women, fathers and mothers, awakening in each boy and girl the two great necessary instincts, the instinct of the fireside and the instinct of mutual aid. We owe everything we have to the efforts and self-sacrifice of those who preceded us here. The least we can do is to make the necessary sacrifices to give future generations every possible opportunity. Let us all, rich and poor alike, unite in paying our share, for the sake of our children as well as for the benefit of our country. Let us all help in making our public school what it should be, by voting enough money to perfect each branch. Every mother should speak in this cause, thus helping her child to a good equipment for the struggle of life.—MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY.

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### **Women Are Not More Religious Than Men.**

NOW, really, are women better Christians than men? They go to church more, visibly; but then Christ said very little about going to church. Do they love their neighbors more, forgive their enemies more, steadily give their lives to help one another more than men? Do they not stop rather short at a submissive acceptance of doctrine—any doctrine which they have been taught—and a diligent practice of such virtues as are most convenient in their special limitations? For a woman to turn the other cheek and to give soft answers is decidedly easier than for a man, both by temperament and position in life. She is almost always a dependent, a servant, under or upper; and to such a station in life these virtues are almost inevitable. Where women are wholly free of this pressure of condition; where they deal with their equals, as among sisters, classmates, fellow employees, they are by no means so markedly submissive.—CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

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### **More Wages, More Drink.**

THERE is one discouraging feature connected with the upward tendency of the wage scale among the workmen of this country. The higher the wages, the more money they spend in saloons. The shorter the hours, the more they are inclined to absent themselves from home. An apparent disregard for family ties is growing among the poorer classes which will eventually lead to a disregard for the blessings our country affords them. Hence, with an increase of wages, a corresponding movement for better manhood, nobler citizenship and truer Christianity should be set on foot. The dignity of labor should be maintained, which can be done only through the love that a man should have for his work, and through the intelligence which he puts into it. A steady hand and sober mind are necessary for this. Hence the necessity of the temperance cause and of the efforts which organized abstainers are putting into the movement.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



## *The Latest Fashions for Limited Incomes*

THE betwixt and between season is about the most trying time in the year for the girl with a limited income. Experience has taught her, of course, that there is no season of the year that she can afford to be shabbily dressed. And so, right now, when her clothes are looking decidedly the worse for wear, and it is too early for her spring frocks, she has to give her wardrobe, just as it is, very special attention.

The old clothes need more brushing, pressing, and airing than if they were new ones. Then, it is really wonderful to see how much a little touch will accomplish in the way of freshening them up a bit.

All sorts of dainty touches may be given the separate waist which has become monotonous from too constant wear. If it is a silk waist, and has been trimmed with velvet buttons, it is astonishing what a new look it may have by merely changing the buttons—taking off the worn ones, and putting on buttons which are new and fresh. Perhaps the waist has been worn with a skirt of the same color, and in this way the wearer has had an attractive costume, which she has worn all winter. Maybe the skirt has had a cloth belt attached to it—if so, rip it off, and wear in its place a belt of gold ribbon, and carry out the idea of a touch of gold by trimming the waist with gilt buttons. These are only little changes, and yet they will decidedly alter the look of the gown.

If the girl with a limited income has been wearing a shirt-waist suit all winter, and she finds at this season of the

year that the sleeves are rubbed and the collar looks soiled, she may easily freshen it up by wearing with it a sheer linen chemisette and deep gauntlet cuffs. If her gown has been, let us say, dark blue, she will add a touch of daintiness to the chemisette and cuffs if she embroiders them in dark-blue French knots to form a narrow border. The French knots, matching in color the gown, are newer than a band of embroidery or lace insertion.

Perhaps the edges of her coat-sleeves are slightly worn and the cloth collar shows signs of wear. A decidedly fresh look may be given the entire garment by removing the notched tailored collar and tiny revers and adding one of the new shawl collars in velvet to match the coat. The sleeves may be finished with narrow velvet cuffs of the same velvet. These should be attached to the lower edge of the sleeve, and flare only a trifle, to be strictly "in the mode."

If one's wardrobe positively demands something new at this season of the year, there is no better investment than a separate coat of tan covert cloth. The advanced models in coats are now appearing, and if the girl with little money buys a coat at the very beginning of the season, she can feel sure that she has the choice of the new styles. Her coat, which she has worn every day since October, can now be laid aside; the skirt which has been accompanying it may be cleaned, pressed, and rebound; and when this is worn with a fresh shirt-waist and the new covert jacket, she will find that she has a costume which has a decidedly new look.

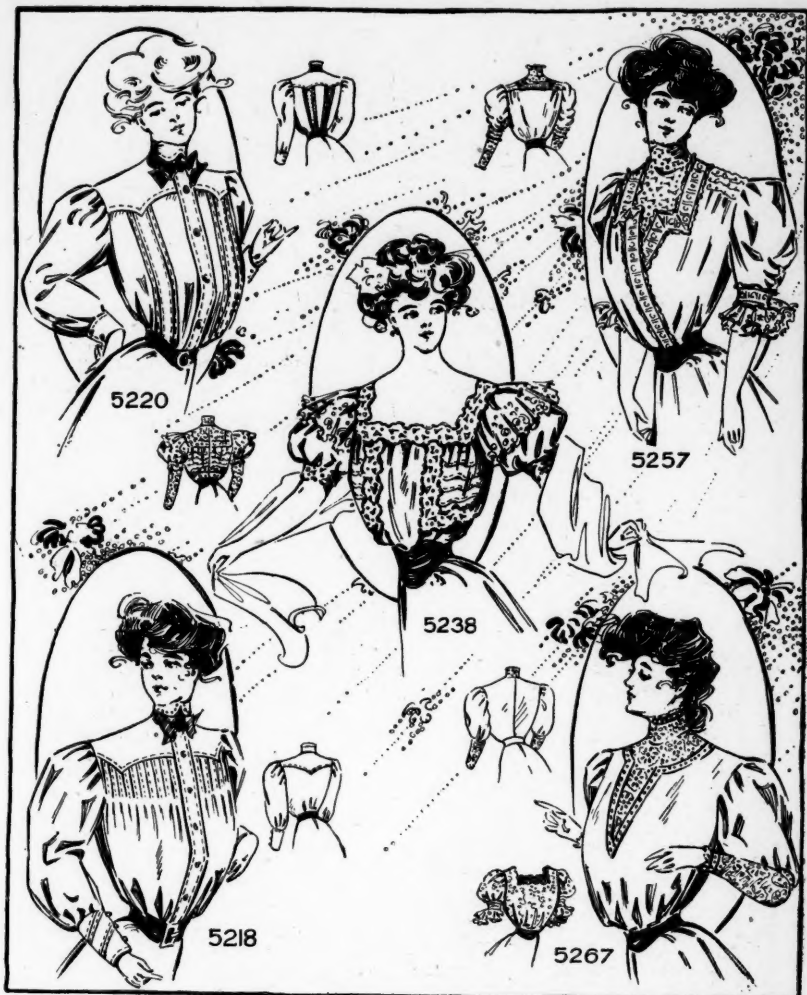
# For Early Spring Wear



No. 5232—Blouse Jacket with Tucked Eton. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5200.—Five Gored Skirt with Kilted Flounce. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

## Pretty Waists for all Occasions



No. 5220—Shirt-waist with Yoke. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

No. 5218—Tucked Shirt-waist. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5238—Fancy Waist for Evening or Day Wear, to be made with low or high neck, long or elbow sleeves. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5257—Blouse Waist, to be made with elbow or long sleeves. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5267—Plain Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.



## Fashions for Young Girls



No. 5239—Misses' Empire Coat. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

IT is always a difficult matter to decide what the growing girl should wear. She must have a variety of skirts, waists, and coats, all in good style; and yet it seems extravagant to have too extensive a wardrobe, as she outgrows her clothes almost before they have lost their first freshness and new look.

To-day the girl of fourteen is a mere child, with skirts so short that they do not altogether conceal the stockings, and her hair done in a long braid. In an almost incredibly short time—only a few months—she has grown several inches, new skirts are made ankle length, the braid is twisted up at the nape of the neck, and the young lady herself has acquired a certain dignity and repose of manner with the lengthening of her skirts that is almost chilling. To be sure, the few inches do not seem to count much to a casual outsider, but the amount of importance to her is almost unlimited. Every few months the girl "in her teens" grows too large for her frocks, and they are handed over to the fortunate—or sometimes unfortunate—"little sister," for whom they are speedily cut down.

These growing girls may be divided into two distinct classes—one that grows up and continues to be slender; the other that grows out and does not increase materially in stature. Fashions for the tall, slender girl may be quite artistic in design—the empire modes being especially becoming to this style of figure.

Some of the most attractive new outside garments for young girls are made in Em-



pire effect. Just now velvets are especially beautiful for this purpose, with bands of lace and fur for trimmings. Later on these will be copied in soft broadcloth, satin-faced cloth, or silk serge, and trimmed with all sorts of fancy braids to match. An excellent model for this kind of a coat is No. 5239. It is made with a short-waisted body portion, to which the skirt is attached. Plaits in the skirt are flatly pressed. A modish shawl collar completes the neck. Coat sleeves are of the regulation leg-of-mutton style, trimmed with braid to simulate cuffs. The closing is made in double-breasted style, two rows of velvet buttons being used for trimming.

It is predicted that there will be any number of soft woolen or silk and wool fabrics used for early spring gowns, and even now some of the daintiest frocks for mid-season wear are of albatross, nur's-veiling, soft cashmere, or wool challis. These materials come in all of the latest colorings, delicate tones of green being particularly becoming to the fair-haired, blue-eyed girls. These materials will tuck in the finest religieuse tucks, which are usually put in clusters of three or five.

A simple dress that may be made to look almost like a shirt-waist suit, if so desired, and yet would be very dressy if trimmed with velvet ribbon, or lace, is costume Nos. 5270 and 5250. This style would do well for the materials men-



5270

5250

No. 5270—Misses' Tucked Blouse. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

No. 5250—Misses' Skirt. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.



No. 5256—Misses' Fancy Blouse. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.

tioned, especially albatross that has a crêpe finish. The blouse is one which will look well on almost every figure. Tucks in the front are stitched down to a yoke depth providing additional fullness over the bust, while the back tucks are flatly stitched from neck to belt. The sleeves are full above the elbow and may be cut off at that point, the truly economical girl providing herself with a pair of cuffs that will hook on under the arm-band when occasion demands long sleeves. The waist can be made with or without a lining.

The skirt which accompanies this blouse is just the correct model. It is cut in seven gores, clusters of tucks being arranged at the gore seams. The back is laid in inverted plaits.

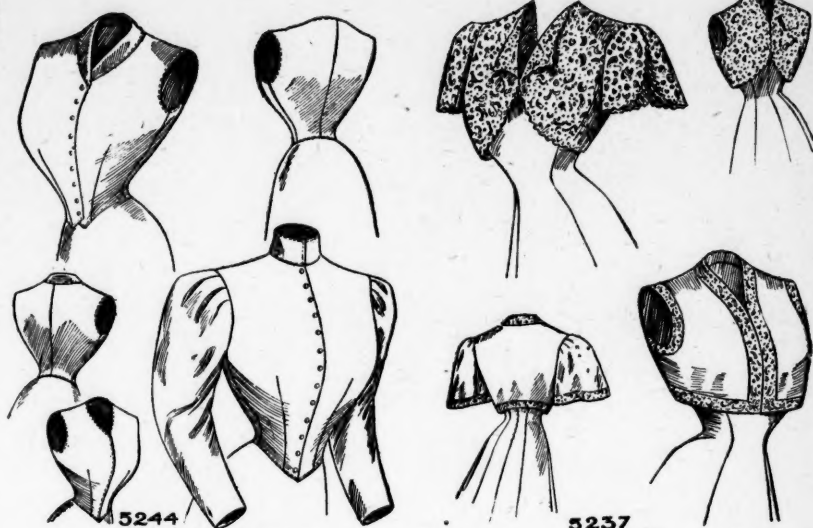
No girl ever had so many fancy blouses in her wardrobe that there was not room for one more. The new separate blouses are really lovely, and when made of radium silk seem posi-

tively irresistible. Crêpe de chine and messaline satin are also appropriate for dress occasions.

For the girl with a slender form nothing could be more desirable than a blouse of silk made like pattern No. 5256. The wide tucks in both waist and sleeves are laid on continuous lines, giving breadth to the figure, while fine tucks on the shoulders provide fullness essential to the style. A chemisette in the new U shape is of the same lace as the deep cuffs. Girdle and neck-bands of velvet make an effective finish. The blouse may be shirred at the waist-line when worn with a full skirt, suggesting the princess idea.



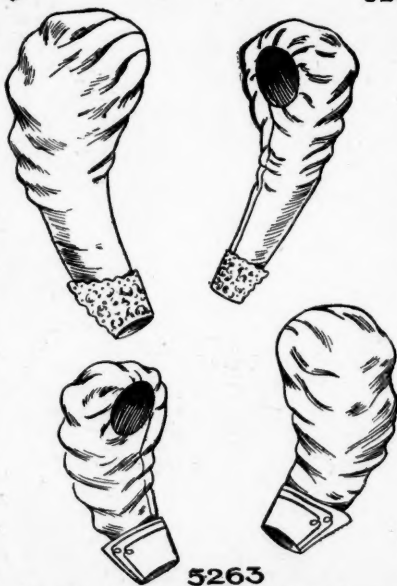
No. 5186—Misses' Breakfast Jacket. Pattern cut for 12, 14 and 16 year sizes.



No. 5244—Waistcoat with or without Sleeves, to be made with high or V shaped neck. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measures.

### Smart Dress Accessories

THE vogue of the Princess gown has carried along with it all sorts of dainty and odd-shaped boleros. In fact, these little, effective jackets are more the fashion than ever. When made of lace, gold cloth, or silken embroideries, they give a charming finishing touch to a silk or velvet gown, while they also add a smart touch to a plainer frock.



No. 5263—One Seam Leg o' Mutton Sleeves, cut in three sizes, small, medium and large, corresponding to 32, 36 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5237—Fancy Boleros, with or without Sleeves. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

It is the same way with the waistcoat which is such a useful little dress accessory. The design here given may be utilized in a number of ways. It can be made of silk, brocade, suède, or velvet.

The leg-o'-mutton sleeves here illustrated are quite the latest style. They may be used full length, three-quarter, or cut off at the elbow. The sleeves are made in one piece, arranged over a fitted lining.

## Indoor Frocks for Little Folks



5268

No. 5268—Child's Dress. Pattern cut for 2 and 4 year sizes.

**N**OTHING seems quite so appropriate for wee tots as white frocks of sheer lawn or batiste, but when the weather is cold, these dresses look as if a good breath of wind would blow them away, and it behooves the careful mother to provide warmer dresses for her tiny girl. There was never a time when this seemed so easy as the present, for the loveliest woolen fabrics look better in white than any other color, and are also recommended to "wash like lawn." As a little variety, some of the dresses for babies of six months and one year old are made of white wool challis, strewn with forget-me-nots, or roses that are so small as to be almost invisible. Ribbon trimmings sometimes match the flower, but are more frequently white.

The bolero has at last descended to the nursery, and is worn by children as well as grown folks. An illustration of this style is pattern No. 5268, shown here made of white albatross with a little bolero of lace. The dress has a pointed yoke to which the full skirt portion is attached. The bolero is arranged

over this, and may be used or omitted, as preferred. Full bishop sleeves are finished with straight wrist-bands.

It will not be long before dresses of piqué and linen will be in demand; indeed, many of the older children wear during the entire year these frocks that will wash. The simpler styles are usually selected because they launder well, and one-piece frocks are by far the most fashionable.

Illustration No. 5272 shows a box-plaited dress that might be called "adaptable," as it provides an opportunity for a number of variations. Strips of insertion may be applied between or across the plaits to give any number of attractive yoke effects, or the collar and cuffs can be adjustable and made of white linen. The dress is box-plaited back and front. One-piece sleeves are tucked to simulate box plaits.

Too much can never be said in praise of the serviceable apron that completely covers the frock worn beneath it. These



5228

No. 5228—Child's Night Gown or Wrapper. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.



4944

No. 4944—Child's Apron. Pattern cut for 2, 4, 6 and 8 year sizes.

aprons are always in demand by wise mothers, and are well liked by the girls who wear them. Some are the plainest little "cover-alls" for home wear, while others may be quite attractive and dainty if made of fine lawn or dimity and trimmed with narrow lace edging. The one shown in No. 4944 is of Scotch gingham. It has plain front and back, and is finished at the neck with a comfortable rolling collar. Full sleeves are large enough to be passed over dress sleeves without danger of crushing them.

Quite the smartest style of outdoor dress for mid-season wear is the coat and skirt suit of velveteen. In shades of golden brown, marine blue, or the new green they are very pretty and becoming. The suit shown in illustration No. 5245 is well adapted to the use of velveteen or cordu-



5245

No. 5245—Girl's Coat and Skirt. Pattern cut for 8, 10, 12 and 14 year sizes.

roy. In the coat, tucks extend from shoulder to hem, back and front, and are flatly stitched. The closing is made in double-breasted style, and flat silver buttons are used for trimming. Buckles on the narrow belt match these buttons.

One-piece sleeves are tucked to fit the lower arm closely. The skirt is a kilted model, plaited at the belt, and fastening invisibly in the back. Several rows of machine stitching finish the hem.

Wrappers that can be slipped on over the nightgown when the weather is cold, and are at the same time appropriate for morning bedroom wear, seem to be in favor with little girls. French flannel or any of the prettily striped flannelettes can be used for them, and the narrow ribbon or braid trimmings provide a most attractive finish. Wrapper No. 5228 is made with tucks back and front which provide abundant fullness below.



5272

No. 5272—Girl's Box Plaited Dress. Pattern cut for 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes.



# Effective Afternoon Tea Frock



No. 5264—Fancy Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5255—Three Piece Skirt. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.







## A Fashionable Dinner Gown



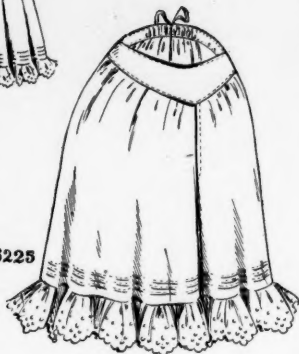
No. 5252—Tucked Blouse. Pattern cut for 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measures.

No. 5233—Three Piece Skirt, to be made with or without applied folds. (Perforated for walking length.) Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measures.

## Practical Yoke Drawers



5225



No. 5225—Yoke Drawers. Pattern cut for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measures.

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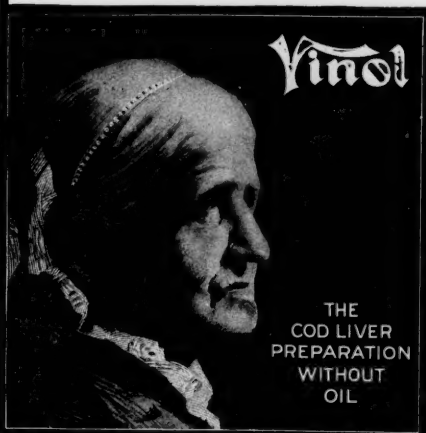
## How Modern Methods Have Improved a Standard Remedy

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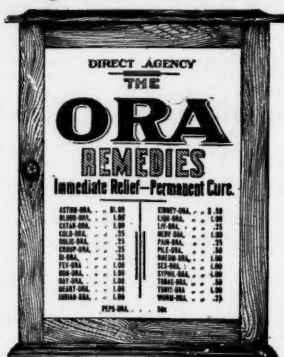
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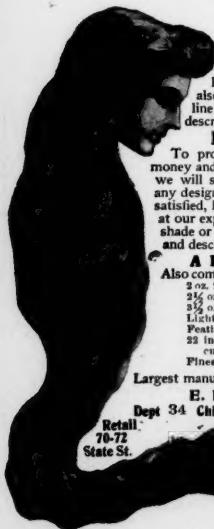
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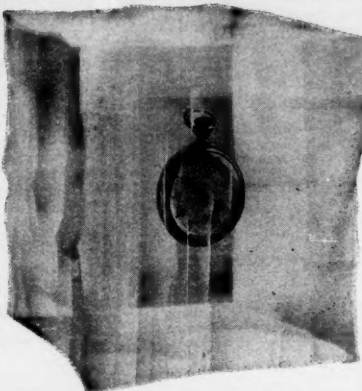
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*Nux Vomica Acetanilid, Bicarbonate of Soda, Podophyllin (Mandrake), Iris Versicolor (Blue Flag), and Caffeine, perfectly Balanced in a 5-grain powder, to secure*

## "PURE REMEDY"

Orangeine was successfully thought out fourteen years ago by Dr. P. A. Aikman Medical Director Monroe Sanitarium, Windsor, Ontario, to avoid the evils of narcotics, pain allayers, sedatives, and unbalanced coal tar products, so commonly used and prescribed by physicians.

Fourteen years test. Millions of powders prove the prompt, always beneficial, restorative power of ORANGEINE for COLDS, GRIP, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, BRAIN FOG, and a host of Common Ills, with Normally Stimulative Effect. Every physician, layman and druggist who thoroughly knows Orangeine attests these facts for

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Orangeine is sold by all progressive druggists, in 10c pkg. (2 powders), 25c pkg. (6 powders), 50c pkg. (15 powders), \$1.00 pkg. (35 powders), or mailed on receipt of price. We are glad to send 25c pkg. free, with full information and illustrative experience, on receipt of request. Write us today.

**ORANGEINE CHEMICAL COMPANY, 15 Michigan Ave., Chicago**

## REALLY DOES

*Normally stimulates Heart Action, Perfectly regulates Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Accurately Adjusts the Nervous System.*

## Prevents Sickness! Secures Good Health!

The action of Orangeine on Chronic Conditions is gradual but thorough.

By Better Assimilation of Nourishment—thus Better Blood.

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Orangeine acts quickly, evenly, normally on

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